



VOL. V.

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NO. 1.

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THE DRIED UP WELL.

HERE is trouble! The picture tells a sad story, and so plainly that many of you could read it without a word of explanation.

An Arab family, after a weary journey across the burning sands, during which they use up every drop of the water they had taken with them, come at last in sight of one of those "springs in the desert," so grateful to the eyes of every traveler at such a time.

How they urge the patient camels forward in their eagerness to reach the spot! They arrive there. The father dismounts near the well, while the mother with their child awaits at a little distance the result of his search for water. Tremblingly he stoops and looks into the well. He makes the dreaded discovery that *it is dry!*

With one arm outstretched in anguish toward his dear ones he makes known to the mother that there is no relief—that their parched lips can not be moistened—their thirst can not be quenched. They must journey on again across the desert, beneath that sun which seems indeed a ball of fire as its fierce rays fall on them, only hoping and praying

that they may reach another well before they faint and die.

When a traveler has been placed in such circumstances, he can understand as never before the value of a draught of pure cold water. How much we should suffer, any of us, were we deprived of the means of quenching thirst! Our heavenly Father, in his infinite love and mercy, has made cold water to be almost as abundant about us and almost as free to us as air. He knew that one was as necessary for our life as the other. And our Saviour knew that from this very necessity of our nature we might, if we would, readily understand the value of his forgiving love when he said; "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." John iv. 14.

The Lord Jesus Christ is ready to satisfy every thirsty soul—every heart that longs for his love. How many of the great company of children who will see this picture of "The Dried up Well" can say, "I know what it is to long for the love of my dear Saviour, for I have felt that longing in my

heart; I *do* want to love him and I want him to love me, more and more; I am praying for this every day?"

Dear child; if you can say that, Jesus is pleased to hear such a prayer, and he will answer it. And as you grow in years and in knowledge, if you still continue to desire his love and pray for it, you will grow in that also. How blessed it is to have such a thirst and to have it thus satisfied!

In that thrilling description of the bliss of the redeemed in heaven, which is found in the Revelation, you remember it is said; "They shall hunger no more, *neither thirst any more*; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst

of the throne shall feed them, and *shall lead them unto living waters*; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

For the Child at Home.

TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

"I have wished I was a Christian a good many times," said Harry to his mother, as he laid down his paper. "I should be one, if there were not so many things to do. I never could do them all. I have tried a good many times."

"What is there to do, my son, but to give up what is wrong, and do what is right? you wish to do that?"

"Yes, mother, but that is what I can not do. It is too much trouble."

"It was not too much trouble for the Saviour to leave heaven, suffer, and die for you," said his mother.

"I know I ought to please him," said Harry, with eyes fixed on the floor. "But I am doing wrong all the while. I pray and that does not stop me."

"Your heart is wrong, my dear child. It loves sin. You can never love God, till your heart is

washed in the blood of Christ. Pray for a new heart. Then you will delight in doing God's will. If you keep praying, he will answer and bless you."

E. C. D.



For the Child at Home.

OUR LILY.

[Written on reading the lines "The sweet white lily," first published in the Child at Home of February 1882. That poem told of a dear child who was still living, the joy of a happy home; this tells of a "sweet white lily" removed from the sight of loving ones here, to bloom in the presence of a more loving One above. We trust that those bereaved parents who have written us of little ones taken home to heaven, will be enabled to say with these mourners, "We are glad that our lily is there."—Ed.]

A "SWEET white lily" to us was given,
We took it with joy, as a gift from heaven;
And we tended and watched it day by day,
And thanked the "All-Father," that we could say
"It is ours,—this lily so fair."

From the earliest beam of morning light
Till the earth was darkened by shades of night,
Our lily was shedding its sweet perfume,
And giving us joy;—no shadow of gloom
Did our lily cast on the air.

But our care and watching were all in vain,
And our gladness changed to sorrow and pain,
For "the Reaper came with his sickle keen,
To cut the flowers that grow between."
Alas! Our white lily was there.

"The Lord has need of the flowers," he said,
"To wreath a crown for his sacred head;—
A crown of thorns on earth he wore,
That such fair flowers might die no more;
And he claims your lily so rare."

So he took our sweet lily from earth away,
And our home has been sad from that dark day;
But we know that in the bright world above,
For ever will bloom the flower we love.
We are glad that our lily is there.

Hope.

For the Child at Home.

WHY HARRY WAS A BAD BOY.

Harry is an adopted boy from a large public institution for friendless children. He is usually obedient and good, but at one time he became restive and so let his ill feelings come out in very unpleasant words to a little girl with whom he was playing. He didn't want to live at her home any longer, he said; he wanted to go back where he came from and see the boys. Kitty was grieved and dropped the play to go and tell her mother. Mrs. A. was grieved also, for she had taken much pains to make the little stranger's life happy, and to teach him what he most needed to learn. She went out to the barn where the child was at work in some light employment, and called his name "Harry! Harry!" He answered in a voice low and strange, with a sense of shame. "What has my little Harry been saying?" she asked in a kind but serious manner; "will you tell me what the trouble is?"

Harry blushed and stammered and swelled and finally confessed the whole. "Do you think it right to speak in this manner, and about your best friends, Harry?" "No, ma'am," Harry answered.

"Don't you know God is displeased with such words and ways, and can not love a boy who says things like that?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what shall we do about it, Harry? we mustn't let you grow up a bad boy must we?"

"Oh, Mrs. A." said Harry, broken and humbled, "won't you please whip the badness all out of me, so I shan't want to be naughty any more?"

"I don't wish to whip you," said the lady. "I don't want to see you hurt."

"I'll stand very still,—I won't make any great noise if you'll whip me," said Harry.

"But I wish to take a more sure way to make you good," said Mrs. A. "I think we must pray about it. I am afraid you do not pray every day and that is why you have become bad; do you pray, Harry?"

"I haven't prayed since Sunday," said the boy; "I didn't feel like it; and the bad thoughts come, and the devil comes and I can't be good." "Oh, that is the trouble, Harry; let us kneel down and ask Christ to take the evil disposition all away." They both knelt down in the barn, the boy sobbing and crying so he could hardly speak. "Please ma'am, when you pray won't you whip me too, so the badness will all go away and the naughty thoughts won't want to come."

"Whipping would do you no good now, Harry; you must ask Christ to make you a good boy, and keep the evil all away."

And they both prayed, there in the barn,—the boy trembling and crying as if his heart would break; he asked Christ, in his simple earnest way, to take the wicked all out of him, and make him feel good and full of sing as he did when he sung hymns and the bad thoughts didn't come. "And now," said the lady, as she was about to leave him, "you had better begin and sing your hymns again; sing loud when you are here alone so the wicked thoughts can't think or hear; but Christ will hear and he will help you to be good." Harry began in a broken sobbing voice, scarcely above a whisper, "I want to be an angel," but by and by his kind friend heard him in a loud sweet tone singing, "I want to be like Jesus."

All this naughtiness and unhappiness was because Harry did not pray morning and night as he had been taught; the tempter knew his time, and he came and made sad work in little Harry's heart. And that is the way the tempter spoils children, and makes them unhappy, and unlovely. When Harry prays every day, and tries to be good, he is obedient and pleasant and happy; but if he forgets, or willfully neglects the duty, something is sure to be wrong or go badly; and I think he is learning that he can not do without his daily prayer any more than his daily bread.

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE EFFIE'S PRAYER.

Little Effie Graham had been gazing silently, for a long time, into the bright coal fire, one Sabbath evening, her usually merry face wearing a very serious expression.

"It is my little girl's bed-time," said her mother at length, "but tell mamma first what you were thinking about."

"I was thinking, mamma, why I can't pray my own prayer, as sister Mary does. I say 'Our Father,' but can't I say my own prayer besides?"

"Yes, Effie; but remember, you must ask God only for what you really want. Now what will my little girl pray for?"

"I shall pray," said Effie, earnestly, "that God will make papa and me good. May I not?"

"Yes, dear Effie, if you really wish it," said her mother; and with a good-night kiss the little girl went to her room.

Effie's face was both happy and serious, when she came to the breakfast-room the next morning.

"I did pray my own prayer," she said; "but, mamma, I had to ask God three times before he heard me."

"What, Effie? What do you mean?" said her mother.

"I mean that the first time I asked God to make papa and me good, I know he didn't hear me; and the second time it was just the same. Then I felt so badly about it, I lay down and cried; but after a while I asked him again, and I know he heard me, and made me good, and he'll make papa good, too."

"How do you know?" said her mother.

"I don't know," said Effie, "only I feel it in my heart."

"But how shall we know that God heard you and made you good? Supposing you get vexed and do naughty things, just as you have done before?"

"Oh, but I shan't, mamma! I asked God to make me good and keep me so, and I am sure he will. I couldn't myself alone, you know, but he'll keep me to the end."

Effie was right, my little friends. God has kept her so far, and I do not doubt he'll keep her to the end.

Her dear father, too, that very night, could not sleep because he felt himself so great a sinner. And very soon he, too, was rejoicing in a heart washed clean by the blood of Christ.

How is it with you? Have you prayed that God would make you good, and has he heard you?

R. M.



For the Child at Home.

SEEKING HELP FROM GOD.

Mrs. Anthon had appropriated one room in their house for the especial use of the children. It was not to study in, or eat in, or sleep in; but simply to play in. At suitable times, when their lessons were learned or when it was stormy, they could resort to this room and run and play and make merry. It was in a remote part of the house up-stairs, and their noise would not "wake the baby," or disturb the older members of the family. It so happened that out of this room opened a small low closet, not high enough for the smallest of the children to stand erect in, but sufficiently large for the three to get into in a sitting posture.

One stormy day, when they had almost exhausted their ingenuity in planning entertainment for themselves, Neddie proposed to take his sisters out to ride. For this once he would ride with them inside the carriage, while the driver sat on the outside to guide the horses. The driver is an imaginary character and has nothing to do with our story. This closet was the coach into which Neddie "the gentleman," and his two sisters and two or three children (dolls) were crowded and the door shut "to keep out the rain." This was the play. But, unfortunately they did not observe that there was no knob or handle on the inside of the door and that once shut, it would be out of their power to open it. I can not tell you how they contrived to close the door, but they did it by some means. So here they were, shut up as they at once discovered

and what were they to do? They were old enough, especially Jennie, to know that they must have air in order to breathe. They shouted and screamed, but if the sound reached the ears of Maggie, the kitchen girl, she thought it was "only for fun," and gave no heed to it.

Soon however they came out alive and without serious injury and little May shall tell you how it was done, as her mamma heard the story a few nights after. It was in the dead of the night and the dear child was half asleep, but the memory of that terrible fright was still in her mind and this was what she said, —

"We were shut up in the closet, and we would smother, smother! We couldn't breathe and then we would die. We cried and screamed but we couldn't make anybody hear! And then we prayed! Jennie prayed and Neddie and I prayed; and then Jennie kicked the door and broke it down!" How happy for these dear children that they had learned to seek help from their heavenly Father! He came to their rescue when earthly helpers failed. He put it into Jennie's mind to try the force of her new strong boots which she had forgotten to exchange for lighter ones after a run out of doors in the morning. He ordered all these things and gave her the energy and strength by which it was accomplished.

I hope all my young friends will follow the example of the Anthon children in seeking help from God.

Dear little ones, remember that your daily life and daily comfort depend wholly on His ever watchful care.

L. B.

For the Child at Home.

HOW THE BOYS BURNED FARMER GRAY.

"Let us ride? Let us ride, Mr. Gray?" shouted half a dozen boys, inquiringly, as the farmer with his oxen and sled came round the corner near the school-house on his way to the woods for a load. They knew the character of the man pretty well, and therefore were not very much disappointed when he replied, gruffly, "Ride? No! of course you won't ride. Work enough for my cattle to bring two heavy loads of wood home to-day, without dragging a pack of lubberly boys like you;" and as they good-naturedly closed in around him as if intending to jump on, "willing or not" on his part, he flourished his whip and cried out, —

"Be off! Clear now! or I'll thrash the lot of you."

The boys fell back, setting up at the same time a shout which might have been variously interpreted as expressive of merriment, or defiance, or both.

That afternoon, as the boys were leaving school, they discovered Farmer Gray's ox-sled, well-loaded, coming down the hill not far from them. At the foot of the hill was a place at one side of the road where the snow had been worn down smooth and hard, occasioning a bad slide sidewise of the sleds and sleighs which passed. Here Farmer Gray's heavy load made a most unfortunate slip; he saw the danger, but could not avert the calamity; and when the sled struck the square wall of hard snow and ice which had been piled up along the road, one side or runner broke down with a crash.

The boys had not yet come up to him, but they saw his trouble. "Good! I'm glad of that!" said Fred Blake; "the grouty old fellow has caught it now."

"Yes, that is fine," chimed in little Dick Lee; "it pays him for not letting us ride this morning."

"Now, hold on, boys; we've got a chance to have

a good time. Let's take it, I say." Barnard Ellis was the speaker, a happy-faced, noble-looking boy, to whom his comrades always listened, for there was not one of them who had not at some time felt his kindness or generosity. "Farmer Gray was sour enough to us this morning," he continued, "that can't be denied. But we knew he would be. We didn't expect to ride. Now let's show him that we are not vinegar ourselves, and go and get him out of his trouble. Come on! I'll tell you how. Kindness and coals of fire you know. Let's see if we can't burn the old farmer's head in good shape!" And Barnard set off in a run with all the boys after him.

"Well, Mr. Gray, you've broken down, haven't you?" said he, as he reached the farmer, all out of breath, and not waiting for a reply he continued, "now, if you'll drive your oxen over to father's — it's close by, you know — he'll let you take his ox-sled and then we boys will help you change the load and you'll get home before dark after all."

"I suppose I must have some help," said the farmer doubtfully; and the boys, who had entered at once into Barnard's plan, noticed that he looked a little ashamed. "I think I'll do as you say," was his conclusion.



The borrowed sled was soon on the spot, and with the help of the boys the load was speedily changed; the farmer with an awkward "Thank you," went on toward his home, and the boys, decidedly pleased with what they had done, went to theirs.

Two days afterward Farmer Gray again passed through the village with his sled which was now repaired and ready for another load. The boys were out having a grand snowballing. As he came along he said, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "Jump on, boys. Let me give you a ride. The old sled will stand it now. I was rather crusty the other day, that's a fact; but I believe your work for me that night has taken it all out of me, and I shall try to remember after this that I was once a boy myself."

"Barnard, it worked well," said Fred Blake, after their ride was over, and the farmer was out of hearing; "the coals burnt him, and no mistake."

"Yes," Barnard replied; "and the Book which teaches us how to burn an enemy in that way, Fred, is full of other good words that work as well;" and then he added in a gentle tone, "Since I began to love it, and to try to do what it teaches, I have been a happier boy than ever before. Won't you try with me, too, Fred? and perhaps we could get the others to join us."

Are there any Farmer Grays in your village that you can burn in the same way?

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

ALLIE'S CHOICE.

The morning sun shone through the looped curtains of the nursery, where lay smitten with scarlet fever Fannie and Allie, nine and eight years of age. Allie, though very sick, lay musingly looking at the golden light on the wall, which was very beautiful; it made him think of heaven.

"Oh, Allie!" said Fannie, turning to look at him in his bed on the opposite side of the room, "I am so glad I am almost well. Mother says I can go down-stairs to-day. I wish you could go too; would not we have a good time? I would get out my china tea-set, and we'd play thanksgiving dinner."

"Fannie," replied Allie, "I don't think I shall go down-stairs any more."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Fannie; "you'll go down in a few days; what makes you think you won't?"

"Because I am going to die," said the dear boy.

"Oh, Allie!" said Fannie, tearfully, "you ought not to talk so."

"But I am going to die, I know I am;" said he, like one who knew he was going on a journey and was quite ready and willing to go.

What made Allie feel so? I will tell you. He loved the dear Saviour. He had trusted in him and prayed to him ever since he was a very little boy. He learned to love the name of Jesus, as soon as he could speak, and he now felt that his sins were forgiven, and this made it easy and pleasant to die. Besides, he knew that he had a very dear Friend in heaven, and there was a home for him there, for Jesus has said to his children, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself."

It was no new thing for Allie to think of heaven. A short time before he was taken sick, the children were gathered around their mother who was telling them about that beautiful land, and when speaking of the safety and happiness of those who dwelt in it, he said, earnestly, "I wish I was there!"

But now he was very ill, and hour by hour grew worse, notwithstanding the best medical skill and careful nursing. As his father and mother hung over him trying to alleviate his sufferings, he talked so sweetly! He did not fret nor cry because he was in pain, but his heart seemed overflowing with affection. He loved every body, and in his own pleasant way spoke of his little brother and his sisters, as if he was bidding them good-by.

"What a dear little boy my brother Henry is, mother," said he; "when he sleeps with me, he puts his arm about my neck and kisses me, and says, 'How I love you, Allie!'" Then speaking of his baby-sister: "Darling Carrie! what a dear little girl she is. I love her so dearly!"

God was leading him through the dark waters, but his trusting heart was unclouded, all was love and peace.

"Oh, mother!" said he, the next day as his distress increased, "I feel as if I was lying on a thousand burning needles."

"Precious child, mother is very sorry you suffer so; pray, darling, for only the Saviour can help you."

"Mother, do you think if I should pray to the Lord twice he would send a strong angel to lay his hand upon me, and heal me quick?"

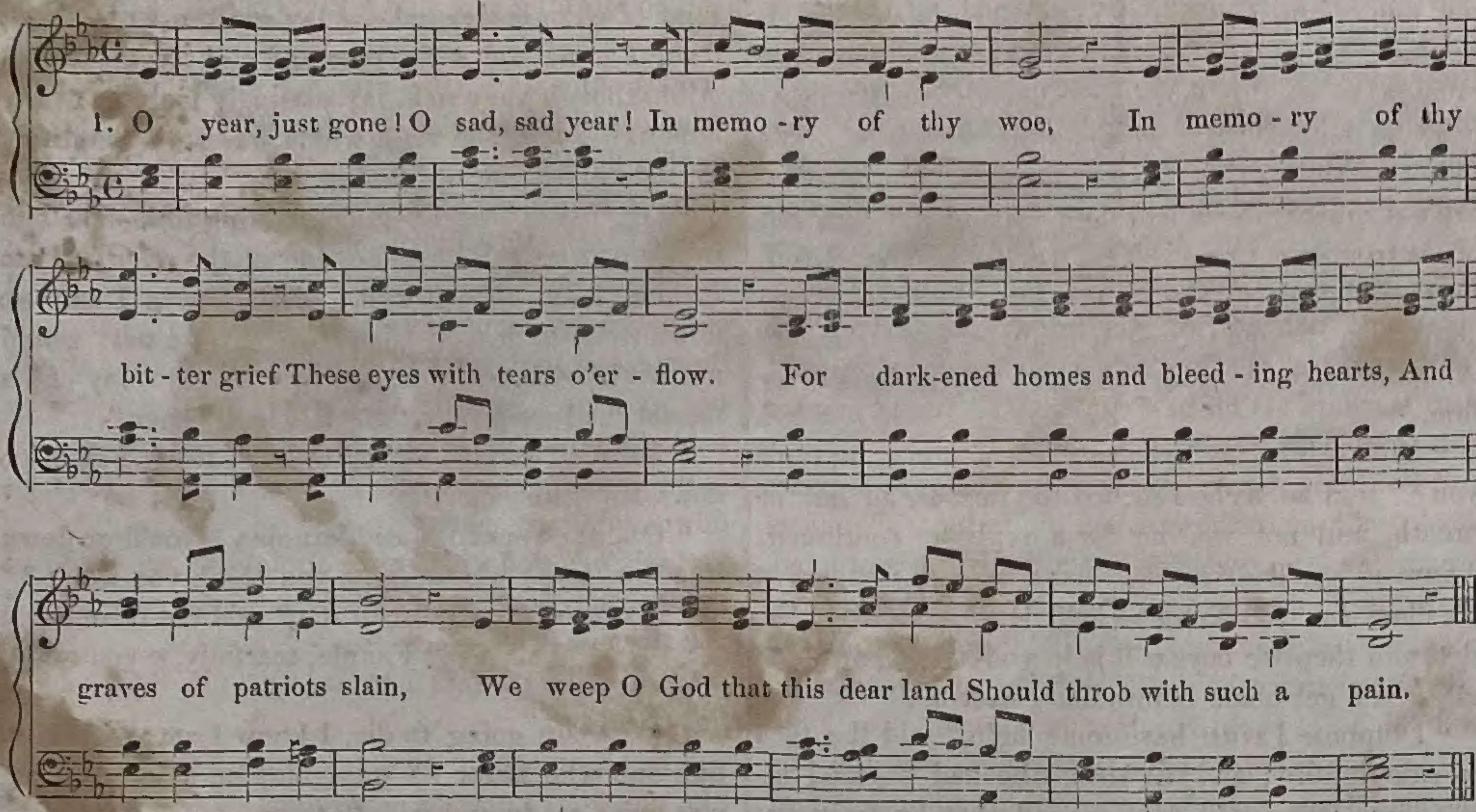
"I do not know, darling," replied the mother, "as God would answer your prayer in that way; he would certainly answer it, but he might think it best

For the Child at Home.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2
O year, just gone! O glad, glad year!
Year of the Lord's right hand!
Stretched forth to rescue Slavery's sons,
A tortured, helpless band.
From clouds of wrath the lightnings leap
To melt each galling tie;
O God, stay not, till freemen shout
With freed hands lifted high.

3
O year, just come! new, untried year!
Unfolding day by day,
Let love's encircling promise chase
These angry clouds away;
Our stricken land, for all its sin,
Her contrite sorrow pour;
Till thou, our God, shalt bid her go
In peace to sin no more.

to answer it differently. Perhaps he would decide to take you to heaven."

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, with a beaming face. "I would rather go to heaven than to have a new pair of runners, twenty times rather!"

It was the week before Christmas, and he fully expected Santa Claus would bring him the promised runners or sled. Only boys who love the sport of "coasting," can know how much he thought of this. But, boys, Jesus had sweetly drawn his mind to himself, and there was something that Allie loved more than earthly Christmas gifts. The runners would only take him over the hillocks of snow; but his radiant wings would waft him to heaven with the holy angels. The runners, much as he set by them, would break or wear out, or be stolen; but, once in heaven, all his Christmas gifts would be insured safe; his crown, his harp, his playthings would always be bright and new, and no thief could break through and steal them. Then don't you think our dear Allie made a good choice?

Doubtless, the dear Saviour thought so; for he said of Mary, who sat at his feet and learnt of him, "She hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

The mother's heart ached, and she wept as she heard her dear boy talk thus; she felt that he was really getting ready to go through the valley of death, and that in a few short days she could see him no more on earth. He then calmly asked her to pray with him, and read to him from the Bible. This she did, gathering strength from his example of serene trust. He had, from his first giving his heart to the Saviour, great faith, and in all his little troubles through life was accustomed to pray and to find relief; and now he found it easy to pray on his death-bed, and oh, the peace and happiness it gave him!

The dreadful disease went on. The remedies of the physician, the ceaseless care of the heart-stricken parents could not arrest it; Allie must leave them. He had his choice, and spent his Christmas with Jesus in heaven.

"Oh, Thou, who hast with hand unseen,
Removed the loved to thee,
Come now, with helping grace, between
The little child and me." E. O. P.

HOW TO GET A LIBRARY.

Two boys in Vermont sent to our Depository the following letter, which may give a useful hint to others:—

VT. Nov. 1863.

"MR. BROUGHTON,—Sir:—We are two little boys, ten and twelve years of age, that have been at work to earn money to purchase books with. We saw your advertisement in the paper of a new ten-dollar library. We think we should like it, so we enclose the money. Please send them, and you will oblige some Vermont boys who love to read."
"GEORGE AND CHARLES ———."

For the Child at Home.

A HAPPY FAMILY.



HAT nice times the children have this cold wintry weather! A few afternoons since, as I was sitting by the window, watching the little boys and girls with their sleds, I saw Nellie and Alice Dwight come from the next door all ready for a merry play. Nellie had her little brother Charlie in her arms, very carefully wrapped as I thought; but when the sled was brought, and the baby brother placed upon it, Alice ran back to get one or two more shawls, lest after all he might suffer from the cold. After these were nicely disposed of, Nellie and one of her schoolmates took the reins while Alice put her arm about Charlie and away they went.

Back and forth the sled passed rapidly, the sisters taking turns in holding their brother, until Nellie, the elder of the two, thought they ought to carry the little fellow into the house, that they might warm his hands and feet.

Alice tried to lift him, but almost fell under the weight, so one of the larger girls relieved her of the precious burden, and Charlie was safely carried into the comfortable kitchen, where a nice fire in the range sent forth a heat which was very agreeable to the little party. They could not think however of remaining long from their pleasant sport, so out

again they came, and with glad and merry voices hastened away.

In the midst of their glee their father arrived, and seeing the children in the distance went to meet and encourage them, his face beaming with a kind and loving expression as if he rejoiced to see them so cheerful and happy. It was almost dark before the little folks grew tired of their amusement, but long after they were wrapped in the sweet sleep of childhood, my mind reverted to the pleasant scene.

It is refreshing even to a stranger's heart, to witness the members of a family each striving to do what they can to make others happy; and it is frequently by these

"Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love"

that we are enabled to

"Make our earth an Eden,
Like to heaven above."

Will the dear children all remember that there is such a thing as *playing like a Christian*, and will they try to show their desire to be like Jesus by their *unselfishness* when at play? L.

WHOSE SIN IS IT?—A lady was busily engaged in domestic affairs, when some one rang the street door-bell, and the Catholic servant-girl was bidden to say that her mistress was not at home. "Yes, ma'am," she replied; "and when I confess to the priest, shall I confess the lie as your sin, or mine?"

THE FREEDMAN.

A PAPER FOR LITTLE COLORED CHILDREN.

This Society has commenced the publication of a paper of the same size as the Child at Home, for the benefit of the colored children and their parents who have been slaves, but in the progress of the war are being made free. The first number of the paper, which is called "The Freedman," is already issued. It contains simple lessons in reading, in geography and arithmetic, with such moral and religious instruction as is adapted to the wants of these people.

For the funds to carry on this work, the Society must look to the Christian public. We can not doubt that all the children who read this paper will wish to help supply, by every means in their power, the poor colored children with a paper which shall please them as much and be as welcome to them as your paper is to you. We therefore invite all Sabbath schools and all children to take hold with us and have a part in this great and good work by contributing in aid of it.

Funds may be sent to Henry Hill, Esq., Treasurer, No. 28 Cornhill, Boston.

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THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A MOTHER is watching by her sleeping babe. She is all unconscious of the coming of angel visitants, but how lovingly she looks into that sweet little face, and what an earnest prayer goes up from her heart to that dear Saviour who regards children with divine tenderness, and who knows just what they will need to make them happy throughout the journey of life and happiest of all at its close!

If God has blessed you, dear young reader, with a praying mother, many a time no doubt when you were sleeping — a little babe in your cradle or trundle-bed — has she knelt beside you, watching every change in your face; thinking how much she loved her child; striving to look forward into the future and see what you were to become; and offering up a prayer, such as none but Christian mothers can offer, that the Good Shepherd would lead the lamb he had entrusted to her keeping safely through all its pathway and home to himself at last.

She has prayed, perhaps, that he would give a special charge concerning you to those "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

How much cause for thanks to God will be given to many a redeemed one by the prayers of the mother

by the cradle! But let every child, who feels that he has been blessed in infancy, or is now blessed by the prayers of pious parents, remember that without *his own* prayers, and *his own* faith in Jesus, he can never be safe. As this picture reminds you of what may have occurred by your cradle-bed, let it also remind you of your own duty to the dear Saviour, now that you are no longer a little babe.

You notice that this picture represents two angels as coming in through the open window and whispering to the sleeping child. There is a pretty superstition prevailing among the Catholics in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, angels are whispering to it. This superstition has suggested a beautiful Irish ballad, which we give you here. Let the children remember, however, that they are not to pray to angels but to God alone.

"THE ANGELS' WHISPER."

"A baby was sleeping,
It's mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea:
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, 'Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!'

"Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,

And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
'Oh, bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see:
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'"

For the Child at Home.

"NO GOD IN IT."

Little Frank stood leaning against his mother's work-table, upon which was spread a large newspaper that had been wrapped around some goods that had come from a store. He was trying to find the good sense — if there was any to be found — of a long story it contained. But it was evident, from the expression of his countenance, that he did not succeed to his satisfaction.

His mother watched him with much interest, for she did not approve of the kind of reading that lay before him. She knew the story he was poring over had no truthful foundation and no good moral, and she had a desire to know what her little boy would think of it. Frank could not read so readily as larger boys, and he was quite puzzled about what he did read. It told of a dark old prison and a Catholic priest, and a poor old man who was taken out of a cell and carried off and drowned, and a beautiful young lady who had no faults, and who inherited a great amount of money from the murdered old man, and many other strange and improbable things.

The little boy's brain was bewildered enough, and before he got to the end of the story, he pushed the paper away from him in disgust, exclaiming, —

"Why, mother, is that true?"

"No, my son, there is probably no truth in it."

"I thought so, mother," said Frank, "for, only think, I have read two columns and, *there is no God in it.*"

Little Frank is a Sabbath-school scholar. H.



For the Child at Home.

DISCONTENTED JENNIE.

Jennie Morris sat by the window looking very fretful and discontented. Dolly's new dress, neatly cut and basted by mamma's careful hands, lay untouched in her lap, whilst her restless fingers toyed idly with the contents of a snug little work-basket by her side.

"Mamma, why can't we live like other folks? Our house is *so* small, and the furniture looks so old and dingy."

Jennie had spent the previous day and night with a cousin, whose father lived up-town, had a splendid establishment, and everything that money could purchase to make life happy. Mr. Morris was a hard-working mechanic, but by patient labor and economy was enabled to support his family comfortably, and to afford them many luxuries. Jennie's real wants were all supplied, but she had many imaginary ones, as alas, too many little folks have. She had not yet learned to be contented.

Mrs. Morris looked up reproachfully, but answered her daughter's query very briefly.

"Your father lives as well as he can afford, my dear. More than this we must not ask nor expect."

No reproof was added. Mrs. Morris was a quiet woman, preferring deeds rather than words. Jennie said no more, but her face still wore frowns instead of smiles, and poor Dolly's frock progressed slowly. Supper was over, and twilight shades were falling when Mrs. Morris invited her little girl to go with her to visit a sick friend in a neighboring street. Jennie, ever ready for a walk, hastily put on her straw hat, and they were soon on their way. The peaceful summer twilight exerted a happy influence over our young friend, so that she seemed to forget for a time her previous discontent. Arrived at her friend's, Mrs. Morris was shocked to learn that the poor woman had died that morning, and thus her only child, a delicate little girl, was left an orphan, without money or friends. Poor, poor little desolate one! Jennie shed tears of sympathy as she witnessed the frantic grief of the bereaved child.

"Mamma, oh take her home with us, please do," and her pleadings prevailed.

They took the little orphan home with them for a few days, and as the family of whom the child's mother had rented her one small room were in humble circumstances, they were very glad that the desolate dependent upon their kindness was so well provided for.

After the expenses of the sickness and funeral of the poor mother were paid, not one cent remained to the little orphan, and thus left penniless and homeless, was not little Mary's lot a hard one? And yet God provided for her. A tender mother, bereft of her only child, soon after took the orphan to her heart and home, and Mrs. Morris was relieved of a care which she felt unable to sustain.

But what a lesson had discontented Jennie received. A day or two after Mary's settlement in her new home, she looked up to her mother, after sitting quietly for a long time, and with tear-filled eyes, exclaimed, "Mother, I hope I shall never be unthankful again. I did not think enough of my comfortable, pleasant home, until God showed me little Mary, destitute of parents and home. Mother, I think this is a beautiful house, and the furniture does not seem dingy at all. Every thing looks real cozy and sociable. How could I have been so blinded?"

"Ah, Jennie, then you saw through a glass darkly; now the mist has cleared away, and you are awakened to a true sense of the benefits you enjoy. Never harbor discontent, my love; it is one of your worst enemies, and would make you miserable for life, if encouraged."

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

It was a cold, dismal, rainy night in autumn, and in his tent, away down among the Ozark Mountains in Missouri, sat a chaplain sad and sorrowful. He did not feel sad because he had left so many dear friends whom he fondly loved, or had given up so many home-comforts, in order to lead poor soldiers unto the Saviour, but because that day he had visited the hospital, and had heard a sick, suffering soldier say, "I should be willing to die, were it not for leaving a wife and six little children behind," and his Christian heart ached, as he thought of the terrible evils of the war which has made so many little ones fatherless. The sins of a life in camp, drunkenness, profanity, and Sabbath-breaking, never seemed so shocking as at that hour. He was almost ready to give up his situation; for what could he hope to do against such a tide of evil?

The tent-door was thrown aside, and his waiter brought him a letter. It was from a friend in his former parish, and closed with these words: "Little Alice and Benny have prayed every night since you went away, 'God bless Mr. S——, keep him safely, and bring him back to us.'" It was the means of cheering his soul when nothing else could. God heard the prayers of those dear children and they are now rejoicing at the return of their pastor.

Never think yourself too small to be of service. He who notices the fall of the tiny sparrow gathers up the prayers of the children, and will answer them in his own time. Who of you will pray for friends who are fighting for their country?

M. P. R.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

In the "green room" in Dresden, where for centuries the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens, and reveals a golden yolk.

Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing, being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent diamond ring.

So it is with every truth and promise of God's word, — a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs!



For the Child at Home.

BERTIE RAND'S TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

"THOUGH I am only ten years old,"

Said little Bertie Rand,

"Upon the side of Temperance

I proudly take my stand;

And nought that can intoxicate

My lips shall ever pass,

For there's a serpent slyly coiled

Within the drunkard's glass."

"Poor Allen Benton's little Will,

In tattered garments clad,

Whose blue eyes oft are full of tears,

Whose heart is seldom glad,

Has learned, through fear of angry blows

His father's face to shun;

It must be very, very hard

To be a drunkard's son!"

"When others round their wine shall sit,

I'll never bear a part;

And thus disgrace my father's name,

Or break my mother's heart.

But I am weak; not of myself

Can I resist this sin:

The Saviour aids the weakest child

That putteth trust in Him."

R. M. P.

For the Child at Home.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Boys, did you ever see a fire on the mountains? You have heard the great bell boom out, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" echo through the air, whilst the engines clatter through the streets, and men and boys run and pull and shout, until the steady stream of water rises and falls upon the flames. But did you ever see a fire which no engines could reach, running up the limbs of great trees, — away up on giant mountains, leaping from branch to branch till the hills for miles are blazing in one great conflagration, and the people gather by hundreds to fight the fire, before it shall reach their corn-fields and barns and houses?

Such a great fire raged, not far from here, for weeks; and one night, when we looked out of our windows, we saw great trees on the mountain all in a flame, and the fiery branches tossing against the sky. These fires spread sometimes so rapidly that it is impossible to stop them before a rain comes on. Men cut down the trees, and thrash the burning grass with rods, and kindle back-fires; but if it has made much headway before it is discovered, it does great damage before it yields.

A few years ago, in a time of great drought, hundreds of acres of timber-land, with fences, barns, dwellings, and even large foundries, were consumed on the shores of Lake Champlain, and for many days the boats were navigated by the compass; "Neither sun nor stars in many days appeared," and the smoke and cinders were carried for miles on the wind, blackening and defacing the fair face of nature.

Now, boys, how does this fire get into the woods,

where no one lives, no shops, no houses, no places where it would seem there was danger of fire? "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Hunters carelessly empty their pipes, or throw down a cigar on some dry leaves, or, after camping out, will leave a few cinders where they have cooked their game; a breath of air fans them to life, and they creep silently through the grass and moss till the fire reaches some dry tree and then spreads on, gathering strength and force as it leaps up into the currents of air, the giant flames sweeping forward till the whole forest is in ruins.

The flames on our mountain were kindled by boys. You see that boys can begin this great destruction as well as men; they treed a racoon, and set fire to the tree to bring him down, and then with the thoughtlessness of boys, when once they had secured their prize, they went off with it, and thought no more of the matter.

Now, what I want to say to you, is this: Beware of the first beginnings of evil. A half-lit cigar has burned over a mountain; how many half-cigars have burnt over a boy's life. Don't go round the hotels smoking the cigars men have thrown down; it is a bad habit for boys, and leads on to worse; by and by the flame will catch on other trees.

Don't finish that tumbler of liquor! I know that it is only a little, and a good deal of sugar in the bottom; by and by you will like it without the sugar. It is a little fire, but it has burned out many a man's soul. Don't tamper with sin; ask for strength from above, that you may be able to crush out with a strong heel the sparks of temptation. If the sparks are dead, the flame will never spread; by and by it will be too late; the giant flames will be wrapped around you and there will be no escape.

H. L. P.

For the Child at Home.

GOD'S LIFE-BOOK.

Willie was a bright, lively boy, six years of age. His mother was reading to him one Sabbath afternoon about the Lamb's Book of Life which St. John tells us about in the Bible. Mamma told him that the Lamb is Jesus Christ, and that he keeps the names of all who give their hearts to him, so that on the judgment-day, when the books are opened, not one of those who love Jesus will find his name forgotten.

"Mamma," said Willie, "how do people get their names put in the Life-book?"

"By asking Jesus to write them there," was the reply. Then mamma said, "Willie, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?" Willie's eyes grew very earnest as he said, —

"No, mamma, but 'twill be to-night."

Willie was sometimes a thoughtless little boy, and we feared he would soon forget his Sabbath lesson; but at night, when he knelt with his little brothers by the bed-side, the first words of Willie's prayer were, "O God, won't you please to put my name into your Life-book?"

Do you not think Jesus loved to hear his prayer? and "when the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened," shall we not be sure to find Willie's name? I hope he tries every day to live as a child should whose name Jesus is keeping with such tender love.

Dear children, if your names are not written in the Book of Life, remember that the Bible says, that "Whoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire."

Go now, like Willie, and ask the Saviour to make you his children. We know he is gathering children for the precious book, for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

L. S.

For the Child at Home.

FRANK'S LOST RACE.

"It's of no use for you to try it with Dick Williams, Frank, — not a bit. I know you're a fine skater, next best to him; but, Frank, he can skate right round you and then win the race."

"Perhaps so; but you have not seen me skate my best for some time. I have been practising a great deal lately, and I think — yes, Charley, I know you're my friend, and I'll say — I'm almost sure I shall win."

"I hope you may, but I doubt it."

"Well, we must hurry up. It's about time for us

win, notwithstanding what I said before you started, when I saw how splendidly you went up the course. And I don't believe but that you'd have caught Dick again if you hadn't broken down. It's too bad!"

"Charley, it's just right for me. I knew better than to have started on that skate. I found I had cracked the wood yesterday morning; it didn't look as if it would stand, and I might have braced it and made all safe just as well as not; but, Charley, I was too lazy and careless. That's the whole story. It has taught me a lesson though. I'll never lose another race from carelessness."

Yes, that was the whole story, and that was how Frank lost the race.

Young readers, how many a race has been run and lost for just such a reason as made Frank the loser! That man who runs and wins is careful and

watchful on every point. He never starts till he is all ready, and he is all ready at the right time. And his watchfulness and carefulness, as well as his earnest efforts, are kept up till the goal is reached and the prize won.

If you could win honorably in a race, whether by running or skating, it would be very well. It's a good thing to be active and swift-footed. But there is another race, — a different one from any of these, — in which the prize may be obtained, not by one alone, but by all who run; and that prize is glorious. This other race has to do with our eternity. The person, young or old, who enters upon it carelessly, forgetting that it is a race through which the glory of heaven is to be obtained, and the depth of sorrow to be escaped, will find that such carelessness "goeth before destruction."

Hear what the great apostle says about the race: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so

great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

Dear young readers, if you will heed these words, and look to Jesus for guidance, you will be enabled so to run that you will obtain the "incorruptible crown."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

FIGHTING CHILDREN.

Walking down the street, the other day, I met a group of boys on their way home from school.

They had stopped on a corner, and two of them were fighting, their faces flushed with anger, their hair disheveled, their caps upon the ground, and their books scattered, while their companions looked on, and eagerly urged them to the combat.

Can you tell me, dear boys, what there is pleasing in the spectacle of two or more of your number enraged, and pummeling each other at the risk of life and limb?

To me it is such a sorrowful sight! It is so contrary to the spirit of that heavenly Gospel that says, "The servant of the Lord must not strive." So different from the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously."

Perhaps you have false ideas on this subject of fighting, and only need some one to set you right. You may think it noble to resent what you call an injury, a taunting word, or a hasty blow from a schoolmate.



to be at the pond."

A large company of the boys were there. Some were already on their skates; others had brought sleds, several of them having treated their sisters to a ride down to the pond that they might enjoy the sport; and all were interested in the "grand trial of speed between the two best skaters," which was to come off that afternoon, and which had been arranged by the schoolboys with as much ceremony as if the prize had been a golden cup.

At the starting place, a small red flag was set, and at the upper end of the pond, half a mile away, another fluttered in the wind, marking the point around which the skaters were to pass. The race was to be to that point and back.

Frank and Dick carefully buckled on their skates; the signal was given and they started, followed as nearly as possible by a score of their comrades, whose shouts rang far and wide. The rival skaters went off as if on the wings of the wind; and over the first half of the course they kept so nearly together that when they rounded the upper flag it was difficult to tell which, if either, was ahead. On the return, however, Frank began to fall behind a little. But the discovery that he was failing stimulated him to new efforts, and it seemed for a few moments that he would make up lost ground, when suddenly the wood part of one of his skates split open, the steel runner crushed up through it and turned under his boot, and Frank fell heavily on the ice, while Dick triumphantly rushed on and past the first red flag, and the boys, with loud hurrahs, proclaimed him the winner.

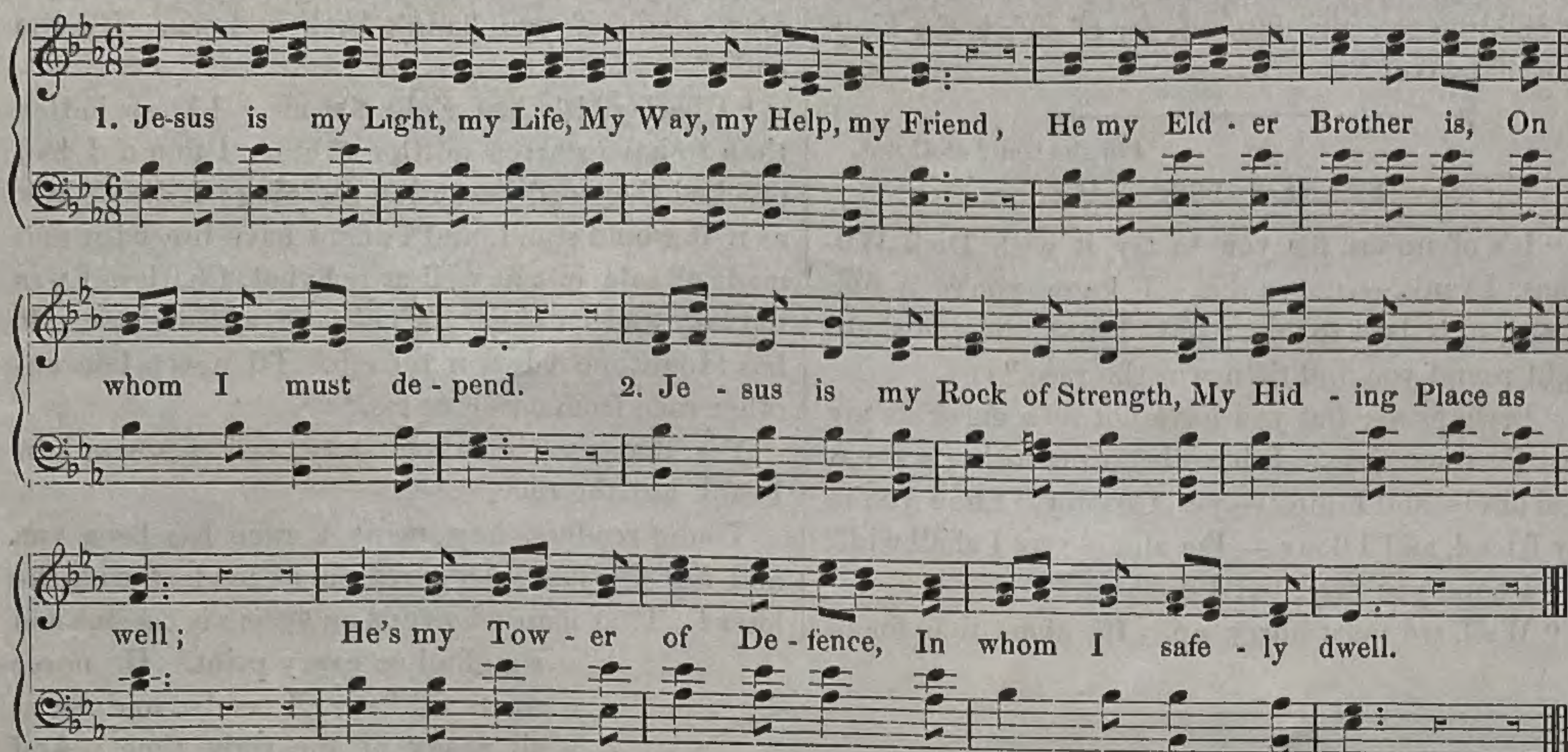
Charley was the first to reach Frank to condole with him. "It's too bad, Frank. I really thought you'd

For the Child at Home.

JESUS.

Words by Mrs H E BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN



3 Jesus is my Prophet, King,
My Counselor and Guide;
He's my Shepherd, by whose care,
My wants are all supplied.

4 Jesus is my great High Priest,
Within the veil he pleads;
Jesus is my Sacrifice,
On Calvary he bleeds.

5 Jesus is the living Vine,
In him I fitly grow;
He's the Rose and Lily fair
Whose sweetness charms me so.

6 I will love him while I live,
And live upon his love:
He is all I want below,
And all I ask above.

It may appear to you brave to roll up your cuffs, and take a bellicose attitude toward him whom you term your "adversary;" but it strikes me that by far the most noble and manly course toward those who wrong you, is to forgive them even as Christ forgives us who every day and hour offend him.

Try this spirit of love and conciliation, will you not, boys, and see if you do not feel yourselves greater and more noble in soul than if you should return to your young companions evil for evil.

Sister Winnie.

For the Child at Home.

POOR SALLIE.



SEVERAL thousand miles from here, among the mountains of the Southwest, there lived a little girl named Sallie. She was a bright, intelligent child of about eleven years, with very black hair and eyes; but her

skin was not fair like yours, little reader; for Sallie was a slave. She had no pleasant home as you have, and no kind parents to delight in making her happy. Her father and mother were formerly owned by a wealthy gentleman in Tennessee; but had been sold by him to a trader who took them down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, where they were again disposed of at auction, and Sallie and her mother were purchased by the same person, but the father was sent to a distant city; so they were separated, and I do not think Sallie had any recollections of her father; for she was a very little child when they were parted in this cruel manner.

Sallie was sometimes rather thoughtless, like some of the little boys and girls that will read this, I am afraid, and her master, who was a very stern man, never had any patience with her faults, but would fly into a passion, and call her hard names and beat her. It was a part of her duties to lay the table neatly for dinner, and once or twice she had forgotten to have the bread-knife in its place; when her master, in an angry voice, bade her bring it; and I have seen him strike her to the floor by a blow on the head with the handle of the knife.

Have you ever thought, children, what it is to be a slave? what it must be to feel that all your ener-

gies of mind and body, your time, talents, all that you have and are belong to another? that you could be bought and sold for money, just as we purchase horses and sheep and cows? Do you not pity the poor little slave children? and will you not ask our heavenly Father to hasten the time when they shall all have happy homes of their own; when fathers and mothers and children shall live together in love, without fear of being torn from one another's arms never to meet again on earth.

Thank God that you were born free, and pray for his blessing on our brave Union soldiers who are periling their lives in distant fields. Pray that all may share the blessings you now enjoy.

Florence.

For the Child at Home.

SOME LOVE THERE.

Little Georgie was reading to auntie the lesson in the primer about the eye of God. There was a picture of an eye that seemed to be looking straight at Georgie. Auntie asked, "Georgie, does God's eye look straight down upon you? Can he look right down into your heart and see every thing you think and feel?"

"Yes I know he can."

"Well, Georgie, when God looks down into your heart, do you think he can see any thing good there?"

Georgie looked very sober a moment, and then slowly lifting his great, solemn eyes, he said, "Yes, I think he can, auntie."

"What! any thing good in a little wicked heart?"

"Yes, I guess he can. I guess he can see some love there."

The dear little fellow! True enough, if there was any love there, it must please God, for God himself is love; and already that little boy of four years old was being filled with the Spirit of God.

L. S.

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE PHARISEE.

Kittie Ray sat at the head of her Sunday-school class one bright summer morning. The sun shone through the open window near, and a bird sang sweetly on the old elm-tree just in sight. Kittie felt very good-natured and happy, for various reasons. She was nicely dressed, had committed her lesson perfectly, and looked down the line of faces in the pew below her with a self-satisfied air.

Far away from the little church, with its solemn associations, the child's thoughts wandered while the

opening prayer was offered, and the petition made that all might feel the Saviour present in their midst. The voice of the teacher recalled her to the business of the hour, as she asked, "Can you repeat the lesson, Kittie Ray?"

The passage to be recited was the parable of the two men who went up into the temple to pray; one a Pharisee, the other a publican. After repeating it correctly, Kittie sat down, and the next scholar rose. Jennie Cook was a poor little girl, and very plain, her face having been scarred by an accident which she met with long before. After going through one verse of the psalm which was given her to learn, she hesitated, and finally said, timidly, that she had not committed it. Jennie colored and looked troubled when she resumed her seat, but Miss Prentiss passed on to the next without remarking her failure. When each had been listened to in turn, the teacher was accustomed to ask questions upon the different passages, ascertaining, by this means, how well the girls had listened to one another, and if their own was understood.

"Kittie," asked the lady who might almost have read the thoughts which were dancing in her brain, "which of the two men would you prefer to be, if you might choose, the Pharisee or the publican?"

"Oh, the publican, of course!" replied Kittie; "but there are no Pharisees now; I am glad of it."

"You are quite sure as to that? Do you remember what class of persons Jesus had reference to when he spoke?"

The little girl opened her red Testament, and, after searching a moment, found the paragraph which says, "He spoke this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." Kittie's face flushed as she read it aloud. "You see," remarked Miss Prentiss, "that there may be Pharisees even to-day, in this church!"

"I wonder if she knows what I was thinking of?" questioned the child of herself; and her face grew sober as she remembered the past half-hour. With slight alteration the prayer of the haughty Pharisee might have assorted well with the feelings of Kittie Ray, and would run some what like this:—

"God, I thank thee that I am so much better than others. I have my lesson better than all the rest. Jennie Cook broke down in hers. I am dressed better than the others; how homely they look with their old bonnets! I guess Miss Prentiss wishes the girls would do as well as I have, with their verses; I never told a lie in my life; Maria Mitchell has been punished for telling them."

"The heart is deceitful above all things," and, while Kittie Ray was judging others by a very mistaken idea of her own goodness, Jennie, with her common dress and sallow face, was thinking softly in her heart, "I wonder if the Lord Jesus can love me if I try very much to be like him? I wanted to learn my lesson, but mother needed my help."

Which would you rather be, the Pharisee or the publican?

C. M. P.

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OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH.

"Dogs for horses, a hut for a house, and every body in furs up to their eyes! That's a cold place, I know, and I wouldn't like to live there."

Well, people do live there and enjoy it; and I have no doubt the boys and girls are as well pleased to see one of those dog-teams go by, and hear the driver shout and crack his long whip as you are to see the great sleigh pass with its four horses,—that one that is kept at the next stable, for parties, you know, called "Cleopatra's Barge," or "Young America," or some other name as good.

They can be kind to each other, too, in that cold region as well as here. Look at the small picture

at the lower left hand corner. See the little Esquimaux boy giving his baby-sister a ride on a sledge. There, too, in the opposite corner, is a picture of a bear hunt. The hunters have followed the bear so closely that he has turned and stands "at bay," ready to grapple the one that may come within reach. In the center, a walrus stares at you from a hole in the ice.

The dogs, like those represented in the large picture, which the Esquimaux, father, assisted by his two sons, is harnessing, are very highly valued by their owners, and they help them in many ways.

"But are the dogs strong enough to drag those sledges, driver and all?"

Oh, yes; they will travel in this way many miles, with not only their driver, but quite a heavy load in the sledge besides.

"What do they get to eat?"

In a book entitled "The Quadrupeds of North America," a traveler gives us the following account of the habits of these dogs:—

"During spring and summer, they ramble along the shore, where they meet with abundance of dead fish, and in winter they eat the flesh of the seals, which are killed and salted in the spring, or late in the autumn, when these animals return from the north. We found several families inhabiting the coast of Labrador, all of whom depended entirely on their dogs to convey them when visiting their neighbors, and some of whom had packs of at least forty of these animals. On some parts of the coast of Labrador, the fish were so abundant, during our visit, that we could scoop them out of the edge of the water with a pocket-handkerchief; at such times the Esquimaux dogs catch them, wading in and snapping at them with considerable dexterity as the surf retires; when caught, they eat them at once, while they are still alive."

Labrador is indeed a dreary place to live in. The summers are very short; the winters of course long, and terribly cold. But there are some who are willing to give up the comforts of a happy home here, and go and dwell with the poor Esquimaux to do them good. The Rev. C. C. Carpenter and his wife, with a lady companion who is equally self-denying, make their home in Labrador for the sake of proclaiming there the gospel of our Saviour. We are permitted to copy part of a letter which he sent to a Sabbath school in Boston. He writes:—

"Winter means something here. It commences in October and was by no means finished, when, on the ninth of June last, we came through fields of ice, and our still unbroken harbor of Caribou Island. We had a large bank of snow alongside the mission-house till after 'the Fourth,' and at that time (fourth of July) I could have taken you in an hour's row to a solid bank of frozen snow, large enough to accommodate a Sabbath school of two hundred children at a picnic!

"You will remember that in the winter we remove with the settlers from their fishing islands and points, to a more sheltered settlement, on the banks of the Esquimaux River. After reaching that settlement last winter, we put up a log chapel, or school-house. The logs or sticks were boated down the river, and sawn in two lengthwise. These placed perpendicularly in the ground or on a sill, the round side out, and the flat side in, make the wall. The roof is thatched with rinds of trees loaded with turf. A hole is left in the top for the stove-pipe, a door hung on wooden hinges, the crevices between the logs well 'stogged,' as we call it, with dry moss, and then our chapel was finished."

Mr. Carpenter writes of the interesting meetings held there, and of his belief that some, both of the grown people and children, have found Christ, and are loving him, and in conclusion he makes a request which you may regard as addressed to yourselves:—

"Will not you, dear children, some of whom have sought and found Jesus as your Saviour, pray for these 'little ones' in Labrador, exposed to so much temptation, and having so few privileges?"

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE TOMMY.

A friend who is a tract distributor, and whose district includes the lower part of Fleet Street, which is the "Five Points" of New Haven, asked me to go with her a few days since to visit a little sick boy in whom she had become greatly interested. He was the only child of his mother, and she a widow. The father died several years since in California.

Tommy was always a delicate child, being troubled with a spinal affection, which had developed into a form of quick consumption. His mother was very poor, and obliged to go out to day's work, leaving Tommy propped with pillows in his rocking-chair in the room of a French woman on the opposite side of the hall, who kindly attended to his few wants. It was touching to see the pale, patient boy, who passed away the long hours of the day so uncomplainingly. My friend would often go and spend an hour with him, reading to him from "The Child at Home," and other little papers. He would seem very grateful, and much interested. His mother was a Catholic, and he had received but little religious instruction; but, like a thirsty plant, he drank in eagerly the simple truths this friend taught him.

On one occasion, he seemed to be suffering more than usual. She asked him where he felt pain? He said his feet were very sore, and she found them swollen to almost twice their usual size. But he bore it all with no words of murmuring or impatience. She left him to go out and get him some fruit; when she returned, the little face, which had about it the spiritual sweetness peculiar to the disease, was resting on his hand; his eyes closed in gentle sleep, and one finger placed as if tracing the lines of the little paper from which she had been reading to him.

The day we went to see him, we knocked at the French woman's door. She opened for us, but said Tommy was too sick to leave his bed, and was with his mother. We went into her room, which, though bearing marks of extreme poverty, was scrupulously clean. Tommy, who, though eleven years old, was scarcely larger than a child of seven, lay upon the bed, looking as though the fight was almost over. His mother told him we were there; but he did not open his eyes, only a gentle pressure of the hand showed us that he understood her.

We tried to whisper some words of comfort in his ear, but he could make no reply. He suffered severely from the swelling of his limbs, and would sometimes cry out in great agony. It was very sad to hear his wailing cry, which seemed like the moaning of an infant, so enfeebled was he by his suffering. We could but pray that the kind Shepherd would take him to his arms and give him rest.

The next morning after our visit he died. About an hour before his death, all his pain left him, and he seemed roused to a vivid consciousness of his situation. To his mother, and other friends who were in the room, he bade a touching good-by, begging them to love Jesus, and meet him in heaven. His mother asked him if he would not rather stay with her. "No," he replied, "I long to go to Jesus, mother; I shall have a home in heaven, and there is no more pain and suffering there. Jesus loves me, and I long to go."

To this ignorant little boy the Holy Spirit had revealed himself, making the way of salvation so plain that a fool could not err therein.

And do you not think that young lady rejoiced at the remembrance of the precious moments she had devoted to this little stray lamb, grateful that she had been made the instrument of lighting the way that guided his feet into the peaceful valley?

Aunt Annie.

For the Child at Home.

HOW DID ANN GET THE MONEY?

You see "Uncle Ralph" is a good man, — one who always remembers his friends, and he has a host of them.

His little niece, Ann, who lives in Middlefield, Connecticut, has a brother who is fighting for his country, his home, and his God, and of course Ann is deeply interested in the soldiers; all little girls and boys should be. Now Uncle Ralph sent Ann something; he is always sending something to the children. What do you think he sent her? Guess! A photograph of Tom Thumb and his wife? That's it; you guessed it the first time.

Well, what of it? Just this: Ann has been afflicted, — deeply so; but her heart has grown purer and better, and she is always anxious to do something for others.

They have a "Soldier's Aid Society" in Middlefield; they ought to have one in every town. Ann said Barnum had made money exhibiting Tom Thumb and his wife, and she was going to make some money by showing his picture; and she was going to give the money to the "Soldier's Aid Society."

Some gave her a cent, some two, some five, for a sight of the photograph of Tom Thumb and his wife. And Ann made *one dollar and twenty cents* in a half-day! and any boy or girl, who has the will and the energy and the disposition, can do the same.

So Uncle Ralph's little gift set every generous emotion of this sweet-spirited girl at work, and a hundred soldiers' eyes will be gladdened, and their hearts be made better for looking again on "The Christian Banner," and knowing that with heart and voice and hands, the people labor and pray for their health, moral and physical, and that eager, anxious, loving eyes, watch for their return again.

Do the soldiers read? Ah, yes! the writer of this has seen men who were carousing, playing cards, and drinking, because they had nothing else to do, stop and put it all away when "The Christian Banner" came, and their thoughts would drift away to their homes, and the dear ones there, and as the soldiers read on, knowing of a truth that at all the family altars their names were remembered, and that God was besought to protect and shield them in the hour of trial and danger, they were made infinitely better soldiers, and better men.

So Ann reached out from her quiet home in Connecticut, over two or three States, over the city of Washington, over the Potomac, and made a hundred soldiers better men. What long arms she must have had! no not that; but she had quick, noble, generous sympathies; a will to do; a brain to plan; and steam and iron and types, and the paper-maker and other good people joined with her, and thus she was enabled to reach so far and so many.

There are tens of thousands of others, who, stimulated by her example, will, I hope, do something for our noble brothers and sons and fathers who are in the war.

How much did Ann get in a half-day? *One dollar and twenty cents!*



For the Child at Home.

HE WASN'T WATCHING.

"Now, you keep still as a mouse, Jennie, and I'll nab him."

"Yes; I'll be still;" and Jenny's brown eyes twinkled, as she saw her brother's hand softly move along toward the unsuspecting fly, but she kept perfectly quiet.

Nearer and nearer came the hand till at just the right moment, Edward dashed it suddenly across the table, and as suddenly closing his hand, deprived the poor little victim of his plot of liberty.

As Edward held his hand first at his own, and then at his sister's ear, they could hear a faint buzz, and when he let in the light through a narrow crack between his fingers, they could see a small black head at the opening, and Edward could feel his tiny prisoner making a mighty effort — mighty at least for a fly — to enlarge the place and get out.

Edward had prepared a little cage, made of paper with slits cut for bars. Into this, he put the fly, and then he and his sister watched his operations, occasionally giving him a little stirring up with a splinter from the broom; as Edward said, "Just as they do the lions and tigers in the menagerie." But pitiful little Jenny began to think this was not a very agreeable state of things for the fly, and very likely she more than half wished he had not been taken prisoner.

"Why didn't he fly away, Eddie, when you put your hand out at him?" she asked.

"'Cause he liked the honey so well I suppose. Didn't you see me put that drop of honey on the table?"

"Yes; but I guess *he wasn't watching*. If he'd been watching, you couldn't have caught him, could you, Eddie?"

"Well, I think it's likely he might have kept clear if he had looked out."

Yes, there was the trouble. The fly "wasn't watching," and so of course he was taken.

Edward and Jenny had been taught better than to torment a poor little fly, and therefore I don't think he suffered much at their hands. But can you guess what the lesson is from Edward's fly-catching and Jenny's explanation of his success?

Let it remind you, dear children, that every day, yes, every hour, you need to be watching, lest you are

caught in some snare set by an enemy who is always looking out for opportunities to entice you into sin, as the fly was enticed by the honey to the spot where he was taken, and thus into trouble and sorrow.

You prayed, I trust, this morning. You perhaps offered the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." And now, whether at study, at work, or at play, you need to watch your lips and tongue that they speak no unkind, malicious or idle word; your hands that they do no evil thing; your feet that they run not into wrong ways; and most of all your heart, that it may not shelter wicked thoughts and feelings which would grieve that dear Saviour who loves you so well, — who is so ready to help you to be cheerful and happy in your work or study, and so glad with you in all your innocent play.

Don't forget to watch, and by thus forgetting let your great Enemy take you in his snares.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

FAITH.

The subject of Ellen T—'s Sunday-school lesson was *faith*. "Can you tell me," asked her teacher, "what faith is?"

"No, ma'am," said Ellen; "I have looked in the lesson and in the Bible, and in the dictionary, and I can't understand it."

"I will illustrate it," said the teacher: "A little girl was taking a sail with her father and his two servants, when a storm overtook them with lightning and thunder. The child was in the arms of one of the men in the end of the boat away from her father. Startled at the seeming danger, she stretched her little hands toward him and cried out, 'Me 'fraid, pa-pa; me 'fraid!' 'Come to me!' said the father; and the servant placed her at his feet, where she nestled down while he attended to the management of his boat. Presently, with the happiest, most satisfied smile, she looked up to her father's face and lisped, 'Now me safe, pa-pa; now me safe!'"

"That little girl's confidence in her father was *faith*; she believed he was strong enough and loving enough to shield her from the storm. All the thunder and lightning could not terrify her while she sat at her father's feet.

"That is just as we should feel toward God. Do you understand now, Ellen, what faith is?"

"I think I do," said Ellen: "we must believe that God is strong enough and loves us well enough to save us."

"It is that," said the teacher, "and something more. The child not only called out to her father when she was afraid, but *she went to him* when he bade her, and felt safe and happy. We, dear Ellen, in greater danger than she, must go to our heavenly Father, — to be saved from sin, and shielded from harm, and be made happy in our blessed confidence.

"And do you now know, that to understand what faith means places you under obligations to exercise it toward God in believing and casting yourself upon him — in loving and obeying him?"

Did Ellen T— know that when her Sunday-school teacher explained this truth to her understanding — when she saw the duty of believing and loving God, it was to her soul the voice of that unseen Father saying, "Come to me"? E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

HOW WILLIE LEARNED TO PRAY.

Willie is only a little boy, hardly old enough to go to church, but his parents have taught him to pray.

It was a long while before they could make him know what it was to pray. He couldn't find out what he got by it. He could "say his prayers," but his parents saw plainly that he did not care much about them.

Now Willie knew very well what it was to ask his father for things. He could see what he got by it.

He could pray to his father, and beg as hard as any boy of his age, and feel as badly as any if he did not get what he wanted.

His father one day said to himself, "Why can't I teach Willie to ask God as well as to ask me?"

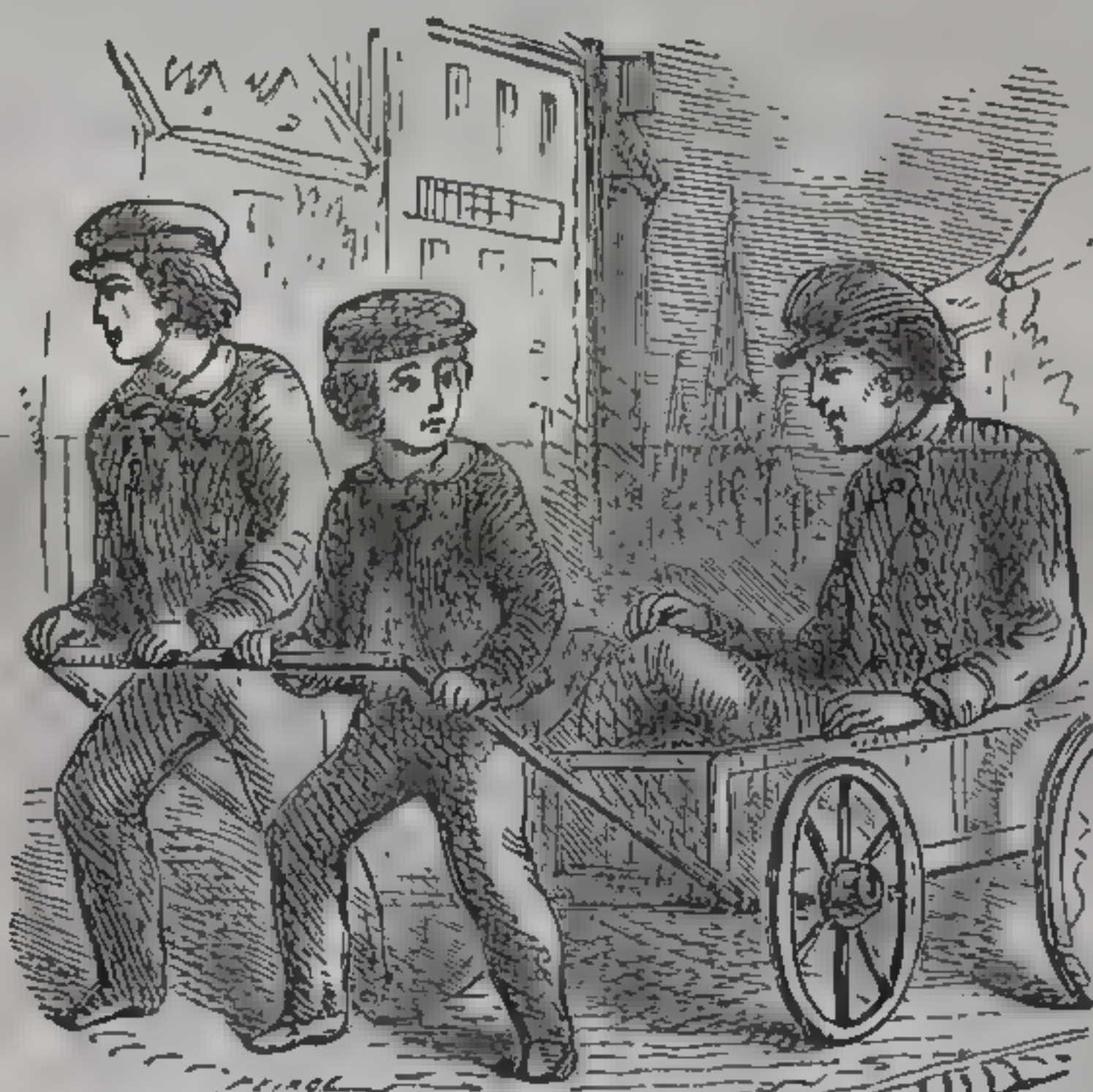
So he went and got a present for Willie, and told the little fellow he would give it to him if he would only ask God for it. So he went and knelt down and asked God for it, and then his father gave it to him. This began to open Willie's eyes about prayer.

If God could give him things through his father, then he could understand it. Afterwards, when Willie wanted something very much, which his father thought best to give him, he would sometimes get leave to go and pray to God for it.

Don't you think this a very curious way to learn how to pray? But remember he is only a very little boy.

And now hear the rest of the story. By and by Willie's father told him he must pray to God for a new heart. This was very different from any thing he had prayed for before, but he was taught what it meant. And great was his father's joy to hear him pray as earnestly for a new heart as he had before for candy, or other things he wanted. It was very easy now for Willie to pray to God to keep him safely all night, when he was left alone in bed. One night his father went to him and said, "Will God keep Willie to-night?" "Yes, papa, he says he will," was his prompt reply. The dear little fellow had been praying, and God had seemed so near that he thought he heard his voice answering him.

L. S. P.



For the Child at Home.

"HE IS MY BROTHER."

While passing through one of the streets of Boston, a while since, I saw an interesting sight.

In a little wagon, such as boys often use at play, sat a soldier perhaps twenty-five years old, pale and worn-looking, his limbs stretched on cushions before him and both feet carefully bandaged. He was evidently one of the wounded veterans, of whom there are not a few among us.

Two boys, one apparently about twelve and the other fourteen years of age, certainly not older, were giving him a morning ride, — briskly drawing the wagon with its precious load along the street.

I asked the elder of them, —

"Who is this soldier? — your brother?"

"He is *my* brother," answered the younger one promptly, and as if with a feeling of pride that he was permitted to perform such a labor of love for his noble brother.

That is the feeling, thought I, as I turned away, which we all ought to have for these brave men who, having fought for our country, have come home, as so many of them have, sick and maimed and disabled for life, — a feeling which will lead us to regard them as *brothers*; which will make us willing to do all that is in our power to relieve and help them, not as charity, but as the discharge of a debt; and which will also make us very prayerful for them, that they may have the sweet consolations which can be given only by the blessed Saviour.

Victor.



For the Child at Home.

GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

"Come, sister Gracie, take my hand;
The path is icy here,
And should you venture far, dear sis,
Your feet will slip, I fear
Let brother Bennie guide your steps
Across this dangerous place;
You'll surely trust his watchful care,
My darling little Grace."

He led her safely all the way, —
That brother, brave and kind;
His boyish playmates urged him on,
But left him soon behind.
He would not that his little pet
Should tread the path alone,
And thus he shouted to his mates,
In gay and cheery tone: —

"I can not leave my sister Grace,
To join your merry play;
Ah, boys! believe me, duty first
E'er yields the best of pay.
Your sisters, on this icy plain,
Alone can scarcely stand;
Take my advice this wintry day,
And lend a helping hand."

Awhile they heeded not his words, —
Those school boys wild and rude;
But soon his bright example won
Their hearts to gentler mood;
And turning back, each lent his strength
To little trembling feet,
And when they rushed to play again,
Ne'er had it seemed so sweet.

Oh, brothers blessed with sisters dear,
Be faithful to your trust;
Each loving heart is worth far more
Than mines of golden dust.
Give gentle words and willing aid,
Clasp close that little hand,
And guide those timid footsteps on,
Safe toward the better land.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

"IT IS SO COLD."

"Johnny, dear, I wish you would fill up the wood-box. Put on your cap and tippet, and see how smart you can be."

"Oh, mother, I can't, it is so cold!"

Johnny drew up his shoulders with a shiver, and moved his chair nearer to the stove.

Mrs. Drew was very busy, and being called out of the room just then, did not insist upon an immediate compliance with her wishes. Johnny sat with his feet on the stove hearth, thinking what a dreary season was winter, especially when little boys were called upon to perform sundry unpleasant duties, such as bringing in wood, water, and the like.

Now shoveling paths in the soft, white snow was *fun*, that is, when one did it just for the sport of it; but when compelled to it, ah, that was another thing. The fact is, Johnny was slow in learning the lesson that labor, with some desired good in view, was far better than the same amount of effort for mere pleasure alone. If "all work and no play" makes little boys dull and spiritless, so "all play and no work" often produces the same effect.

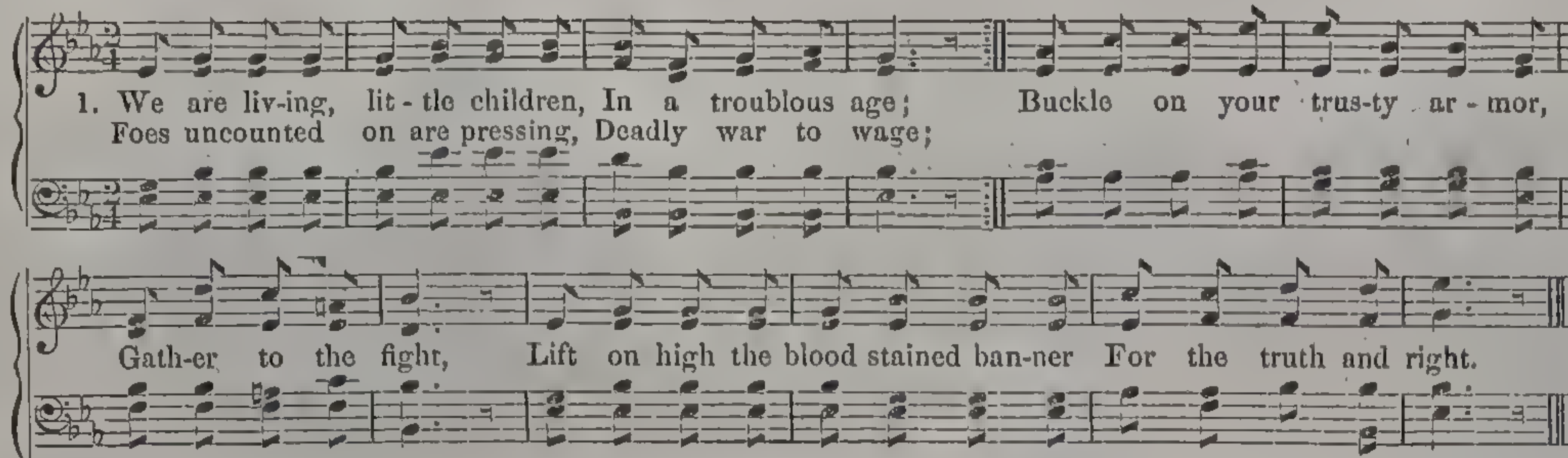
But to return to Johnny. While he was sitting

For the Child at Home.

OUR DAY.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by MR. J. L. ENSIGN.



2
We are living, little children,
In a busy age;
Labor is your choicest blessing,
Man's best heritage,
Up then, and be ever doing,
Head, and heart, and hand,
Ready at each passing moment,
For your Lord's command.

3
We are living, little children,
In a sinful age;
Earth's dark depths of sin and sorrow
Hard it is to gauge;
Let us struggle for the cleansing,
Toil to make it pure;
Fitted for the saints to dwell in,
In the evermore.

4
We are living, little children,
For a brighter age;
Let the promised, coming glory
Mind and soul engage;
Jesus' triumph, olden prophets
Only did foresee;
Children, we are hasting to it,—
Sound the jubilee!

5
Come then, come, ye little children,
For your Jesus stand;
Rally round his sacred banner,
Form a helping band;
Aid the weak, the poor, and lowly,
Raise the fallen up;
And from Love's celestial fountains
Fill earth's empty cup.

by the stove, still shivering over his journey in prospect to the wood-pile, a little playmate called in for him to go on a coasting frolic.

"Mother," he cried, forgetting the cold in his eagerness for sport, "can I go coasting with Frank?"

"Oh, Johnny, it is so cold!" and Mrs. Drew imitated so precisely her little boy's whining tone, with such a ludicrous shrug of the shoulders, that Johnny, who was a quick-witted child, burst out laughing.

"Mother, I see, the wood-box is to be filled first."

Johnny ran out, followed by Frank, and the box was soon heaped up with fuel for his mother's use.

"My son, you have been very quick in your application of my little sermon. Always remember, my boy, duty first and then pleasure. First the bitter and then the sweet. Although, to judge from your rosy cheeks and smiling face, your task has not been very bitter after all. Am I not right, Johnny?"

"Mother, I was a lazy fellow, and am quite ashamed of myself. And if your wood-box stands empty again when I am at home, I guess it will not be on account of the cold."

And giving his mother a hearty kiss, Johnny ran away to play with his chosen companion, Frank Roberts.

How is it, boys? Shall mother's wood-box need replenishing while you are off coasting, without a thought of her comfort this freezing weather? You can save her tired feet many weary steps, and your little labors of love will impart a sweeter zest to your skating, coasting, and snowballing frolics.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

"DON'T EVERY BODY LOVE JESUS?"

"Mother, don't every body love Jesus?" said Nellie, as she looked up from the little book she was reading.

"No, child."

"I should think they would."

"Indeed they do not," replied her mother. "A great many don't love him. Some, even, don't believe there is any Jesus. Does my Nellie love him?"

"Mother, I do."

I know more about this little girl, and I believe she was a Christian. Shall I tell you why I think so? I think so because she loved to pray,—loved to go alone and talk to her Saviour, just as she would to her mother.

Then she loved the Sunday school. One Sabbath morning, when she was all dressed for school, some one said to her, "Now you are going just to show your nice things." This almost made her cry, and she said, "You know my clothes are not so nice as the other girls have, but I love to go."

And what else did she love to do? She loved to go to church. Some things that she heard she couldn't understand, but she understood enough to make her love the "house of God."

But, more than all, she thought Jesus was lovely, and she loved him. Little reader, do you love him?

L. S. P.

For the Child at Home.

IS IT RIGHT TO FIGHT?



ATHER," said little Paul Edmonds one day, "Isn't it wicked for our soldiers to go out to fight the rebels? The chapter you read this morning said we must 'love our enemies,' but Tom Robbins said, he wished he could get a pop at them, he would like to kill a dozen at one shot. Isn't it wrong, father?"

"We can soon find out my son, if we go to our Guide-book, and see what is said upon this subject. There are duties which all owe to those who are rightfully in authority. And those duties are made very plain. The inspired apostle Paul says: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. . . . For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake."

"The rebels are fighting against our government. It is, as we believe, a government appointed and established by God. You see, therefore, that rulers,

who are God's ministers, are required to take the sword which God has given them to resist and punish bad men who rise against such a government.

"Think, Paul, of the history of our beloved country. Think of the settlement of our own New England by those noble men and women.

"The wind blows cold and wild, and shakes the windows, doesn't it, Paul? but it blew colder and fiercer when the good ship landed at the Great Rock. Do you know what ship, my son?"

"Oh, yes, father; the Mayflower, and the rock was Plymouth Rock."

"What did they come for, to that rock-bound shore, in the driving winter, to perish with hunger? Many of them died from privation and cold. What brought them here, Paul?"

"I don't really know, father. I can't think why Arbella Johnson, such a good, beautiful lady, and rich, too, should leave her father's splendid house and come to this country to die,—why was it, father?"

"You know the acorn you found in the woods Paul."

"Oh, yes, father, I planted it in the yard and it is a beautiful little tree now, most as tall as I am; I shall have plenty of acorns next year."

"Well, Lady Arbella could not go to the church that she thought was the right one in England, for a law had been made that all should go to the same church. I suppose, she thought if she came here to this wilderness and encouraged others to come, it would be just like planting a little acorn of Truth and Freedom. So she and the rest came, and thus this great nation has grown up just as your tree did. If a Frenchman should come from Paris, or a German from Germany, or any one from any country should come here and build a house to live in, our government would take care of him, and put in prison any one who tried to injure or abuse him. He could go to what church he liked, and serve God in his own way. That is freedom,—America is a free country. Now, if bad men undertake to destroy our government, we must defend it. Remember, God makes magistrates his ministers that governments may be sustained and protected; and it is as truly right for our noble soldiers to defend our country, as it would be for you to resist any one who would compel you to do wrong in any way; and however dark our cause may seem at times, we shall find in the end that God is always on the side of right and justice and truth."

C. E. W.

I dropped a single grain of musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by, the chamber still
Retained the same perfume.
So every deed approved by God,
Where'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind,
That shall for ever last.

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THE YOUNG PEACEMAKER.

A FIGHT in a school-room! and no *play-fight*, as you can readily see. These boys are in earnest. The teacher must be out of sight. The fighters are either settling up some "old score," some grudge of long standing, or they have just now been provoked to anger, and have taken this brutal way of arranging by blows a probably trifling disagreement.

Poor fellows! see their faces distorted with passion, as with clinched fists they strike and struggle, each trying to gain some advantage over the other.

One of them, however, is decidedly "getting the worst of it;" and this quarrel is likely to end, leav-

ing them more bitterly at enmity than before it began.

But a noble fellow interferes. Who is he? Who is the young peacemaker? Can you tell? None of your playmates, surely; for those boys are in an old-fashioned school-room,—a very different one from yours,—and their dress is quite different from that worn by boys nowadays. Who is he then?

You wouldn't need to be told who that man was who was "first in war, first in peace," and is still "first in the hearts of his countrymen." And you will be glad to know that this same George Washington, when a boy, was doubtless often seen acting

just such a part as he is represented as acting here,—the part of a peacemaker.

In a sketch of his boyhood, which appeared in "Putnam's Monthly Magazine," we are told that "he was the umpire in all little school quarrels, the boys having implicit faith in his justice; he was easily the leader in all athletic sports, through life his delight; and by some strange, prophetic instinct it was his pride to form his schoolmates into military companies, with corn-stalks for muskets and calabashes for drums, and these he drilled and exercised, as well as commanded, and led to mimic battle. He is said to have been *famous for hindering quarrels*, however;" and it is mentioned as a remarkable fact that these mimic battles of the boy-army—the boys being arranged in two bands, one of which was always commanded by Washington, and the other by a playmate—never ended, as such sports are so apt to end, in an actual fight and a lasting enmity between the two companies. For it would seem that Washington had early learned to control a temper known to have been impetuous and fiery, and this led him both to avoid quarreling himself, and when others were disposed to fight, to do all he could to reconcile them.

Here's an example to be followed. Many a time I have heard from a group of boys, when one of their number had received provocation, advice given in such words as these, "Pitch into him!" "I wouldn't stand it, now!" "Give him as good as he sends!" "Up to him; show your pluck, and don't be imposed upon!" and I am afraid that many a fierce fight has been brought on between boys in just that way. Now, when you find things tending in this direction, suppose you copy Washington's example. Be a peacemaker. Try to smooth the ruffled passions of your comrades. You'll feel better for it, I'm sure, and the boys won't love you any the less in the long run, though they may at first tell you to "mind your own business" and not interfere.

I said you might copy Washington's example. There is a Higher than Washington for you to imitate, in making peace among excited and angry companions, or in doing any work that is right in the sight of God; and I hope that to *please him* will be your motive. That Higher One is Christ. Imitate him.

For the Child at Home.

KITTY'S ORANGE.

"Dont awnt to say p'ayers any more," said little Kitty, cuddled up in her cunning white nightgown, on her mother's lap. Kitty's mother was sorry the little creature had come to that decision, for though she was but three years old, it was, she thought, none too early for her to begin to know and love the great and good God, our Father. But she did not look displeased or surprised; she only said, "Was that a nice orange papa brought Kitty to day?"

"Velly nice," said Kitty.

"God made that orange on purpose for Kitty," said her mother.

"Did he?" asked Kitty, wonderingly.

"Yes. It grew on a tree away across the sea. First, it was a sweet little white flower, and God took care of it and sent the dew and made the sun shine on it, till in its place there grew an orange, a very little orange indeed; and still he kept watch over it and made it grow: no little bird pulled it off; no strong wind came to break it from the tree, and it grew and grew till it became a large orange, for God meant it for Kitty. When it was a large orange and had become of a bright, handsome color, it was gathered with its sister oranges and packed in a box and the box was carried to a ship, and God caused the winds to blow the ship across the sea to our country. Some of the oranges decayed and spoiled, but not the orange which God made for little Kitty. It was juicy and sweet and delicious, growing mellow and nice in the dark box all the way across the sea; and to-day Kitty had that very orange."

A little pause. — The child was thoughtful.

"Wasn't God very kind to make such nice fruit for my little Kitty?"

"Es'm, — velly kind," said the child, emphatically.

"God likes to have us thank him when he gives us any thing," said the mother.

"Does he?" asked the child, solemnly.

"Yes, and he likes to have us ask him to take care of us, and when we are naughty, he waits to see if we become sorry and ask him to forgive us."

"I dess I'll p'ay to him now," said Kitty, kneeling in her mother's lap.

Kitty never said again she didn't want to pray.

U. L. S. B.



For the Child at Home.

MARY'S PUSSY AT CHURCH.

"I want to tell you about my little pussy," said a sweet child of three years, whose loving heart embraced all of God's creation.

"My little kitty went to church one day; she was *dressed* all in pink, and she wore a little hat on her head with a *laskit* under her chin, and she had little shoes on her feet, and she took her little *shun-shade*, and she behaved *bufully*, — she didn't talk a bit."

There are a great many little boys and girls running about the streets on Sundays, more like the animals than like children with souls to be saved.

Do the young people who read this paper, in reality gather in the little vagrant creatures, and clothe them, and carry them to God's house, as dear little Mary in imagination clothed her pussy and took it to the place of prayer and praise? Fansan.

For the Child at Home.

SADIE'S PRAYER.

Sadie Rice is a dear child who is just five years old. Every night, when she has put on her little white nightgown, she says her prayers, as all good children do. After saying the sweet "Now I lay me down to sleep," she asks God to forgive her sins and to bless her good, kind, friends. She sometimes

pleads in this way: "Bless those I love and those I don't love, for, O Lord, they've got to be loved."

How many remember the words of the Lord Jesus in his "sermon on the mount"? "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you." May the blessed Saviour teach little Sadie, as well as many other dear children, to love, but not through compulsion, those for whom he was willing to suffer death, even though they may have become our enemies; for he died for all, and in the hour of his terrible suffering, when wicked men crucified him, he cried to God, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

M. P. R.

For the Child at Home.

MABEL'S WHY.



OW little Mabel's eyes glistened, and how her face glowed, as she hurried home from church over the icy sidewalk one bright winter Sabbath! "Why, Mabel! what are you so excited about? —

and where is papa? This is rather slippery walking for little people," said her mother.

"Yes, mamma. But papa stayed to help, and only think!" — and Mabel's eyes opened wider than ever, — "only think! Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gage were both thrown out of their sleighs, and Mrs. Howard's arm was broken — and Mrs. Gage's put out of joint, and I saw Mrs. Gage when she was thrown."

Brother Frank rightly called Mabel's tongue her safety-valve; and so, when she had told her mamma all she knew of the accident and asked all the questions she wished, she sat down very quietly by the window, looking at the sleigh-riders, many of whom were gay pleasure-seekers, while others were just from the house of God.

By and by her face grew earnest again. Then a puzzled look crept over it.

"Mamma," said she at length, "I can't understand it. I don't see why God lets people who obey him, and keep the Sabbath holy, get hurt, and all these people who break the Sabbath, and don't love him one bit, have nothing happen to them."

"Be careful, Mabel; does God ever do wrong?"

"No, mamma."

"Does my little girl think that she can always understand every thing God does? She can't even understand how brother Frank does his problems in arithmetic, and can she expect always to see just how and why the great God does certain things?"

"No, mamma, I suppose not, only what he tells us. He tells us why he does some things, doesn't he? He told us why he let Joseph be sold into slavery, you know."

"Yes, Mabel. But why didn't God have one of Joseph's wicked brethren sold instead of the good Joseph?"

Mabel thought a moment, and then said, "I don't know, mamma, unless it was because, by going down there to Egypt, he would become a great, good man."

"That, I think, was just the reason, Mabel. And now, if by God's allowing these good persons to get hurt, they learn to love this world less, where there is so much sin and suffering, and heaven, where no pain enters, more, and so they become better people, and better fitted to live in those mansions Jesus has gone to prepare for them, will not that make it plain that he has shown more love to them than to those whom he lets go on without any trouble?"

"Yes, mamma;" and Mabel sat for a long time thinking it all over. At length she said, half to herself, —

"That was why God took our darling Bertie away, I know."

"Yes, Mabel, I believe you are right. And now when my little girl thinks of her baby-brother in heaven, I hope she will try to love and obey Jesus better, and thus she will be better prepared, when Jesus shall call her, to go and live with him, in that same blessed home, than she would have been if little Bertie hadn't gone before."

"I will try, mamma, — I will," said Mabel, tearfully.

And Mabel did try, and as she sought God's help, she did not try in vain.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." R. M.

For the Child at Home.

THE KATYDIDS.

Our little friend Katie lived in a quiet, country home, a small neat cottage, half hidden under tall, green trees. Katie thought her home a very pleasant spot, and so indeed it was. As you stood in the shaded door-way, you could see, far away, the mountains, blue and misty, in the distance. Before you were spread out green and fertile fields, and broad pastures, where plump, sleek cattle were feeding, and frolicsome lambkins sporting, and through the still, summer air there came to your ear the murmuring, rippling sound of a little brook, near at hand. This brook, deep and broad in many places, was forbidden ground to the little girl, unless accompanied by some older and stronger friend.

One afternoon, Katie's mother, after giving her little daughter many cautions, was obliged to leave her alone for a short time, to go to the neighboring village. For a while she played quietly about the door, but at length, attracted by the bright flowers on the borders of the little stream, she began slowly to descend the hill, though not without some misgivings.

"Mother didn't say, to-day, that I mustn't go to the brook," said she to herself.

"You know she wouldn't like it," said conscience.

"Well, I shan't tell her of it, and nobody will see, so she'll never know it, and it can't do any harm."

Was she right, little reader?

"Katie did, Katie did," sounded close at her side as she neared the brook. She stopped and looked wildly around. No one was in sight. Who could have guessed her secret so soon? "Katie did, Katie did," came again, shriller and clearer than before. "She didn't, she didn't," said Katie, vexed and frightened, as she turned and ran up the hill at full speed. But still the voice persisted in calling, "Katie did, Katie did."

"Mother! mother!" shouted Katie as she reached the top of the hill and saw her mother approaching, "I didn't, I didn't; did they tell you I did?"

"Didn't do what, my dear?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Why, I'll tell you all about it. I was real naughty, and started to go to the brook, but somebody — I'm sure I don't know who, for I couldn't see any body — found it out, and kept calling after me, and it frightened me so that I ran back as fast as I could. Didn't you hear them?"

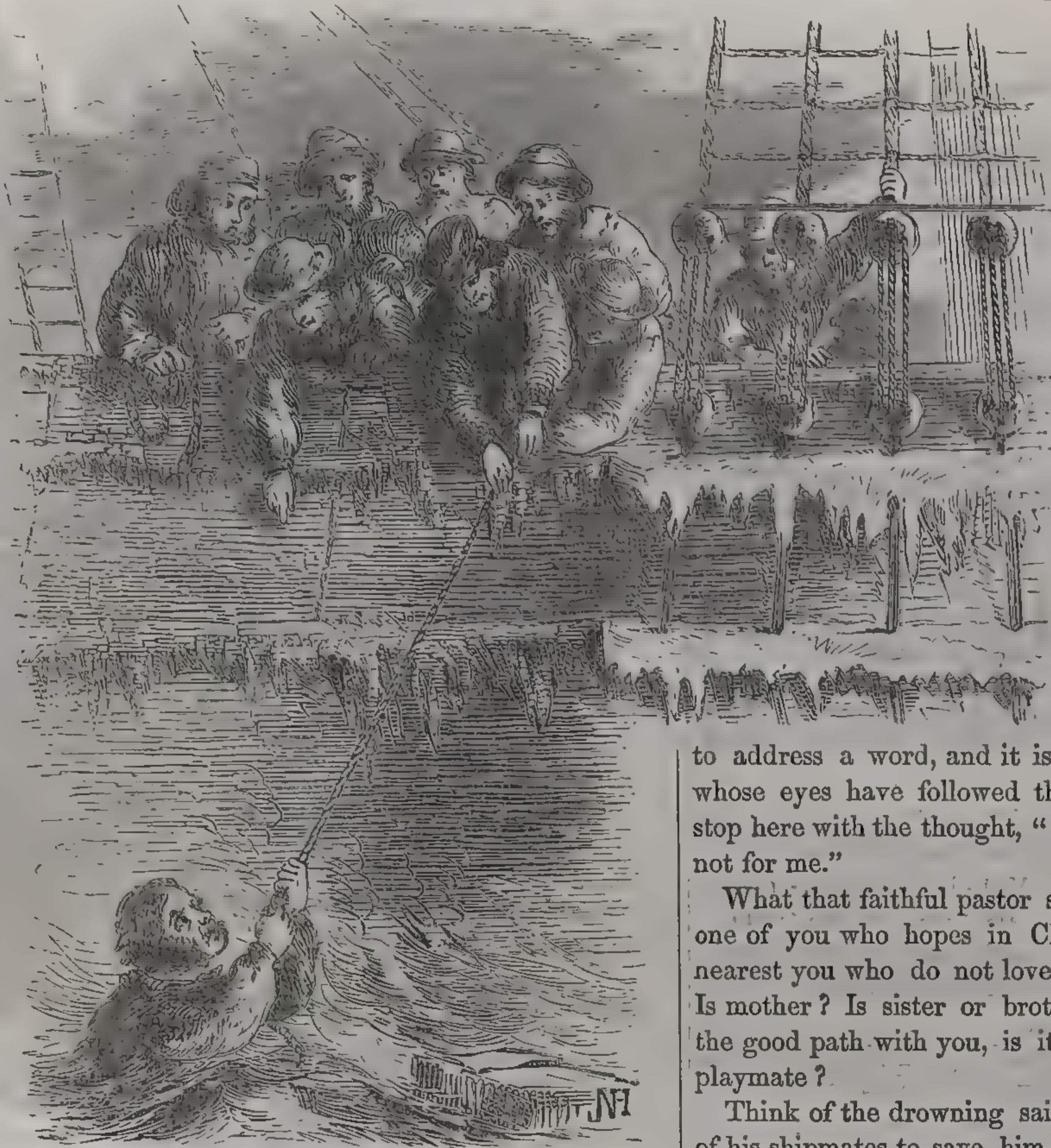
"Yes, my child, I heard the little Katydids saying over and over all that they know how to say. I am very glad that their song was the means of keeping my little one from disobeying her mother."

"I knew better all the time, mamma, for some thing in me was saying, 'It's wrong, don't go, Katie, mother won't like it;' but I wouldn't mind."

"It was conscience which told you that. God has given it to us all, my child, to warn us when we are doing wrong. And Katie must remember that there is One who always sees her, and is grieved when she goes astray."

"Yes, I know," said the child, thoughtfully. "I don't think I shall ever do so again."

MC. L.



For the Child at Home.

"A MAN OVERBOARD!"

A few years ago, one winter's day, a ship was passing into Massachusetts Bay bound for Boston. A strong breeze was blowing; there was ice on the deck, ice on the rail, ice on the shrouds, and the sailors could not move about the ship or go aloft without more than usual danger of accident. Suddenly the cry was heard, "A man overboard!" One of the crew had fallen from the forward part of the ship; he was rapidly drifting past close to her side; his piercing cries for help could be heard, and he would soon be out of reach. Ropes were instantly thrown by many hands. One of them reached the sailor and he seized it with the grasp of a drowning man.

"Hold on now, hold hard!" shouted the captain to him, cheerily; then to the crew, "Pull men, pull away, and bring your shipmate in!"

And they did pull with a will. Up came the poor fellow out of the water, up the ship's side, over the rail and among his glad comrades, shivering with the cold, his wet clothes stiffening in the sharp air, but *safe*, — safe from a watery grave.

There was great joy on board that vessel; for when the cry of alarm was heard, the first thought of every one was, "That man is lost." But officers and men were eager to do all they could, and a merciful Providence smiled upon their endeavors. When the master of the ship told me the story after his arrival in port, he spoke of his own doubts that any efforts would be successful. "But," said he, "we were bound to do all we could to save him."

I have thought of that story many times, and have pictured to myself the ice-covered ship rushing through the sea before the breeze. I have seemed to hear the startling cry, said by those who have heard it to be one of the most painfully thrilling that can fall on the ear, and to see the hurried movements of the men, the ropes striking the water around the drifting sailor as he struggles for life, his grapple of one of them and his rescue.

I heard of late this remark and inquiry made with the utmost solemnity of manner by a dear servant of God, a minister of the gospel: —

"All around us there are friends, — young and old, children and parents, every one of those who have no hope in Christ, — drifting with the swift-

ness of time to a place where there is grief and despair for ever. What are you doing to save them?"

Among my young friends there is, I trust, a large number of the followers of Jesus. Some of you have loved the Saviour for years; some have begun to love him within a few months or weeks past perhaps. Dear young reader, are you one of them? for it is to them in particular that I wish

to address a word, and it is sad to think that some whose eyes have followed these lines thus far will stop here with the thought, "Then the rest of this is not for me."

What that faithful pastor said is truth for every one of you who hopes in Christ. Who are those nearest you who do not love him? Is father one? Is mother? Is sister or brother? or if they are in the good path with you, is it some little friend or playmate?

Think of the drowning sailor, and the eagerness of his shipmates to save him! But that was only to keep a poor *body* from death. How much more should we be doing all we can to keep the *soul* of one we love from being lost. There, was a *man* overboard; here, *souls* are in danger. Do you ever think of this? Have you ever invited these dear ones to come to Christ so affectionately and so earnestly that they could not help seeing that you felt what you said?

Young Christian; while you remember that nothing can be done without the help of God, let this question rest upon your heart concerning all over whom you can exert any influence: *What am I doing to save them?*

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

IDLE WORDS.

I heard, the other day, two boys in the street talking after this fashion:

John. "Teacher's sick!"

George. "Goodness! is he though?"

John. "Yes-sir-ee."

George. "My stars! won't we have fun, then?"

These were no "street boys," but respectable boys, whose parents had tried to train them carefully, and who went not only to the day school but to Sabbath school. I suppose they would have been shocked at the thought of swearing. And yet these words, so often heard among school-boys — and I am sorry to say, among school-girls, too — are the entering wedge to profanity. From "gracious," and "my stars," and "by jingo," you very easily slide to something a little worse, and a little worse, till, before you know it, you are tempted to take God's holy name in vain.

Does it make you feel very smart and knowing to use these words? But after all it is not very manly, for true manliness lies in following the rules of the Bible. The Bible says, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." That is, speak the truth; and express just what you mean in the precise words needed, and *in no other*.

Or are you afraid the boys will think you a coward if you drop these words, or call you a milk-sop and a pussy? Well, let them call you a milk-sop and a pussy, if it gives them pleasure; let them think you a coward, if you are doing what you know is *right*. If you are brave enough to say No, when

"the boys" expect you to say Yes, it will not hurt you to lose their good opinion.

Your father and his friends do not use these words. They would not enjoy the company of a man who did. Do you wish to form a habit that will place you on the list of the *ill-bred*, and shut you out of good society?

You are startled sometimes when a little brother or sister, just learning to imitate, uses one of these words. Be careful that they do not learn them from you.

God gave you tongues to employ for some good purpose. He never intended that you should keep then running constantly about trilling or wrong things. He did not mean to have you waste your time in using extra words that mean nothing, and that come near the boundary-lines of swearing. The gift of speech is one of God's best gifts to man. Did you ever think how badly off we should be if all were *dumb*? You have sometimes wished that your pet kitten, or rabbit, or dog could speak. Were you ever so grateful to Him who gave you the power, as to resolve to use this gift as he would like to have you?

Remember this, that you were made to talk, and at proper times to talk a great deal; but you were not made to talk when you have nothing to say, or to use words that mean nothing.

And to-night when you kneel down before you sleep, ask our Father in heaven to forgive the idle words he has heard you use this day, and to keep you from using such words, henceforth, so that you may honor him even with your lips. Because "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

A. A.

"THE FREEDMAN" AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. W. L. Coan, one of the teachers of the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, in which he thus speaks of "The Freedman": —

"I will tell you as nearly as I can what the children think of your beautiful paper. As I held a copy up before the hundreds in my Sunday school, every eye seemed to ask 'Can't I have one!' and when I told them all about it — that it was designed for *them*; that they were to have one every month; that I had been to 'the mill' where it is made, and that the papers were really going to be sent to them, ivory was abundant all over the house as they laughed from ear to ear.

"Be assured the American Tract Society at Boston is already an 'Institution' in the minds of thousands of freedmen here. Such a paper was much needed. *It is the thing exactly*. Keep it as it is, beautiful because simple and exactly adapted to the capacities of all for whom it is designed."

Mr. Coan tells us that when he asked the children, "Whom do we mean by *the freedman*?" scores of them shouted "President Linkum!" "President Linkum!" No wonder, when they remember how much our noble president has done for them! No wonder that they at once associate the idea of freedom with the name of him who under God has given them the boon!

A friend, who has recently returned from a visit to Norfolk and its vicinity, says that he found the colored children occupying the school-houses where the public schools for the white children were formerly kept, and where at that time there was of course "no admission" for their dusky playmates.

A freed slave-woman told him that when the school-house near the plantation to which she belonged was built, her master sold one of her children to pay his tax for the building of the school-house: and now the rest of her children are being taught to read in that same building.

Thus God carries out his plans of mercy to the down-trodden and the poor, and every penny which

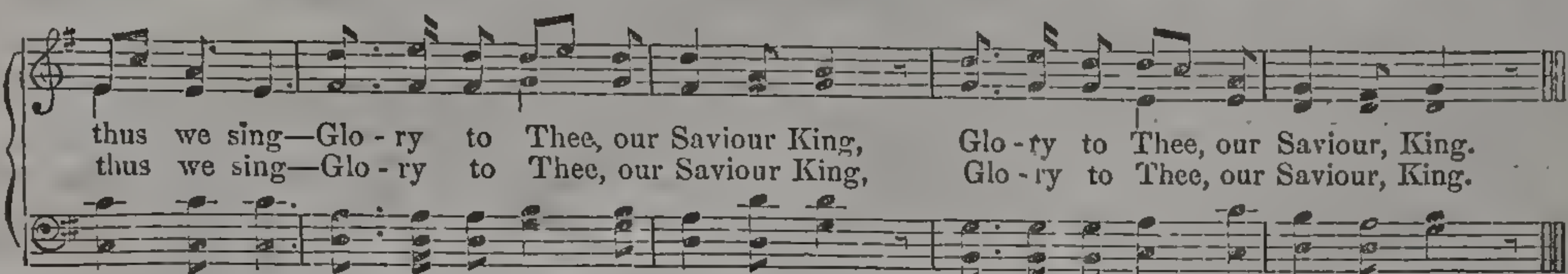
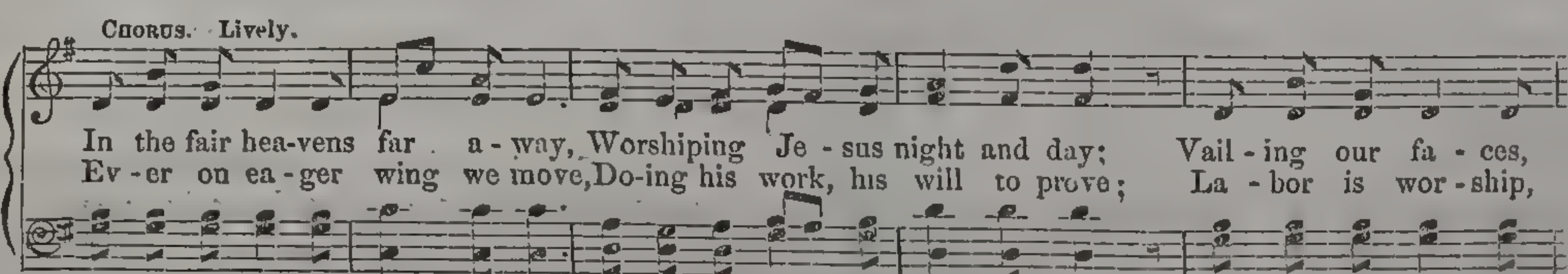
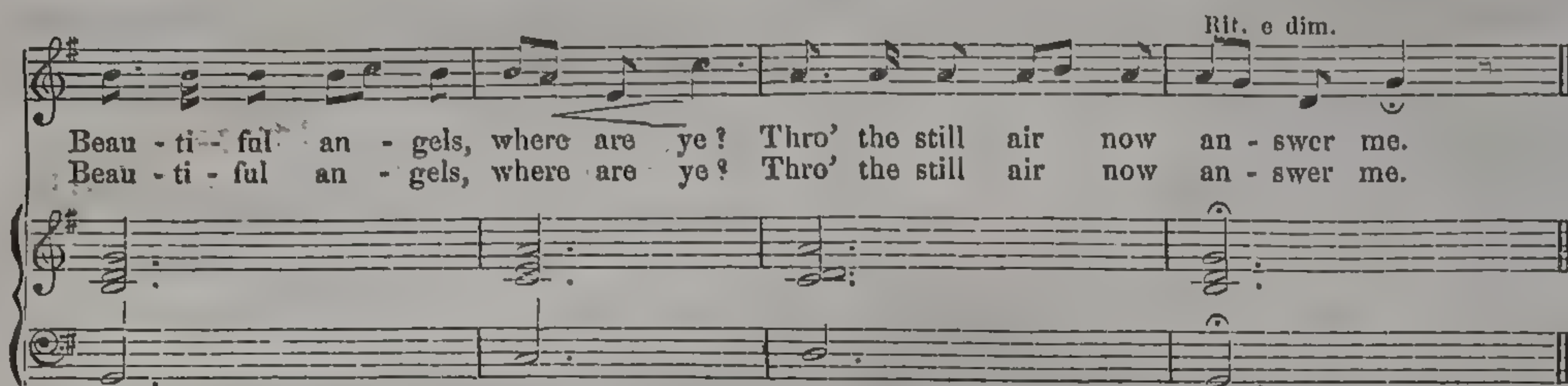
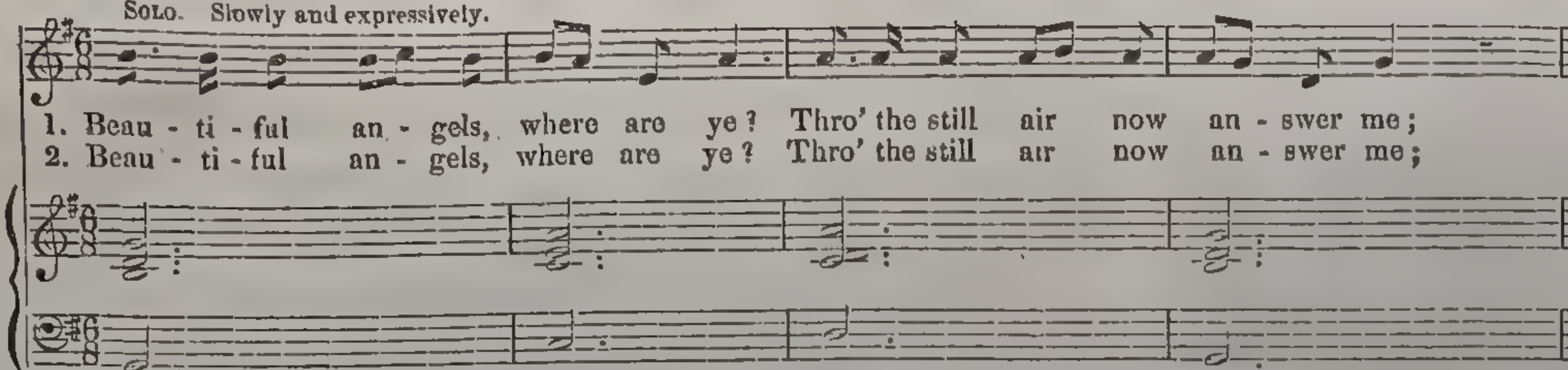
For the Child at Home.

THE ANGELS.

Music Arranged by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Solo. Slowly and expressively.



3 Beautiful angels, where are ye?
Through the still air now answer me.
Healing the dark earth's misery,
Wiping the tear from sorrow's eye;
Mercy is worship—thus we sing,
Glory to Thee, our Saviour, King.

4 Beautiful angels, where are ye?
Through the still air now answer me.
Showing the lost the homeward way,
Touching the lips unused to pray;
Teaching is worship—thus we sing,
Glory to Thee, our Saviour, King.

5 Beautiful angels, where are ye?
Through the still air now answer me.
Low at the precious Master's feet,
Gazing, adoring, wrapt we sit;
Loving is worship—thus we sing,
Glory to thee, our Saviour, King.

6 Beautiful angels we would be:—
Ever, dear Jesus, praising Thee.
Waiting or working, doing still,
Heavenward, earthward, all thy will;
Ready at last to mount and sing—
Glory to thee, our Saviour, King.

you young readers give to extend the circulation of "The Freedman" is so much in aid of the work of instructing these ignorant, but eager and grateful learners

For the Child at Home.

A DECEIVED HEART.

Ellen S. would not have said, perhaps, in so many words, "I want to be a Christian;" but I have reason to believe she often thought so, and knew as well as any well-instructed Sunday-school child what was her duty respecting it.

It is a strange thing of the human heart that it wants, and yet does not want, at the same time; that is, it would want but for the effort to get and the pains to keep some great good. The heart is very deceitful,—its owner does not always understand its ways. When it gets a little stirred up about the things that belong to duty and to God, it often makes very false excuses to itself; and so the deceived heart turns the soul aside from the best good and the sweetest enjoyment God has to give.

Ellen S.'s Sunday-school teacher was talking to her at one time about the importance of doing immediately what she knew and felt to be right towards God. The little heart, true to its nature, sprung at once to a false excuse: "But I have not been convicted yet, Mrs. A.—" The child had heard older persons speak of conviction as necessary to repentance and conversion.

"Ellen," said the teacher, "did you never do any thing you knew your mother would disapprove, and when you came into her presence, though she could not know you had done the wrong, you felt guilty, and ashamed, and unhappy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen; "I always feel badly when I have done any thing mother does not like; I wish I hadn't done it." "And when you are aware that you have disobeyed God, is it not so, also? You can not hide a fault from him." "Yes, ma'am; I wish sometimes he didn't see everything."

"Then you know," said Mrs. A., "what it is to be convicted. That guilty, unhappy feeling is conviction of disobedience, of wrong-doing, of sin. And because you understand its meaning, and even now feel its power, it is your duty to do at once what God says will put the sin and the shame all away. Will you not now, dear Ellen, ask God to forgive you and make you his own dear child?"

Ellen's conscience was not at ease; it was, in truth, a very uncomfortable companion for her wayward, foolish heart. She sat still awhile, thinking, and listening to those inner voices as they talked to her soul's ear; conscience spoke boldly, "Now, Ellen, say, *I will be a Christian to-day*;" the deceived heart whispered, "Not yet; there is time another day; and what will your playmates say?"

The child was vexed and troubled, and finally she chose to put the thought of duty for the present entirely away. The Sabbath-school hour was past, and the little girl went home with an injured conscience and an unhappy heart; a harder heart and a stouter will against God.

It is a fearful thing, when God's spirit, through his truth, offers salvation, for the soul to answer "No." There is no promise that the Spirit will ever visit the deceived heart again.

E. L. E.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."



For the Child at Home.

UP THE HILL OF LIFE

SEE you group of children gay,
Trudging up the hill;
Laughing, shouting, full of glee,
Glad as youthful hearts can be,
Ere life's day grows chill.

Climbing up the steep ascent,
Drawing each a sled,—
Hands well mitted from the cold
Forms that happy hearts infold,
Checks all rosy red.

Heeding not the weary toil,
Onward, upward still,—
Spirits all in tuneful chord,
Finding soon their sweet reward
Coasting down the hill.

Children, starting full of zeal
Up the hill of life,
Though a hundred foes assail,
Never let your courage fail
In the toilsome strife.

Of the way will dreary seem,
Lonely, dark, and cold;
Let no tempting baits allure,
Take the straight path, safe and sure,
Keep a firm foothold.

Then when worldly hights are gained,
Life's descent begun,—
May no doubts nor fears annoy,
Eager waiting, filled with joy,
For the sweet "Well done" Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

HATTIE'S LABOR OF LOVE.

Hattie B. S.— is a little girl of ten years, who lives in Maine. She read what was said in her paper about "The Freedman" for little colored children, and being much interested, she asked and received from her mother permission to go around among her friends and collect something to help distribute it.

As the result of this effort she sent to the treasurer, Mr. Hill, at the Tract House, six dollars.

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WHO KEPT THEM?

A few years ago six little children, the oldest being but nine years of age and all the others under five, were playing on the shore in a sea-coast town of England. They had crept into one of the small boats such as are almost always to be found on the beach at such a place, and were having a merry time together, when a thoughtless, cruel boy, regardless of their cries and terror, shoved the boat off and away it drifted out upon the ocean with its precious freight.

The anguish of the mothers of these little ones, when they learned what had happened, can hardly be described; and it was an anguish that deepened into

despair as the hours of the afternoon and of the night wore away, and no tidings came of the lost ones, though men had rowed out to sea in all directions.

Early the next morning, a fisherman from a neighboring town saw from his sloop something drifting on the water. He sailed toward it; and, as he drew near, he discovered it to be a boat with six children in it, closely cuddled together like birds in their nest, and fast asleep. *Who kept them?* That loving One who watches over all had never lost sight of these dear children, and he had caused them to forget all their terror and sorrow in sweet sleep. The good God,—he had kept them?

The voice of the fisherman awoke them, and they opened their eyes upon his rough, but kind looking face. The oldest child could tell their story. The fisherman took them into his own vessel, gave them food, and filled their hearts with joy by the promise that he would take them to their homes. It was a sail of some hours to the port from which they had drifted, and it was not till between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of that day that the fisherman's sloop was seen by the watchful eyes on shore, far out at sea, but evidently bound in, and with a boat astern. At length, by the aid of spy-glasses, the watchers were made certain that the boat was the same that had drifted off; but the children! Were they there? What moments of agony, of suspense, were those not only to fathers and mothers, but to all, for all hearts throbbed in sympathy with them.

Slowly the sloop moved toward the shore, and at last came within hail. "They're all safe!" shouted the kind-hearted fisherman; and the cry went through the crowd—"All safe!" "All safe!" Strong men bowed their heads and sobbed, and wept for joy; women were almost beside themselves, with a happiness too great to be borne. And a prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving, the sincerity of which none could doubt, went up from those hearts to the blessed and merciful God who had kept the little children through the terrors of that dreadful night.

Does it seem to you that it would not be difficult to offer a prayer of sincere gratitude for such a deliverance as that? But we have cause for grateful prayers every day. Do you not sometimes forget that if the tender, loving care of our Heavenly Father should cease for a single moment we must die? Do you not forget that sorrows and trials and sufferings of many kinds are always near at hand, to all of us, and that every thing we are just now enjoying we enjoy because of that Father's love?

This is a thrilling story about the children lost and found; but dear young reader, if you will think for a little while, I am sure you will find that you need not search for thrilling stories of wonderful deliverance to make gratitude to God rise in your heart. Proofs of it are all about you. *Your very breath is one*, that breath which you are now drawing so freely, all because of God's love and care. Count up the other proofs, for they are many. And let them lead you where such thoughts ought to lead helpless, dependent, and yet tenderly cared for beings like us.

For the Child at Home.

IMITATING CHRIST.

A devoted teacher in one of our New England Sabbath schools has been deeply afflicted for many months past. Sickness and suffering, with the added trial of poverty, have been his lot. And although friends and neighbors remembered and assisted him, his case appealed strongly, and not in vain, to the

warm hearts of the members of his class in the Sabbath school, and of the young girls of the class which his wife has long and faithfully instructed; and they were moved to do something for his relief.

The little girls commenced their work of love, moving about among their friends like angels of mercy, and soliciting aid for the beloved sick one. God smiled upon their efforts. They succeeded in raising the sum of *forty dollars*; and on an evening which will ever be memorable to those young workers, the gift was bestowed upon their afflicted friend, and filled his heart with joy.

Christ has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." T.

For the Child at Home.

THE PATTERN.

Mrs. Carter was making a dress for Lucy. She succeeded very well until she came to the sleeves, and after turning and turning them up and down, and in and out, and round and round, she declared they didn't look right, and she didn't know how to fix them at all.

"Carrie Weld has got a new dress, mother," said Lucy, "and real pretty sleeves to it; and her mother had a pattern to cut them by. Why can't I go over and borrow it?"

"You can, dear; I am sure Mrs. Weld will lend it to me, and that will save me a deal of trouble."

The pattern was brought and laid on. "There you see," said Mrs. Carter, "where they were wrong. I knew there was a fault somewhere. They are too large here, and too small there. I shall have to cut this off, and get a piece to put on at the top."

"It's nice to have a pattern," concluded Lucy, "so as to get things just right. I do like to have things just exactly right; don't you, mother?"

"Yes, I do," answered mother, and as she sewed away so busily, she fell a thinking.

"What are you thinking about, mother? Do talk. I can't bear to sit still moping all the time."

"It does us good to think, Lucy. It's far more profitable than to be always jabbering; for, if you never take time for thought, all your talking will be but vain jabbering. But I have no objection to tell you what I was thinking about then, — it was about God's patterns."

"God's patterns! Why, mother, surely he doesn't need patterns, does he?"

"Not for himself, dear. His infinite mind originates every thing, and every work of his hands is perfect. But he has patterns for his children's use."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Don't you remember that when Moses was about to make the tabernacle, God showed him a pattern, and told him to see to it that all the things were made according to it? And the prophet Ezekiel during the captivity saw a pattern for the rebuilding of the temple. Paul says, too, that he is a pattern for those who should hereafter believe in the Saviour."

"What was he a pattern of?"

"He was a pattern of God's long-suffering. You recollect what a wicked man he was, persecuting the Christians, and ridiculing religion, and how Jesus met him in the way, and converted him. Now he felt that God's mercy and forbearance was so wonderful in his case, that he was a fitting pattern to be held up, so that no one afterwards might despair of forgiveness. And Titus was another pattern, or rather, Paul taught him that he should be."

"What was he to be a pattern of?"

"Of good works. He was to live in such a holy manner that others could fashion their own conduct by his. But God gives us a better pattern of good works than any man could be. Jesus Christ's life on earth is given to us, that we may model our own

character and disposition, and regulate all our sentiments and opinions, our thoughts, feelings, and entire spirit, after his perfect example. The Bible is full of patterns."

"Why, mother, I never thought of that before, how queer it seems."

"How good it is of God to furnish us with such a guide for our daily use. We have only to study it, and we shall find how wonderfully fitted it is for this purpose. There are large, general patterns, and special patterns. There are patterns for the interior spirit, and for the outward conduct. There is no detail of life, however small, that is not fully met in the Bible with a particular command, or direction, or example. We can never be placed in any circumstances where we may not find something in this blessed book appropriate and instructive. It is a wonderful book. It seems to me, every day I live, more and more marvellous and complete."

"I don't believe I read it as much as you do, mother. I like the stories in it well enough, but it's dry and stupid to me. I guess I don't understand it."

"Pray, Lucy, that you may understand and love it. Like a book of patterns and designs, consult it constantly, study it and live by it." H. E. B.

THE TONGUES OF BIRDS.

Taste in birds must be very feeble if it exists at all. The skin of their tongue has no tasters, found on those of other creatures; and frequently this part is enveloped in a horny sheath; yet among them we shall discover facts well deserving atten-



THE TONGUE OF THE WOODPECKER—SHOWING THE ELASTIC, HOOPED MUSCLE THAT MOVES IT.

tion. Thus, the tongue of the woodpecker is, as Paley long since remarked, "a particular instrument for a particular use;" and "what," he asks, "except design, ever produces such?"

This bird lives chiefly on insects lodged in the bodies of decayed or decaying trees. It is therefore furnished with a hard, angular, and sharp bill for boring into the wood. When, by this means, it has reached the cells of the insects, its tongue comes into play. No other species of bird has such an in-



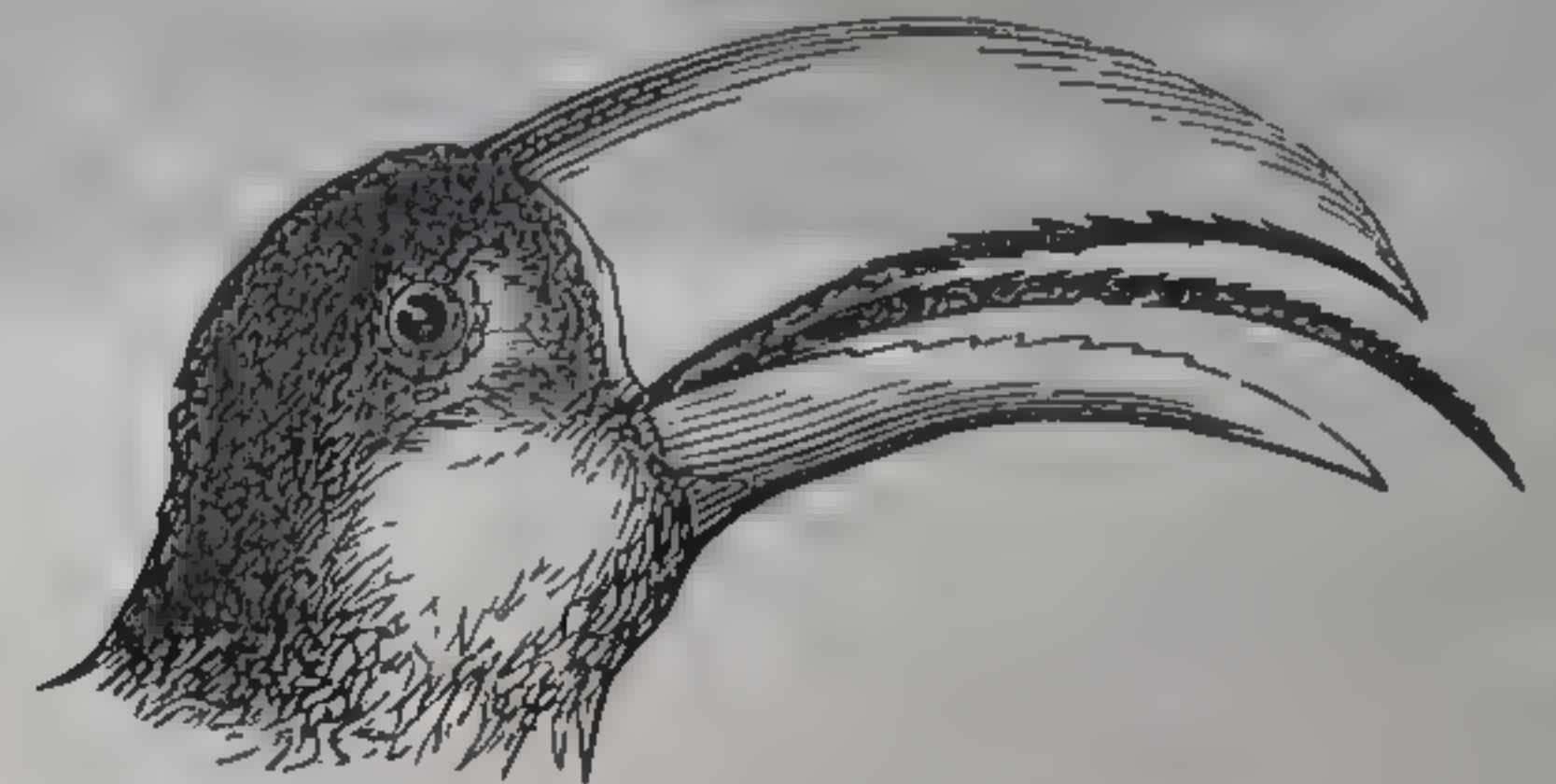
GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

strument. The tongue is so long that it can be darted out three or four inches from the bill. It is tipped with a stiff, sharp, bony thorn; and, moreover, this tip is toothed on both sides, like the beard of an arrow or the barb of a hook. Its use will at once

be seen. The bird, having opened the retreats of insects, darts forth its long tongue, transfixes them with its spear, and draws its prey within its mouth.

To prevent the necessity of the bird striking each insect with its arrow, a viscid or sticky secretion bedews the tongue, which is poured out from a very large gland.

The tongue of the toucan, a bird of the American tropics, is composed of a long, firm, narrow cartilage, fringed along each side with a continued barb of fine, slender projections.



TONGUE OF A TOUCAN.

These are directed forward, and become longer toward the tip. The tongue, from its structure and inflexibility, can not be used to turn the food, or guide it into the gullet; and hence, when the bird seizes any morsel, it is thrown with a jerk into the widely-opened throat, and then swallowed.

It has been remarked with truth, that whenever we find any thing required to be accomplished for the welfare of God's creatures, then we trace his operation. And at every step of our progress in our study of the works of the great Creator, we see that which should lead us to adore his attributes, displayed in the humblest as well as the noblest of those works.

Selected from "The Senses."

For the Child at Home.

"THE CHILD AT HOME."

How we all welcome this precious little paper! Many young hearts beat with pleasure; many eyes beam with joy as some dear parent, brother, or sister explains the beautiful pictures, or reads the interesting stories aloud.

Children, I am older than you, still I love this little paper.

More than a year ago God sent a darling baby boy to add sunshine to our home. I know you would all love him, could you see his bright face wreathed with smiles, as he lays his cheek caressingly against mamma's; or, when he hears papa in the hall he gives a shout of delight, his little feet stepping, as fast as they are able, toward the door; and when he sees papa, he opens his sweet mouth for a kiss.

Oh, how we love our little one! Yet he may be taken from us before he is as old as you who now listen to me. He may never climb upon papa's knee, and hear him read these stories, — never know the meaning of these pictures so full of interest to you. Still we hope he may be spared to us, and that he may early love that dear Jesus, who, when upon earth, took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Cousin Kittle.

For the Child at Home.

"I DON'T WANT TO DIE."

A little boy whom I well knew was taken suddenly ill in the night with that disease from which children so often suffer, — the croup. With the first sound of the hard cough and labored breathing which warns parents of the approach or presence of that distressing sickness, his father and mother were awake, and ready to do all in their power to help him. The father took his boy in his arms, and sitting by the fire administered a medicine which, by the blessing of a kind Providence, speedily relieved the sufferer, and enabled him to breathe without the sense of suffocation which had oppressed him.

As soon as he could speak he looked up into his father's face, and with an expression of countenance

which that father will not forget said, "*I don't want to die, father.*"

Years have passed since then, and that boy has become a man. He has learned that although we all naturally shrink from death, it is made most fearful by unpardoned sin. He has learned that there is One who can so support and comfort us whether young or old when we are called to pass through that last great trial, that we shall be enabled to say, "I am willing, yes glad to die if my Saviour calls me, for it is only through death that I can see his face and reach the beautiful mansion he has gone to prepare for me."

I often think, dear children, that many of you, when called to suffer sickness and pain, have the same feeling that this little boy expressed. You do not want to die. Have you not felt so?

Now it is not wrong for you not to want to die until our dear Lord wishes you to go home to him. It is right for you to ask him to permit you to spend many years here, — useful, happy years in his service. But you need at the same time to ask him to make your heart so loving, and trustful in him that you may be glad to be and to do any thing, and to go anywhere and at any time he may wish. He will give you such a heart if he sees that your desire and your prayer for it are sincere. Then you will not be painfully anxious about dying; for you will know that the length of your life will be ordered by your dearest Friend. It is the love of Jesus, and that alone, that takes away the sting of death. Victor.

Her smile is one of the sweetest; and her eyes, beautiful even in their earthly blindness, must have beheld wondrous visions which God doth prepare for them that love him. Yes! the peace which passeth all understanding is impressed upon the youthful features, and Ella is doing a noble work, if she can thus teach others, by her sweet docility and patience, to be content with what a kind Heavenly Father has been pleased to appoint.

Dear children, when tempted to murmur at your lot, remember the cheerfulness with which Ella W— now seeks to make life pleasant to those about her, and do not repine while your eyes are still permitted to behold the lovely works which God has so lavishly scattered about us.

L.

and enjoyed, and Alice loving her brother all the more for this new act of brotherly kindness. James had his game of ball; but don't you think it quite likely that sometimes during the game he saw a little face, and heard a pleading voice that he had answered in any but a brotherly way?

Now, this is a very simple story, but it is a *home story*; for it is just like what is being done in some homes every day. How many of you, boys and girls of ten or twelve years, have younger brothers or sisters? Thousands, I doubt not, who will read this. *How do you treat the little ones?* Do you sometimes get very much vexed because you have to take so much care of them? because they have to be with you so much when you wish to be alone or with your mates? Perhaps you *do* sometimes have to be very self-denying on this account. But there are very few children of your age who are obliged all the time to be with the little ones; to take *all* the care of them. Mothers' loving hearts and willing, though often weary hands take the most of that burden.

If you have ever felt impatient and fretful about this, will you try, from now, to change? Ask help from that kind and patient Friend who has borne so much from *you*: ask Jesus to help you to be very willing to do all you ought to make the younger children happy. I could take more than one boy or girl of your age to a quiet place where the sight of a short mound would start the tears; where they would feel very grateful for every kind word and act they have been permitted to speak to

or do for the little sleeper; where they would feel a sharp pain for every remembered unkindness.

Look into the bright eyes of that dear young brother or sister of yours, and say if you will not begin to-day to be more loving and unselfish than ever. Victor.



For the Child at Home.

HOW DO YOU TREAT THE LITTLE ONES?

"Let me go with you, — come, now," pleaded Willie, a little boy of eight years, as he saw his brother James leaving the house to join his mates in a game of ball on the parade-ground. "Let me go, — come, Jamie. I don't want to stay here alone."

"No! you can't go either. You're a regular tag. Stay at home and play. Now cry like a baby, will you?" And James, who was older by five years than his brother, hurried off to his sport, leaving Willie to get over his disappointment as best he might.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked a pleasant voice; and as Willie wiped his eyes and looked up he saw Harry and his little sister Alice. Harry was one of James's classmates. "What troubles you, Willie?"

"I wanted to go with James, and he wouldn't have me."

"Well, never mind. Run in and ask your mother if you may go with us. I'm going with Alice to the Common to see the goat-team, and she's to have a ride in the wagon;" and Alice's eyes sparkled as he spoke of her promised pleasure. Willie's mother was quite willing to place him in Harry's care, and they went to the Common together. On every pleasant day a pretty little wagon was to be found there drawn by two goats that were harnessed to it, and there were reins and a whip for the young passengers. The man who owned the team usually walked beside it, while a crowd of merry children surrounded the queer "establishment," all ready for their turn for the ride which a few pennies would give them.

There Harry spent an hour or two pleasantly with the little ones of whom he had taken charge, and then they were quite willing to go home with him, Willie eager to tell his mother what he had seen

For the Child at Home.

BLIND ELLA.

Ella W— was a dear little girl, with beautiful brown eyes, and dark, curling hair brushed smoothly back from a fair, high forehead. When she was about four years of age, she suffered severely from an attack of scarlet fever, and the medicine given to check the disease affected her eyes so severely that she soon became totally blind. When she first knew the dreadful truth, she grieved so much, that she would frequently wake in the night, and cry with touching pathos, "Papa! mamma! do you think I shall never see again?" Then sobbing piteously, she would throw herself into their arms, and be soothed by their fond words, and loving caresses.

But weeks, months, and even years passed, and the beautiful things of earth seemed only as a dream to poor little Ella — no! I will not call her poor, for she is rich, oh, how rich! Her father and mother are both sleeping the sleep that knows no waking here, and have left her and her sister Minnie to the care of a kind aunt, never forgetting Him who looks with tender pity upon orphans in their affliction, and who himself will be a Father to the fatherless. And Ella has found that sweet peace which casts joy over even her shadowed path.

One of the last services her mother was able to perform, was to stand in God's house, to see her blind daughter consecrate herself to the service of Him who will never leave nor forsake. Oh! how happy must have been the mother's heart, to feel that she should not leave her child alone, but that Jesus would be that child's loving Saviour and Comforter, when she herself should have passed away. Could you see Ella now, you would think, with me, that she must be rich in heavenly riches, if not in those which perish with the using.

For the Child at Home.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS' LETTERS.

ELLA'S LETTER.

One of our Indian girls, who has recently given her heart to Jesus, is feeling very anxious for a brother in the army. The following is a copy, verbatim, of a letter she has written him this week: —

MY DEAR BROTHER: — I will write to you few lines. Dear boy, you must try to do right always. You must pray to God to keep you from sin. God will hear you when you pray to him with a right heart. Don't be shame to do right. Go, doing good. God will help you if you ask him. I want you to be Christian, and go to meet me in heaven, when you die. Try to please him, little things. Brother, get ready to die, and God will take you to heaven to meet your sisters and mother. And now, brother, good-by.

Do all you can to please Jesus.

From your sister, ELLA.

ROSA'S LETTER.

With a heart filled with gratitude for what Jesus had done for her own soul, this dear child could not rest until others were enjoying the same rich blessing.

Her anxiety for a young friend who seemed not quite decided to give up all for Christ, led her to write the following note one day, during school hours: —

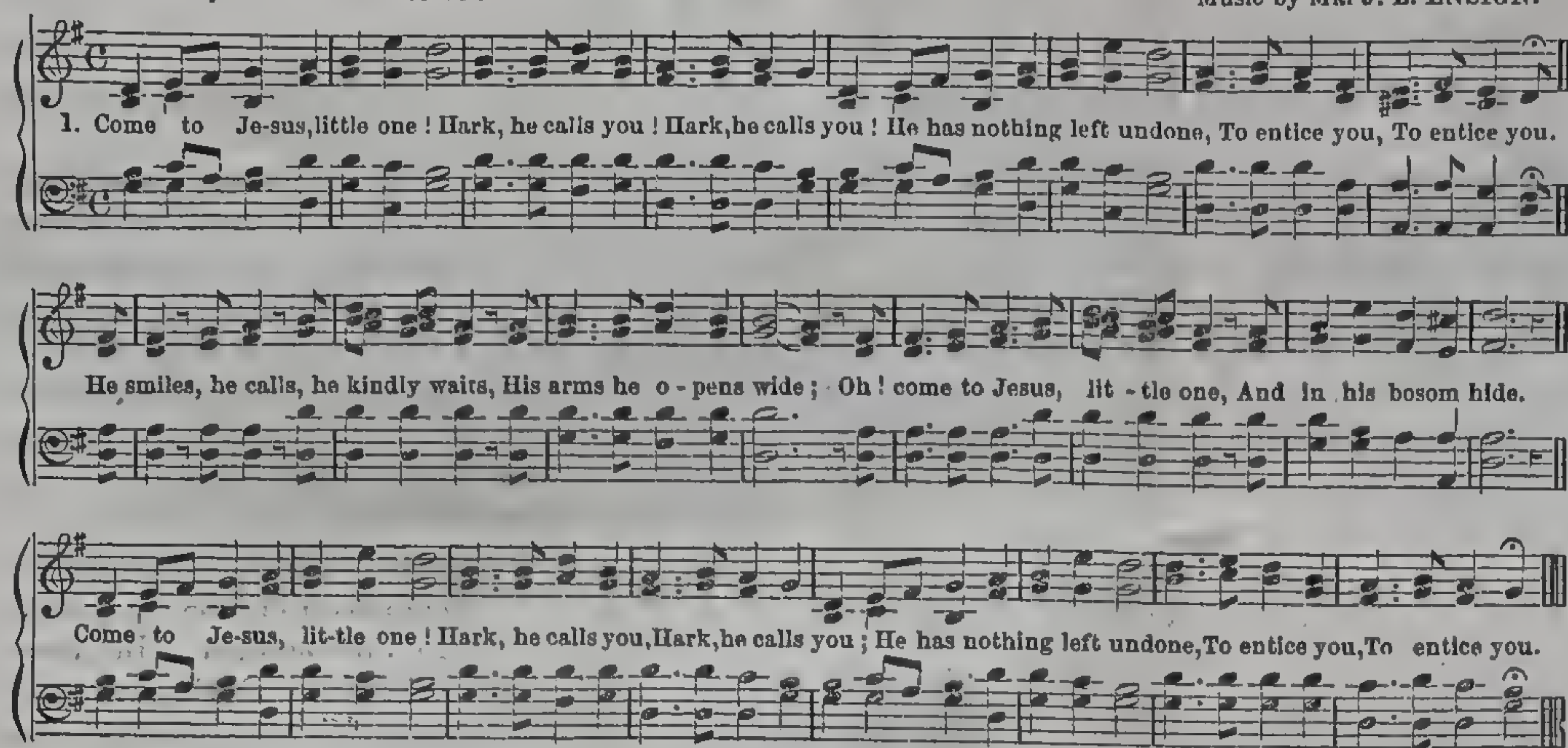
DEAR LIZZIE: — I will write to you a few lines this time. I love you very much.

For the Child at Home.

COME TO JESUS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2 Come to Jesus, little one !
Needy are you ?
He is able all alone
To supply you.
He holds a free and plenteous store,
From which you may receive,
And never, never suffer more ;
For Jesus loves to give.

3 Come to Jesus, little one !
Sorrowing are you ?
In the darkness when you moan,
He will hear you.
Sweet pity fills his loving heart,
And mercy lights his eye ;
He longs his comfort to impart,
And every tear to dry.

4 Come to Jesus, little one !
Orphan are you ?
Weeping, homeless, all alone ?
He is near you.
Far better than a mother's love
From him you shall receive ;
Far brighter is the home above,
Than earth can ever give.

5 Come then, every little one !
Jesus calls you ;
Everything his love has done
To entice you.
He wants to be your friendly Guide,
In all your earthly way ;
He wants to give you heaven beside—
How can you stay away ?

Lizzie, do you think that you love Jesus ? I hope you do. I think that I love Jesus, but I want to love him better.

Won't you be a child of God ? I want you to be a good girl. Maybe God will let us die to-night. Are you ready ? I am ready.

Now won't you be Christian ? I am glad if you are trying to be Christ's lamb.

I pray for you ; will you remember me ?

Your friend, ROSA.
Blue Sky.

"MASSA, I WANTS ONE."

The Rev. W. L. Coan, one of the devoted teachers of the freedmen in the schools at Norfolk, Va., says, in a letter recently received from him, —

"With one thousand members of primary and night schools, and a Sabbath school of eight hundred on my hands, and with all the way from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty new-comers in the two former, daily, and from twenty to seventy-five in the latter each Sabbath, you can guess whether there is not a demand for an increased number of 'The Freedman.' No child from three years of age to eighty is willing to be without it. 'Please, sir, give me a paper.' 'Massa, I wants one.' 'Mr Coan, you han't done gib me none.' 'My mammy wants one of dem yer.'

"Well, please say to your readers that we here see the value of it as you can not, and our cry is 'Give, give, give us the Freedman.'

"My heart was made to rejoice, a few days since, on being advised by a stranger to me that a Sabbath school in Flint, Michigan, had sent you funds to pay for one hundred copies of it to be sent to me. Ah, that Sabbath school, of which I know nothing except this fact, each boy and girl thus trying to help the poor and ignorant, will be blessed and paid a thousand-fold. Giving thus will never impoverish them. Say to every Sabbath school, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

"Tell your readers to go with me and our hard-working teachers in imagination to the old rope-walk near this city, now used as a shelter to the hundreds of boys and girls of all ages as they are brought in from slavery by our colored troops, and help us distribute The Freedman among them and

witness for once the eagerness and the gratitude also evinced by those poor objects; and if their own hearts and eyes are not caused to leak so that they would gladly give freely to aid you, then it would be from lack of means, after making some sacrifices, and practising some self-denial, I know. Oh, Christians at home, churches of the great North, Sabbath-school boys and girls, shall we not have this paper without stint? Come, and see God's work if you can; if not, hear our petitions for aid in prosecuting it.

"I have just come from my school-house (church) where I had over four hundred children, all hungry for the blessings of education; etc. This P. M. I shall meet all the schools united, for singing and other exercises, where very likely eight hundred to one thousand will be present; while others, the larger girls, will meet our female teachers to be instructed in sewing. We expect a good time. Would that you and your associates could be there.

"Yours truly, W. L. COAN."

For the Child at Home.

BE GENTLE AND PATIENT.



YOU would have loved Ada Jay, I am sure, had you known her. She was a cunning little talker, and often amused her mamma and aunties with her droll speeches. One day, when her baby brother was just old enough to creep about the room, and was making his way in among her playthings and about to thrust his little fat hand on to her prettiest doll, she caught hold of it and exclaimed, "Oh, Neddie, I wish you was in heaven!"

Ada was only three years old, and I suppose did not know that if Neddie went to heaven he would not come back again, for she loved him very dearly. But I often think of her remark when I see little children vexed and impatient with each other. I re-

flect, Can these children, so selfish and ill-tempered, dwell together in heaven?

A multitude of little ones are there, and multitudes more will go, but not one among them all can take an unloving heart to that beautiful world. Why, the dear Saviour is there; and God the Father, who is himself Love; and though the Bible does not tell us a great deal about heaven, and so we can not know a great deal about it until we go there, yet we know this, — that the pure spirits in that upper world "dwell together in love."

So, dear children, cultivate while here such tempers and dispositions as you can take with you if the dear Saviour should call, "Child, come hither."

L.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LOT OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD. — Often the wicked are better accommodated than the godly; for the chief priests and Pharisees went away every one to his own house, but the blessed Jesus, who had nowhere to lay his head, retired to the Mount of Olives.

Wardrop.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

It is proposed to commence in July the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page will be printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness. A sample of the style is given in part of the edition for the present month.

The twelve numbers of this charming paper, thus adorned, will, if preserved, make a picture gallery affording never-failing delight to our young readers, and worth many times what they will cost.

Notwithstanding the great expensiveness of these colored engravings, and of their printing, we propose to put the price exceedingly low. It will be as follows:

For single copies, yearly	\$0 50
" five " to one address	2 00
" fifteen " " "	5 00
" fifty " " "	15 00

Subscriptions may begin from July for the remaining six months of the year at one-half the above rates. Any person now receiving the plain edition, may change it for the colored for the remainder of the year, by sending us *twenty cents additional for each copy.*

The plain edition will be continued as heretofore.

Pastors, Superintendents, and others to whom samples are sent, are requested to bring them to the notice of the children.

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Persons who order large packages, yearly, and become responsible for the same, will be allowed three months from the beginning of their subscriptions to collect and forward the pay, after which no papers will be sent until full remittance is made. With this exception no subscriptions will be received unless accompanied by the money.

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the office of delivery. A single copy of the paper weighs about half an ounce.

Articles intended for insertion, and correspondence relating to the editorial management, may be addressed to Rev. I. P. WARREN, Secretary of the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN,

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GOD'S GIFT.

"By books and toys no more beguiled,
What now has power to please?
Flowers, God's gift—the wearied child
Has found in them Heart's Ease."

Did you ever thank God for flowers?

You have thanked him for father and mother, for other dear friends, for your happy home, and for life and health and strength. Unless you have been very ungrateful you have often felt and expressed gratitude to the good God who has given you all these. But as you have walked in your garden, or in the fields in this delightful month of June; or as you have looked upon a beautiful bouquet and en-

joyed its fragrance, have you thanked the Maker of the flowers for his gift?

I hope so. And if not, I hope that from this time, whenever you see a flower you may be reminded of Him who clothes the "lilies of the field" in their beauty, and thus gives us, as he does in numberless other ways, an evidence of his abounding love.

See this sick child. She has been very ill, and though recovering now, is still weak and in need of much care. Perhaps she is a little impatient and hard to be pleased. Did you ever see a child who was so? Were you ever sick with fever or some other disease, and when you began to get better did mother find it hard to amuse you? Ask her, if

you forget. You will find that *she* has not forgotten.

This little girl is tired of her books and toys. She has cast them aside upon the bed. Her patient mother was, perhaps, trying to think of something which should help her dear child—so weak and weary—to forget her weakness and confinement to that sick-room, when the sun was shining so brightly, and the birds were singing so cheerily out of doors. And just now a kind friend comes in with a beautiful bouquet.

"I have brought these for our little Nellie," she says, as she places the flowers gently on the bed, before her.

How the dull eyes brighten! How the pale, worn face is lighted up, as Nellie looks upon her treasures, and takes them in her thin hands! How warmly the grateful mother greets the dear, thoughtful friend!

Ah, Nellie, you are happy now. As you examine those beautiful flowers one by one, and place them caressingly against your face, all the red of the roses seems to make your white cheek glow with health again, don't forget the good God. He made them, Nellie. Flowers are God's gift.

Little reader, are there any sick near you? You may not be able to give them costly delicacies, but can you not send a bouquet, or at least a single flower to gladden that sick-chamber? It will make the sufferer think lovingly of *you*, and if you follow your gift with a prayer, perhaps it will make him or her think lovingly of *God*,—who knows?

For the Child at Home.

THE GIANT.

Lottie Brown and Nellie Gray were walking home from school, one pleasant summer afternoon, and chatting by the way. As they came in sight of Mrs. Nelson's house, where Lottie lived with her aunt, she cried out,—

"Oh, Nellie! you have not seen my new fairy book, that Uncle William brought me from Boston. It's all blue and gold, and full of pictures. Oh, Nellie! don't you like fairy stories?"

"Yes, indeed, fairies and giants," answered dark-eyed Nellie; "and don't you wish they were really true, Lottie? Wouldn't it be splendid to have a little doll-fairy to carry to school in your pocket, and have her tell you all your lessons in the class?"

"Beautiful," said Lottie, "but I shouldn't want any giants. How should you feel to see such a great terrible giant, with awful eyes and teeth, coming right over that fence, with a tall tree in his hand for his walking-stick?"

"Oh!" gasped Nellie, looking round, quite alarmed.

"Well," continued Lottie, quite pleased with the effect she had produced, "there is a giant lives round here,—Aunt Mary says so."

"Why, Lottie! where?"

"Oh, I know, but I don't want to tell."

"Now, Lottie, you shan't frighten me so. Besides, I know that giants are all make-believe. You're a naughty girl!" Just here, old Rover came racing down the garden-path to welcome them home, and looking up to the porch, they saw Mrs. Nelson sitting there with her sewing. So all three ran gayly up the steps, and planted themselves at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Nelson!" began Nellie, "is there any giant, really?" Mrs. Nelson looked smilingly at Lottie, and asked, "Did Lottie say there is?"

"Yes, ma'am, but she would not tell where."

"Then, must I tell, Lottie dear?"

"I suppose so," said Lottie, holding down her head.

Mrs. Nelson stroked her curly hair lovingly, as she said "Well, Nellie, I think you have heard of this giant. His name is Self-Will. He is strong as a lion, and very hard-hearted. There are a good many people that live in a town not far away from here, and this Mr. Self-Will sometimes beats them all!"

"Why, what town, Mrs. Nelson?" interrupted Nellie.

"The name of it is Heartville, my dear, and it is all owned by one little girl. Some of the inhabitants are very good people. There are Mrs. Gratitude, and Mrs. Obedience, and Mr. and Mrs. Good-Resolution, with all the little Resolutions. My friend, Mr. Content, generally keeps house there, and his cousins, Love and Peace and Happiness and Kindness, board with him."

"And you know about Patience and Prayer and Humility, Nellie? They spend part of the time in Heartville. But this prowling giant, Self-Will, sometimes drives them all out of town. Then he brings in his wife, Mrs. Ill-Temper, and little Sullen and Unruly, his children, and they make the whole place miserable."

"She told me the story before," said Lottie; "she means me, you know, when I want my own way. But I'm not the only one. I guess other people have got giants inside, too! Now, auntie, can't you tell a story about Self-will and somebody else?"

"I am afraid I can, Lottie. But that doesn't make it any safer for you to let him in."

"Will you tell the story, Aunt Mary. Maybe I shall hate him very bad, if you tell a dreadful one."

"Oh, do!" echoed Nellie. And so kind Mrs. Nelson began; and perhaps I will give you her story hereafter.

Jenny Wren.

For the Child at Home.

"CRUTCHES" FOR A TEXT.

In the city of Washington there is a building called the "Soldiers' Free Library." It was erected and furnished, and is sustained, by those who love our brave soldiers and rejoice to do them good; and thousands of the soldiers regard that place with interest, for there they are supplied with something to read—with books and papers—"without money and without price."

In the building is a room where meetings are held for the soldiers. Around this room are hung large cards having on them Scripture texts in clear, open type, so that they can easily be read. A good man goes there on the Sabbath to preach to the soldiers, and he does it in a familiar style, which is quite acceptable to his hearers.

"Come, boys," he will perhaps say, "to-day we will take for our text that verse," pointing to one of the cards. The boys, or soldiers, will all turn and read—"And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" or "Come unto me," etc., or some other verse.

Not many Sabbaths since, as a friend tells me, the preacher, after the opening services, began somewhat as follows: "Well boys; we will take for our text this morning, what you see over in that corner." They all turned around and there in the corner was a large pile of crutches, hundreds of them, which had been stored in the room. "Yes," he continued,

"Crutches shall be our text; the Bible is full of them;" And then he went on through an interesting discourse, presenting to those eager listeners one after another of the blessed promises, the crutches that the Word of God provides for weary, wounded, fainting souls. His hearers could understand such a sermon as that. Many of them doubtless knew by experience what a help crutches are to a poor, lame, crippled body, and it could not be hard for them to see how the precious words of Jesus might become a support and a relief to a sin-burdened soul. Those Bible crutches are free to all; and Jesus, who provides them, can show us how to use them.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

MY PRETTY PLANT.

Somebody brought me a hyacinth yesterday; it is green and beautiful, with pure white blossoms upon a tall stem, and the whole room is full of its fragrance. God is very good to make so many things to gladden us in this life! What shall I do for him in return for all his kindness and love? for of course I can not receive such constant benefits, and never try to show my gratitude in any way! I think I must give him my heart! It is this that he asks me for. "Give me thine heart;" these words are in his own precious Book. My pretty hyacinth lifts up its pure head and breathes sweet incense toward heaven.

Oh, my Father, who hast given me such good gifts, help me to give to thee the sweet incense of prayer and praise, and to be pure and lovely in thy sight, as this beautiful plant, with its snow-white blossoms, is in mine.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

FROM A MISSIONARY AMONG THE FREEDMEN OF VIRGINIA.

REV. I. P. WARREN:—Dear Brother,—I preached at Falls Church a few weeks since, and rejoiced to find a large package of the Tract Society's papers on the table, for distribution among the Sabbath-school pupils.

Recently, the freedmen who chose to remain outside of the "contraband camps" have received much of my attention. Among them are some of the most noble specimens of the colored race; they deserve the cheerful and cheering commendation, of all the lovers of the cause of Freedom, and Christianity.

On Friday evening, a most interesting scene was witnessed at the Arlington House.

Miss Ella Burk delighted us by the recitations and singing of her pupils. Ella's mother was a slave on the Arlington estate. Ella was educated in the city of New York. A portion of her pupils (colored) sang, "Sound the loud timbrel." Mary Norris, whom Gen. R. E. Lee caused to be whipped in a barn for her love of liberty, was present, having a "merry Christmas," while Gen. Lee dare not let his rebel head be seen in the mansion which he formerly inhabited, nor in "the region round about."

C. B. Webster, of Norwich, Ct., and Dr. Garland of Concord, N. H., surgeons at Freedmen's Village, were truly eloquent on the occasion. They will not be offended however if I record that a juvenile orator of sable brow brought forth the most earnest expression of applause, when he exclaimed, in the language of Patrick Henry, "Give me LIBERTY, or give me death." Yours, for the freedmen.

J. R. JOHNSON,

Missionary of the A. M. Association.

For the Child at Home.

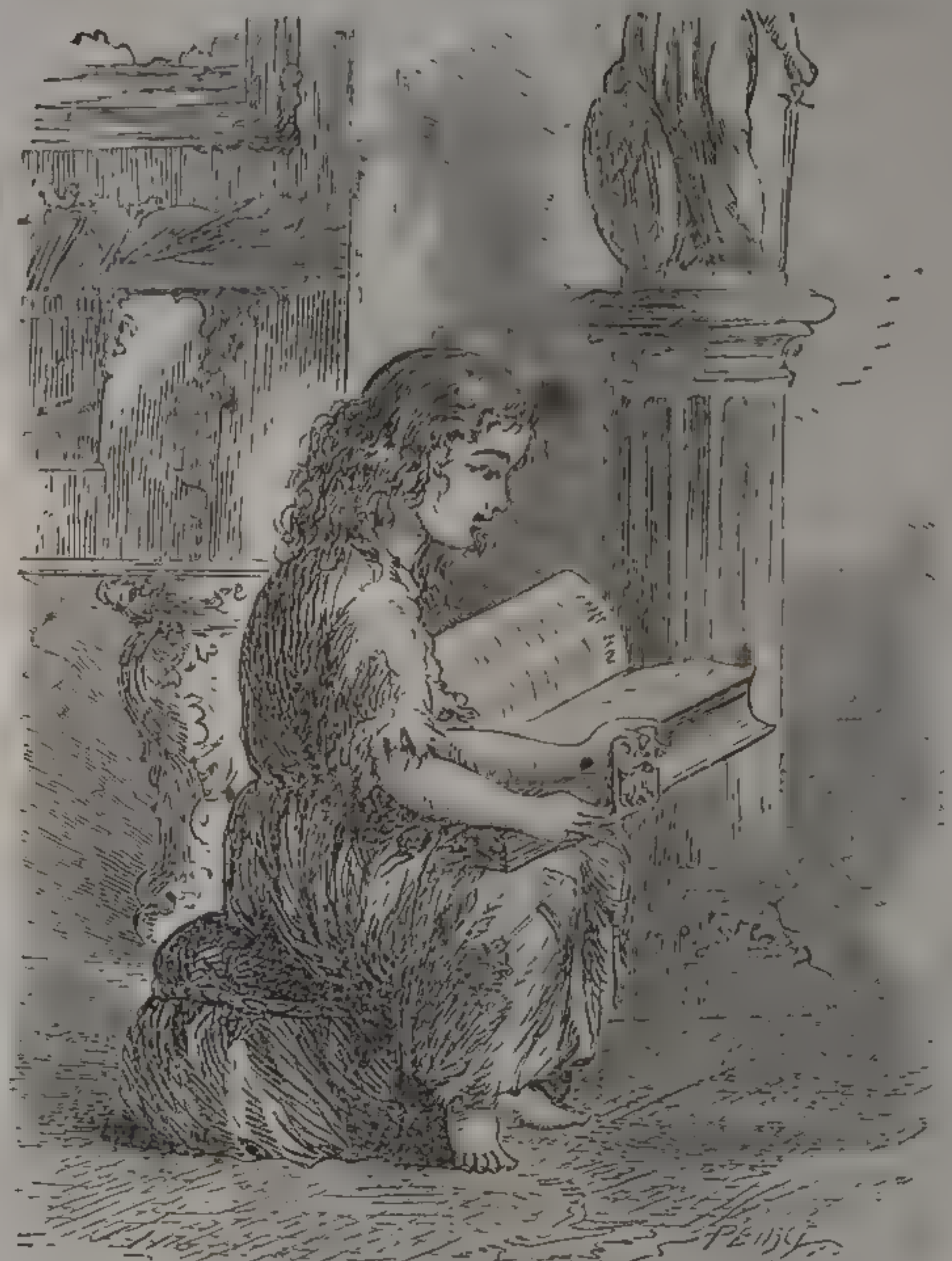
"I SHALL DIE IF I CAN'T READ."

A friend who writes from Iowa, inclosing payment for twenty-five copies of "The Freedman," says:

"We have a very interesting class of freedmen here, who are instructed each Lord's day, and are making fine progress. They really hunger and thirst after knowledge. Said one of them to the

teacher, the other day, 'Pears to me I shall die if I can't learn to read.'"

Who that has the means can have the heart to withhold help from these poor people, that they may be enabled to obtain what they so much long for!



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A LITTLE girl with happy look
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more,
For it said, as she looked at her dear little brother,—
It said, "Little children must love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in that book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look on her meek young face,
Which said as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey,
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "Little children must love one another."

I'm sorry he's naughty and will not pray,
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right,
And thus when I kneel to pray to-night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, "Little children must love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought,
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak,
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose little children loved each other.

Selected.

For the Child at Home.

SHE DIDN'T THINK.

Ellen and Harriet were school companions. One was the daughter of a rich home, where no just want had ever shown its miserable face; the other was the child of a laborer, who could earn no more than comfortable food and plain clothing and suitable books for his family. Of course there was a great difference in the cost and beauty of the girls' dresses, and in their advantages for many desirable and pleasant things. But I have never learned that one was more truly a lady for her fine plaid, or that the other was a poorer scholar for her cheap calico.

One day it was announced, and for a week afterward most happily expected, that there would be a Sunday-school picnic in a grove near the town. Great preparations were made in all the homes of Sunday-school pupils for the happy day, and our friend Ellen entered with all her impulsive, whole-

hearted nature into the glad anticipation. Perhaps it is not strange that Ellen dressed so handsomely, from bonnet ribbons to dainty gaiters, or that she should wonder that Harriet could think of going to the gay festival in a common calico frock; but it certainly was very thoughtless, and very unkind to tell her so, and to laugh at her poverty and ill appearance.

Poor Harriet was grieved and mortified, and cried sadly, both because she had no pretty dress, and because her haughty neighbor looked down upon her for being poor. And she was very glad when the teacher inquired so kindly what made her cry, and spoke such pleasant, comforting words about being respected and loved, not for one's fine dresses, but for being good and truthful in one's self.

And then the teacher took the gay, careless Ellen aside, and talked as kindly to her of her fault. "Do you honestly think, my dear," she asked, "that Harriet's plain dress is any thing to blame or dislike her for?" "Why no, ma'am, I suppose not," was Ellen's reply; "but it does *look so!*" "Well, but *looks* do not make the soul, and Harriet's heart and mind are not in her calico dress; and is she not really as good, and as much to be respected as though she wore silks and delaines, if she behaves just as well?" "Yes, ma'am." "And is it noble and kind and lady-like in you, who know nothing of her traits, to make her unhappy by laughing at her plain dress?" "No, ma'am, it is not," said Ellen, and I'm sorry; *I didn't think!*" "That is the trouble, Ellen dear," said the teacher, "you didn't think; you certainly could not have been so unkind, if you had thought. Her father has not so much money to give for her clothes in a year as you spend for toys and candies."

"Oh, Miss S.," said Ellen,—"and now it was her turn to cry,—*I never will laugh at Harriet again; I didn't think,—I didn't think,—*but I've got a half dollar in my pocket father gave me for candies, and I'll give that to her; I've had candy enough,—I don't want any more," and away she ran to overtake her schoolmate. At first she could not persuade Harriet to accept the gift, and I do not know whether she ever succeeded; but it is true that her warm, noble heart tried, when it had *learned to think*, to make amends for her unkindness, and to make the poor child forget that she was poor. And during the remainder of the school term many a nice apple was slipped into Harriet's hand, and many a pleasant word was spoken, just because it is noble to love and be kind to those who are less fortunate than we.

Oh, if people—school-boys and school-girls—would only *think*, how much pain would be prevented, how much good done that costs no more than a gentle word or a pleasant smile!

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

TRIMMING THE LAMP.

As I was passing through the street the other day, along came a lamplighter, and, placing his ladder against the post, up he ran with a quick step, and set about cleansing the lamp, and preparing it to give renewed light in the darkness.

He removed all the dust that would have choked the jet whence the flame issued, and he furbished the glass, so that there might be no dimness, and looked well to the hinges, and to the latchet of the door, that it might not be loose and get blown open by the wind, and so the light be extinguished. In that case the lamp that was meant for a guide and protection to the passers-by, would prove but a stumbling-block; people would run against it, and perhaps receive great injury.

You know how quick thought is, and how a little thing will sometimes make a long sermon in your mind. Well, only seeing this lamplighter putting his lamp in order so early in the morning, brought the young readers of the "Child at Home," in a

trice, before me; and I found myself saying to my own heart about them, and about myself also, "I wonder how many of us have trimmed our lamp afresh this morning; so that in the darkness of this naughty world we shall give a true and bright light, and by our shining keep some poor soul in the right way! how many of us have tried, by the help of the Holy Spirit to cleanse ourselves from the dust of sin, and to examine and fasten all the avenues by which evil might enter in and quench that heavenly flame that God has lighted within us. Dear children, up the ladder of prayer you and I must go, early every morning, and present our souls' lamp to 'our Father,' to be replenished with his grace; we must ask him to remove from us all our sins, and to give us his constant help, that we may shine with a clear and certain light, and not by our dimness cause those who pass by us to stumble and fall.

It is shining dimly when we think wrong thoughts and say wicked words and do evil deeds. It is shining brightly when we try to walk as our Lord Jesus walked, in all the commandments and ordinances of God.

F. B. S.



For the Child at Home.

THE DAISY'S SERMON.

A coarse, hardened looking woman sat in her prison-cell alone, with the beautiful little flower in her hand. She had watched her chance in the prison yard, when the guard was not observing her, to pluck the delicate blossom that had made its way into the place of sorrow, and now that no eye but God's could see her, she had taken it from her bosom, and sat dreaming over its snowy petals.

The daisy drooped a little in her hot hand, as if it were saddened by her touch, and God gave it a voice to speak to the poor wicked woman's soul.

"Remember when we first met?" it softly whispered; "there were a good many of us sister daisies in the green meadow, where the rivulet made sweet music all day, and the birds and butterflies and bees and grasshoppers were merry and glad, and a sweet little white figure came tottering over the green, and clasped its dimpled hands around us, and gave such a silvery laugh as made the birds and the brook quite still for envy. We thought the little white-robed creature with sunny locks and glad, innocent face was an angel such as God sends to earth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, and as it sank down upon the grass, contented for a while to rest among us, we lifted ourselves even with the golden curls, and formed a starry coronal for the gentle head."

"Oh yes, I remember," said the woman, a tear stealing from her eye and falling upon the flower like a dew-drop. "I remember how I used to

creep away from the house that would have shut me in all day from the bright sunshine, and then I would loiter hours after hours in the cool, green meadow with my little daisy friends, as I always thought you."

"We used to watch for your coming," said the daisy; "and every summer as your little figure grew taller and taller still you would stoop as lowly and as lovingly as ever to caress us, and we would nod our heads wisely to each other and say, 'It is still our innocent angel.'"

"Then we missed you; for years and years we have missed you. Your feet have not trodden the cool, meadow green, and your hands have not woven us into a garland for your brow. Where have your feet been wandering that they have so long forgotten the old path? And what have your hands been doing that they have not clasped one of us for all this weary time? God has sent me hither to see."

The woman bowed her head very low over the daisy. She did not like to tell whither her feet had roved and what her hands had wrought from the time she used to be the companion of the flowers in the broad free air, till now that the prison-walls shut her in with the wicked where there is only gloom.

She did not like to tell, but a subtle influence from the daisy opened her heart and loosed her tongue;—

"Away from the quiet home my feet have strayed; away from the beautiful meadow, and the brook-side; afar from the voices of the birds and the insects, to the haunts of wickedness and vice. And these hands that once were innocent enough to touch your white petals, have grown sinful in the grasping after what God designed for others.

"They have stretched forth, at first to take little things that people would not miss, and then for larger and larger thefts, till now they have brought me to this place of wretchedness."

"The same hands, the same feet!" sighed the daisy, as if thinking of the olden time so long, long ago; then it plucked up heart and asked,—

"Are you weary of the evil? If the prison door could be opened for you, and some one should say, 'You have been verily guilty, but I will not condemn you this time—go and sin no more,' would you seek again the companions of your childhood, and keep innocency, which alone can bring you peace at the last?"

The tears rained fast from the woman's eyes, and she pressed her little friend closer and closer to her bosom.

"I am so weary, so weary!" said she. "If it please God that I ever stand once more outside these prison walls, free to take the path back toward my innocent childhood, thither I will go."

"Then I have not come in vain to the prison-yard," said the daisy. "I waited many a day to catch your eye as you went forth for your hour in the air, and at last I have reached you. It is worth dying in the prison, if I can be the means of turning one poor sinner from the error of her ways, to seek again the right."

Do you think, dear children, that there are many innocent, who watch day after day in the presence or the guilty, with the hope to lead them in penitence to God?

This is a true story about the little daisy that the poor, miserable woman snatched from the prison court; and it really did carry her back to the early innocent days, and made her weep tears of true repentance for her late misdeeds.

"Innocence" is the attribute which the botanists ascribe to this lovely flower.

Let this sweet grace belong truly to you, and you also shall be the instrument in your heavenly Father's hands, of leading many a wandering sinner to the green pastures, and the still waters, where the Good Shepherd will for ever bless them.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

FOR THE BOYS.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

1. I'm go-ing to en-list, boys, I'm go-ing to en-list, To fight the ug-liest en-e-my That ev-er did ex-ist. 'Tis not the Southern reb-els, Nor yet a for-eign foe, But traitors at the house-hold hearth, We'll smite with deadly blow. 'Tis wine, and beer, and cider, And glittering champagne, 'Tis rum, and gin, and brandy, With all their hideous train, We'll fight un-til we conquer, En-list-ing for the war, And cry, 'Ex-ter-mi-na-tion!' From henceforth ev-er-more; We'll fight un-til we conquer, En-list-ing for the war, And cry, 'Ex-ter-mi-na-tion!' From henceforth ev-er-more.

2 See how their shameless banner
They're flaunting up and down;
And troops of secret allies lurk
In every street in town;
If we don't join against them,
In some unlucky hour,
Before we fairly know it, boys,
They'll have us in their power.
So wine, and beer, and cider,
And glittering champagne,
So rum, and gin, and brandy,
With all their hideous train,
We'll fight, &c.

3 Ah, 'tis no worthless treasure
We'd save from utter doom;
'Tis health and wealth and reason too,
Joys now, and joys to come.
Oh, 'tis a glorious struggle,
For temperance and truth;
Come, boys, let's give our strength to it,
The vigor of our youth.
So wine, and beer, and cider, &c.

4 We'll never mind the hardship,
Nor self-denial fear;
Hard service never hurts a boy,
But makes his worth appear.
We need not ask for bounty,
Nor think of wages now,
For by and by a starry crown
Shall grace each victor's brow.
Then wine, and beer, and cider,
And glittering champagne,
Then rum, and gin, and brandy,
With all their hideous train, &c.

5 Who's going to enlist, boys?
Who's going to enlist?
To fight this ugliest enemy
That ever did exist?
Come now, the question settle,—
Who will and who will not?
Who'll be a brave cold water boy,
And who a wretched sot?
Then wine, and beer, and cider, &c.

For the Child at Home.
LITTLE JOHNNIE AND HIS PLAYFELLOWS.



JOHNNIE'S home was in the crowded city, where there were no green meadows in which to ramble, or wild buttercups and daisies to be gathered; but he had a dear grand-papa whose home was in the coun-

try, and where he loved very much to go.

Johnnie was very fond of animals, and a large black Newfoundland dog and a pretty, playful kitten, which he found at his grandfather's were sources of constant amusement. Old Leo—for that was the name of the dog—had learned to play hide-and-seek as well as any of the boys, excepting that he could only do the seeking and none of the hiding.

Johnnie would hide in the hay-stack, or behind the hedge, and at the loud "whoop" old Leo would run, and soon discovering his little playfellow, he would seize him by his arm, or his jacket, and drag

him out from his place of concealment, wagging his great bushy tail, and walking with a very important air; as much as to say "I have got you fast now, Johnnie." Then would follow a rolling and tumbling upon the ground, Leo sometimes being uppermost and sometimes Johnnie; the play often ending with a nice ride on old Leo's back.

With his little pet, the kitten, Johnnie was much more gentle. He would smooth her soft fur, give her nice new milk, and spin his top that he might see her chase it.

One morning kitty did not eat her breakfast as well as usual, but Johnnie, eager for sport, placed a little footstool up in one corner of the room, and standing kitty up on her hind legs, and putting her forepaws upon the stool, told her she must preach to him. Poor pussy did not like this treatment, and her cries attracted the attention of Johnnie's aunt, who told him that kitty was not very well, and he should be very gentle, as she might die. With a very anxious look, Johnnie took his little pet carefully in his arms, went into another room and closed the door. His voice was then heard as if in earnest prayer.

Soon he returned, his face beaming with joy, saying, "Auntie, I prayed to God to make kitty well,

and she began to sing right away, Did not he make her well quick?"

Little reader, do you go to your heavenly Father in your troubles? Do you go with the faith of Johnnie?

He was but a few years old, when his dear mamma was laid away in the grave, but she had taught him to fold his little hands in prayer to God, and he knew there was no other friend so good, to whom he could go in trouble.

Are you always kind and gentle to animals? They can never tell you their troubles, but they soon find out who are good and kind, and who are wicked and cruel. You must never forget that God did not make any of his creatures to be abused. At some other time you may be told of the affection of good old Leo for the kitten and his care for her.

F. D. H.

TWO BLESSINGS.—"It's a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "It is a greater blessing still not to desire what one does not possess."

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

It is proposed to commence in July the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page will be printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness. A sample of the style is given in part of the edition for the present month.

The twelve numbers of this charming paper, thus adorned, will, if preserved, make a picture gallery affording never-failing delight to our young readers, and worth many times what they will cost.

Notwithstanding the great expensiveness of these colored engravings, and of their printing, we propose to put the price exceedingly low. It will be as follows:

For single copies, yearly	\$0 50
" five " to one address	2 00
" fifteen " " "	5 00
" fifty " " "	15 00

Subscriptions may begin from July for the remaining six months of the year at one-half the above rates. Any person now receiving the plain edition, may change it for the colored for the remainder of the year, by sending us *twenty cents additional for each copy*.

The plain edition will be continued as heretofore.

Pastors, Superintendents, and others to whom samples are sent, are requested to bring them to the notice of the children.

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Persons who order large packages, yearly, and become responsible for the same, will be allowed three months from the beginning of their subscriptions to collect and forward the pay, after which no papers will be sent until full remittance is made. With this exception no subscriptions will be received unless accompanied by the money.

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Articles intended for insertion, and correspondence relating to the editorial management, may be addressed to Rev. I. P. WARREN, Secretary of the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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THE BATTLE-FLAG.

THE battle-flag! Torn by shot and shell and bayonet, its colors dimmed by smoke, there it hangs, — a trophy upon which many eyes have looked, and not a few of them through tears.

Men come and stand before it, reverently uncovering their heads. Mothers and wives and children come, and although it speaks in no voice that can be heard, it silently tells them that which thrills their hearts with emotion.

It tells them of the battle-fields over which it has waved while sons and husbands and fathers and brothers bravely fought. It tells them that the sight of it has strengthened the hearts and nerved the

arms of the men who were fighting for the cause of liberty. And it tells them, too, that the heart of many a sable-faced son and daughter of bondage has been filled with joy as they beheld this signal that the hour for their deliverance was come; and that many a prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving has gone up from the poor slave as he has found himself beneath the beautiful stars and stripes, — a slave no longer, but a *freedman*.

Let us listen to the story of the veteran who sits below the flag. It will doubtless be a story which many a noble defender of the Union will have to tell when this war is over; and one which he will be proud to tell; and nothing perhaps can

be better for us than this for a "Fourth of July" story.

"This flag," he says, "belonged to our regiment. I well remember the day when it was presented to us, and the address that was delivered on that occasion. Let me repeat the closing words of the address, for they are words which many of my comrades as well as myself never forgot.

"Behold it!" said the eloquent speaker, as the flag was unfurled before us; 'listen to it! let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night. Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and whatever else may happen to it or them, it will never be surrendered to rebels; never be ignominiously struck to treason, nor ever be prostituted to any unworthy and unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine. And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle.'

"Ah, dear boys and girls, it *did* tell us its story as we marched beneath it, and every day we loved it more. We remembered what it cost. We remembered of what it was the emblem and the token; and we resolved that it should never be trodden under foot by traitors.

"It waved above us amid the smoke and the iron hail of many a hard-fought battle, and where we saw it carried we were always ready to go. Its beautiful colors caught the eye of many a brave soldier, as his eye was about to close in death; for you must know, children, that many of my noble comrades fell in battle, sacrificing their lives under this flag for our dear country.

"At last our regiment came home. We brought with us the battle-flag which we had never allowed to be dishonored; and now we all love it; old and torn and discolored though it is, every thread of it is dear to us.

"It was not easy work we had to do beneath this flag. I know a little of suffering as you may see, but many of my comrades know more, and many too, as I told you, are no longer here to say how much they love our country and our flag. But they fell in a good cause. I have talked with many a soldier after he had been mortally wounded, and I never heard one express the wish that he had not entered the country's service.

"God bless our dear country! And I trust and pray that when you boys and girls shall have become men and women, you will be able to look about you upon a land united and happy and prosperous, beyond even the brightest hopes of those of us who fought in the struggle with the great rebellion; a land cleansed from the stains of oppression and all other national sins; a people 'WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD.'"

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

SINGING LIES.

"Little Nellie," said a kind mother, "I was grieved with you for not singing with the other children in Sunday school to-day."

"I couldn't, mother!" said the little girl.

"Yes, my dear, you *could*, for you know the tunes, and had the words before you!" replied the lady.

"But I couldn't!" cried Nellie, with tears in her eyes. "I was afraid to sing."

"Afraid of whom, my love?"

"Of God, mother."

"Why?"

"It is wicked to tell lies, and God is angry with children who do so," said Nellie; "and I think He will be just as angry with those who *sing* lies."

"Surely there are no lies in your singing book," said the mother.

"No mother, all there is true for good children. But you know I grieved you yesterday by going to Mary Lee's after you had forbidden me; and besides that I was very angry with Willie for telling you, and called him two or three naughty names, and said I hated him! then how could I stand up and sing,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know?"

"He can not love me till I'm sorry, and till he forgives me. I am not sorry enough yet to ask forgiveness of you and Willie; for I couldn't walk beside him to Sunday school. I feel very unhappy, mother, and I know Jesus does not love me. Now wouldn't I have been singing lies, if I had repeated over over and over again those words? Bell Hunt sings,—

"I want to be an angel;"

and yet she steals pencils and rubber from the desks, and tells lies, and strikes any one she does not like. Now, mother, she does *not* 'want to be an angel,' or else she would try to be good. I'm afraid when she sings that, God will be angry with her; and I dare not sing 'Jesus loves me.' Now, mother, is it not just as wrong to sing a lie as to speak one?

"Yes, certainly, my dear," said the mother. "We must be true in our thoughts, words, and actions. God sees the heart, and, although we may deceive ourselves and others we can not deceive him. You must pray that your heart may be so pure that you can sing those sweet little hymns without danger of uttering what is false in the ear of God; and while you are praying for that you can sing

"I ought to love my Saviour."

How few children are so fearful of sinning against God as was little Nellie. She felt that he was angry with sinners, and she dared not look in his face and say she loved him, while there was so much in her heart which he forbids. Those who are truly sincere before God will neither speak a lie, sing a lie, nor act a lie. J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

ON THE BORDER.

MY LITTLE READERS:—I now sit in a pleasant room, in a town far away on the rolling prairies of Kansas. Yesterday morning, five hundred soldiers came marching over the winding road. I wish my little friends could have seen the bright swords glittering in the morning light, and have watched the banners as they moved along the bright blue sky.

In the town where I am now writing, two hundred soldiers are stationed, to drive away the *bushwhackers*. Men who hide in the brush in the daytime, and come out to frighten the people and burn the towns at night, are called *bushwhackers*.

Last summer, when the towns were not well defended, there were nights of watching and weeping in Kansas. A dear little Charlie, who calls me "Aunt Maud," is now picking music from "mam-

ma's" guitar. Last summer, his mother laid him down every night with a trembling heart. For many months, Charlie's papa never took off his clothes at night. This is the way people lived in those days. When the *bushwhackers* would ride into town, the men would rush out at the back-doors of their homes and hide in the cornfields or brush until the rebels would leave the town. You may think it strange that the men should go and leave the women and children all alone; but the mothers wanted the fathers to go. When the rebels entered the houses they always called for the men, and if they could find them would often shoot them down, and would burn the houses if they tried to fight; but if they could not find the men, would steal what they wanted without hurting the women and children.

Last summer, on a clear, starlight night, as Charlie's little brother Willie lay dying, the guard rode down the street, calling the people to arms. Charlie's papa kissed the little pale face and started out, with others, to defend the town. The rebels finding they were expected took another road.

When Willie's father came back to his home, his little boy lay cold and still in his snowy crib. The sweet young spirit had gone to that beautiful home where they learn war no more.

Now, my little friends before you sleep at night, I want you to thank God for the pleasant homes where you can lie down in peace and safety; and also pray that God will protect the little ones who dwell on the border.

Aunt Maud.



For the Child at Home.

KISSING A SUNBEAM.

I was reading the other day of a dear child who crept around a sunbeam that lay upon the carpet, and finally, with wondrous joy and love on her tiny face, put her lips to the brightness, and kissed it.

It was a beautiful tribute from the little innocent creature, to Him from whom all the glory of this world comes.

Dear children, you who are old enough now to be conscious who it is that clothes the earth with beauty, when you see the golden sunlight flooding the landscape; touching the leaves and flowers; making the snow to glisten with myriad diamonds; creeping in at your windows, and enfolding all things in its warm embrace; do your young hearts glow with such rapture toward God as impels you to press your lips gratefully and reverently upon the works of his hands?

There is a beautiful text that occurs to me in connection with the act of the dear little child.

It is this: "Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

Do you know what this means? If you have done any thing to grieve an earthly parent, do you not long to be reconciled, and to give the kiss of penitence and love, and to feel that the anger is turned away from you?

We all daily grieve the Son of God, who was crucified for us, and who will some day come to

judge us. Let us go daily and hourly to him, with our hearts full of repentance and love, and so be reconciled unto him. Let us "Kiss the Son," and then, when he comes in his great glory to judge the world, he who is called the "Sun of Righteousness," we may not be burned up in the fierceness of his wrath, but may rejoice in his brightness as the little one rejoiced in the beautiful sunbeam, and may put our whole trust in him. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

MRS. NELSON'S STORY FOR LOTTIE AND NELLIE.

When I was a little girl like you, Lottie, I lived in a country town on the banks of the Connecticut River, where it rises far up among the hills. There was one of my school-mates named Jane Hanson, a very bright girl, who always had the best lessons, and knew more than any of the rest. We all confessed it, and Jane thought so herself. She must always take the lead, and have her own way, for Giant Self-will ruled like a tyrant in her heart. At home, it was not so bad; for her mother was wise and firm, and did all in her power to control her.

But one summer vacation, Mrs. Hanson, who had been sick, was ordered to travel for her health, and left her family under the care of Miss Benton, a trusty woman who had lived with them many years. She felt less anxiety about the children, Jane and Freddie, because Mr. Hanson was always at home at night, though away through the daytime.

The first Sunday of her mother's absence, Jane felt very glad that she was going to sit at the head of the pew in church. After Miss Benton had dressed her, she ransacked her mother's drawers for something to deck herself with. She liked to seem old and to wear things that belonged to grown-up people. So out she drew a large, wrought collar, with a broad ruffle round it, such as ladies wore then. She put it round her own little neck, and looked at herself with great satisfaction. Miss Benton came in and bade her take it off directly, but she ran swiftly away and set out for church alone. She felt quite fine, and walked up the aisle supposing every body admired her and her collar. Many girls have a foolish fancy for seeming old, and they don't know how it spoils their

appearance; and Jane Hanson used to tell us, "Everybody says I'm *real* old; they think I look older than I am, and talk as if I was grown up." She did not know what a great pity they thought it, nor how disagreeable it sometimes made her. That very Sunday, when she felt so self-satisfied, nobody that saw her could help thinking, "What a ridiculous sight! That silly child has got on her mother's collar. Mrs. Hanson wasn't at home to see to her."

Jane would have cried with mortification if she had known what people thought, but she hadn't an idea of it. She felt perfectly sure of her own wisdom, and was delighted with her success.

But that was a little affair. I have a very sad thing to tell you about Jane's self-will. A few days after, it occurred to her that it would be pleasant to take little Freddie to see Mrs. Palmer, one afternoon. Now Mrs. Palmer was one of those people that always have a smile and a kind word for children. She could paint beautifully, and her house was full of pretty and curious things, made by her own skillful hands. It was always a treat to go there. So at dinner, Jane announced her wish to Miss Benton, giving a great many reasons why she must certainly go.

"Oh no, Jane," said Mr. Benton, "Mrs. Palmer is very kind, but she is very busy too, just now, and you would be quite in her way. Besides it is a mile there, and very hilly, and much too hard a walk for Freddie, and I shouldn't dare trust him over the river, alone with you. If any thing should happen, what would your mother say?"

After much talk Jane seemed to give it up. After dinner, however, she took Freddie quietly up-stairs, dressed him and herself in their best clothes, and then watched her chance to slip out unseen. Soon they were walking off towards Mrs. Palmer's.

The village was just on the river banks, and the water fell over huge rocks, dashing and foaming down upon the wheels of the great factories. Above the falls was the bridge, guarded by a strong railing, so that with care there was no danger in crossing, even for children.

But poor Jane did not feel the need of care, she trusted in herself so perfectly. As she and Freddie were passing over, she heard a shouting behind and turning round, she saw a flock of sheep driven along another road, but they were pouring through an open gate into a garden. Jane let go of Freddie's hand, and climbed upon the railing to see the end. Dear little Freddie, he was only four years old, a gentle, good child. He could not see any thing at all standing on the bridge, so he climbed the railing, too. Perhaps he was looking off, and his foot slipped, but how it was we never knew. Jane heard a cry, and looking round, she saw her little brother pitch forward, over the railing, down, down into the rushing river. The water swept the precious little form swiftly on out of sight, and over the steep falls below. Jane flew back into a store near the bridge, but she could not speak for terror. She seized hold of a man standing by the counter and dragged him to the spot, gasping as they reached it, "Freddie! he's fallen in." The man alarmed others, and soon the whole village was roused; but all the search was vain till next morning, when the poor bruised body was found a mile below, in a cove where an eddy had drawn it in. But oh, the distress at Mr. Hanson's! They were afraid Jane would be crazed with her remorse and grief. Her brain was filled with frightful thoughts of Freddie's fall, and of her own self-will and obstinacy, and carelessness which were the cause of it. I can not tell you any more; it is too sad. Jane grew up a changed child, and it was years before she was a cheerful one; not till long after she felt herself forgiven by her parents, and by her Father in heaven. Her will was broken."

Dear children, remember Jane when you are tempted to want your own way, or think you know best. You may suppose nothing so dreadful can ever happen to you, but Jane Hanson thought so too.

C.

For the Child at Home.

"JUST LIKE HIM."

"No, it's just like him," said a little girl of ten years, when asked if she did not think it strange that her heavenly Father led her to seek him.

She was right, it was just like him, — just like his tender love, to lead her and you and me to seek him and love him, and so be prepared to sing his praises both here, and by and by with the angels.

"He never led me to seek him, never invited me to come to him," does some one say?

Ah! my little friend, I am afraid you have closed your ears, so you *could not* hear. Did you never hear that beautiful invitation, right from the Saviour's lips, "Suffer little children to come unto me?" And have you never learned this verse, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and yet another, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me?"

And have you forgotten how many times that dear mother or Sabbath-school teacher has told you of Jesus, and urged you to give your heart to him? Those were messages straight from God's loving heart.

Will you not listen, as he thus calls after you, and learn to love that blessed Being who so loved you that he gave his son to die for you?

"It is just like him," to call after you now, but the time may come if you still refuse to hear, when it will be "just like him," to let you alone, because his Spirit will "not always strive;" and then what will become of your soul?

Will you not come to him now?

R. M.

**MAY FLOWERS.**

A beautiful basket of flowers! Yes; and fruit too. Can you not see the fruit? Perhaps not, but it is there. Hear the story.

Some weeks since, one of the Secretaries of this Society passed a Sabbath at Watertown, Mass., and gave an account of the work of the Society, for our soldiers and for the "freedmen," to the Philips Church in that town and to the Sabbath school of that church. On the morning of the second day of May, several friends from Watertown called at the Tract House and were welcomed, as our friends always are.

One of the number was a little boy, who presented to the Secretary, in behalf of the Sabbath school of which he is a member, a basket of flowers. The flowers were exquisite in color, their leaves were fresh and green, their fragrance delightful, and all eyes and hearts in the Tract House were gladdened by the offering.

But the *fruit*, — where and what was that?

Ah, yes; that is one of the pleasantest things we have to tell. One after another, peeping out here and there from beneath leaves and flowers, the "greenbacks" were discovered, — paper dollars you know, of the United States currency, — until enough were found to amount to *twenty-eight dollars*.

That was the fruit. Was it not rich, precious fruit? Think of the hungry *minds* that it will be the means of feeding! Think of the happy, grateful hearts that it will make!

This note, which came with the flowers and fruit, will help you to think: —

"The Sabbath school connected with the Philips Church, Watertown, are glad to make this slight May offering to the American Tract Society, to promote the circulation of the 'Freedman' among the disenthralled people of the South. May we add to it the wish that as the 'freedmen' have been ransomed from earthly bondage by the shedding of the blood of our sons and brothers, this little paper, published by you and sent to them, may be, under God, the means of their being ransomed from the more oppressive bondage of sin."

"WATERTOWN, May 2. 1864."

Was not that a cheering offering for May morn-

ing? And do you wonder that all who saw it felt their hearts grow warm toward that Watertown Sabbath school? We give you a picture of the basket of flowers, but we can not, as we would gladly do, give you a sight of all its beauty, and the enjoyment of its fragrance. We shall have the same picture printed in the "Freedman," that the poor little colored children may see that they are remembered by the more highly-favored children of New England.

For the Child at Home.

"THE LITTLE COOK."

Do you ever learn lessons from the wall, dear children? I do.

I saw such a pretty picture the other day! And as I stood before it, it taught me some very good things, which I hope by God's grace to remember all my life. The artist's name is Frère, and I am sure he must be very happy, by a few strokes from his brush to make such good sermons as his "Little Cook" preaches.

It is a homely scene. There is a table beside the wall, with a few dishes, and a loaf of bread upon it. An old chair stands near; on the floor lie some vegetables; upon a small stove a pot is put to boil, and a little quaint figure sits watching it intently, with as much responsibility as mamma exhibits with the whole household duties devolving upon her.

The child is clad in a coarse, homespun frock, with the sleeves stripped up to the elbows, a white apron tied around, a womanly neckerchief, and a little black silk cap, partly covering her head, and fastened under her chin. In her hand she holds an iron ladle, with which to stir what she is cooking over the fire. Altogether she is a most comical little creature, as she sits there wholly absorbed in her task; but the lesson is in her patient, earnest attention to what her mother has left in her charge.

Some people might think this a very small subject for a great artist to paint; but the great principle that speaks out of the little child's careful face, makes the glory of the picture. It seems to echo the Bible words, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

The little things that a child is set to do by father or mother, and that the child does, with a willing, faithful obedience, will surely call forth the Saviour's commendation: "Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Will you, my dear children, let the picture of the "Little Cook" teach you, as it teaches me, to do well and faithfully, as in the sight of your heavenly Father, whatever comes in the way of your duty even though it may be so small a thing as the watching of the boiling pot?

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

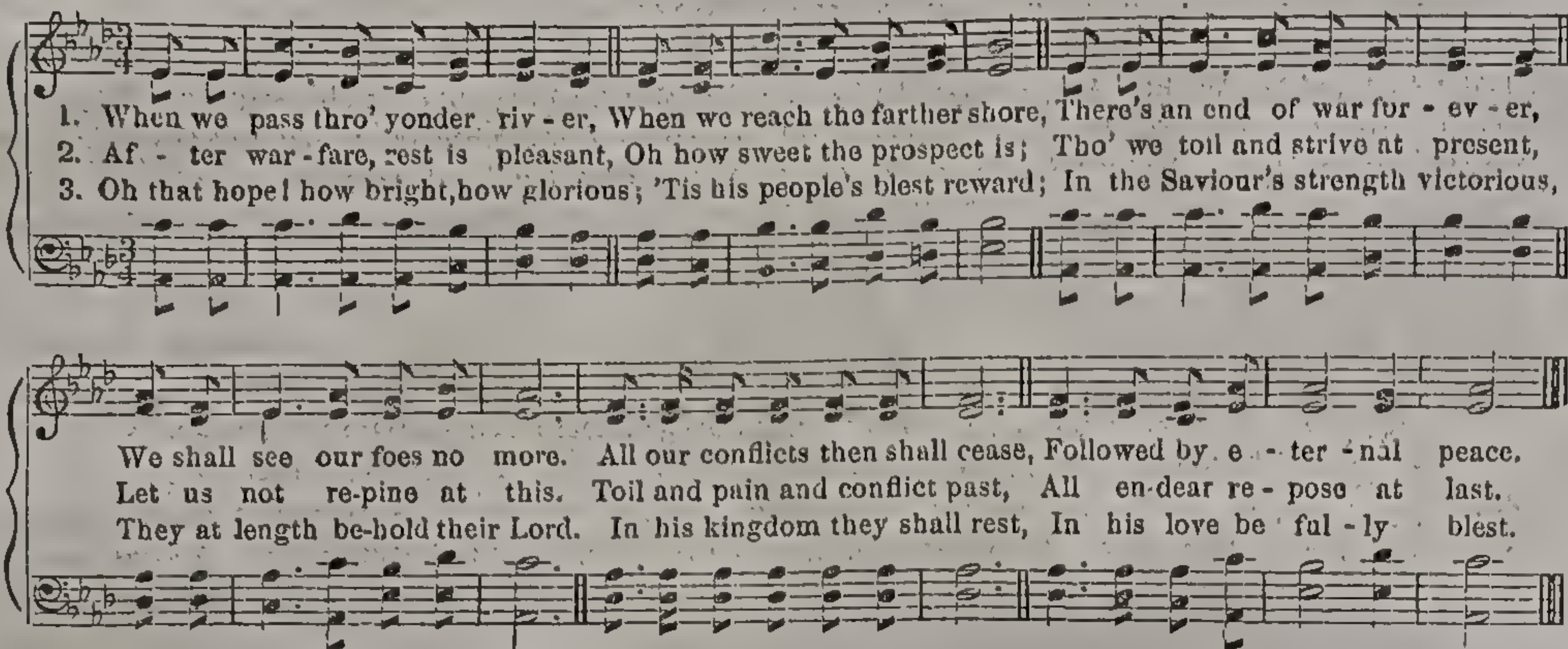
EYE-SERVANTS.

Little Maggie Thorpe was going to school at last. Another little brother had come to gladden the hearts of all, and mamma could no longer give undivided attention to her only daughter; so, as there was a very good school in the village, intended for just such little ones as Maggie, and taught by a dear friend of Mrs. Thorpe's, it was decided after much thought that she should go there. And now on that bright May morning, the shaker was tied over the brown curls, and the pretty, braided sack buttoned

For the Child at Home.
REST. 8s. & 7s.

Music by C. W. TEWKSBURY.

Words selected.



1. When we pass thro' yonder riv - er, When we reach the farther shore, There's an end of war for - ev - er,
 2. Af - ter war - fare, rest is pleasant, Oh how sweet the prospect is; Tho' we toil and strive at present,
 3. Oh that hope! how bright, how glorious; 'Tis his people's blest reward; In the Saviour's strength victorious,

We shall see our foes no more. All our conflicts then shall cease, Followed by e - ter - nal peace.
 Let us not re-pine at this. Toil and pain and conflict past, All en-dear re - pose at last.
 They at length be-hold their Lord. In his kingdom they shall rest, In his love be - ful - ly - blest.

around the chubby form, the dinner-basket well stored; and the last kiss and injunction to be good given, and with hand closely clasped in Aunt Julia's, Maggie started for school, half merry, half sober at this great change in affairs.

How much there was to tell that first night on her return! Maggie was wild with happy excitement. "Miss Varian was so sweet, but not so sweet as precious mamma; the little girls were all so kind, and Sarah Allen, the biggest girl in the school, only think, mamma, *nine* years old, — said my Aunt Julia made grand good doughnuts, and asked me to bring all doughnuts to-morrow."

For a week little Maggie found nothing but pleasure in school; but one night after that first enchanted week, Mrs. Thorpe noticed a very sober look on the usually sunny face of her darling daughter, and as soon as baby Jamie was laid, sleeping, in the cradle, she lifted Maggie in her lap and, softly parting the curls on the white brow, waited for the little thinker to make known her thoughts. She did not have to wait long. Nestling down in her mother's arms, Maggie said, —

"The girls act so funny at school, mamma. Miss Varian says we mustn't ever eat any thing until recess, and ever so many times Sarah Allen and Bessie Dean take a bite of cake or apple, when teacher is on the other side of the room. To-day at recess I asked Bessie if teacher didn't say so, and she just laughed and said, 'It isn't a bit of matter if she don't see us.' Isn't it matter, mamma? Oughtn't we to be good, anyhow? And the girls whisper and make signs, too when Miss Varian isn't looking."

"Yes, darling; you should be good anyhow, no matter whether you are all alone, or not. It is very wrong and mean to do right only when your teacher or friends are looking at you. God sees you always, and is displeased when he sees you are only pretending to be good. When you do so you are an eye-servant. Remember, Maggie, to behave just as well when Miss Varian is not looking at you as when she is by your side. If you only want to make your friends think you are a good child you will be more likely to do this than if you really desire to please God. Now, little daughter, I will give you a verse to learn for to-morrow morning to say in school. 'Not with eye-service, as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.'" Maggie repeated the verse after her mother until she knew it perfectly. As she said it for the last time, she threw her arms about her mother's neck, exclaiming, "I love you so, dear precious mamma, for you help me to be good. Poor Bessie Dean hasn't any mother to tell her right things, as I have, and to-morrow I will tell her all you have said to me, then I guess she won't be an eye-servant any more. We will both try to be Christ's servants."

"From my heart I hope so, dear child;" and as Maggie bounded off to play, Mrs. Thorpe sent up an earnest prayer to her Saviour that he would indeed make little Maggie a "true servant." M. E. M.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS A SLAVE.

A teacher of the freedmen at Natchez, Miss., sends to us an interesting account of the schools and of his labors there. Inclosed within his letter comes another, a touching letter, from a colored man who has been in slavery *forty-five years*, and is now free. This man rejoices and thanks the good Lord that he is permitted to see poor little colored children gathered in the Sabbath school, and that he can have and read "The Freedman."

The teacher writes that about five hundred pupils are taught in the day schools, and nearly the same number in the Sabbath schools. Several of the pupils have given their hearts to the Saviour, and are hoping and trusting in him.

For the Child at Home
"HAPPY ALICE."



Y a cottage window sitting,
 Little Alice sings for joy,
 While her fingers still are knitting
 Socks, for darling baby boy.

In the cradle he lies sleeping,
 On his hand one cheek is pressed,

While his sister lists his breathing;
 Happy thoughts employ her breast.

For she has been ever watchful
 Through the long and busy day,
 Lest some careless word, or fretful,
 From her lips should find its way.

And when mother called her quickly
 To lay by some fond employ,
 She has run with haste, and gladly,
 Leaving doll and book and toy.

Striving to be like her Saviour,
 Who was gentle, meek, and mild,
 And who loves such sweet behavior
 From the smallest, weakest child.

Alice, dear, when shadows gather
 On your life path, one by one,
 May your heavenly Father whisper
 That your work has been "well done."

For the Child at Home.

THE BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM.

It is a marble statuette of "Innocence," the figure, a little child, folding a gentle dove to its bosom.

Do you know, dear children, who is that Celestial Dove which we must each welcome to our breast, if we would have the sweet spirit of purity and innocence that God loves? It is the blessed Dove that descended from heaven, and alighted upon Jesus when he was baptized in the river Jordan. It is the same Heavenly Dove that every day and hour comes fluttering around your little hearts, wooing you to put forth your hands and clasp it to you.

Will you by harsh, naughty words, and ungentle deeds drive away this pure white Dove, God's Holy Spirit? Oh! draw it closer and closer to your bosom, till you can feel it nestling calmly there, and till its precious influence shall pervade your whole being, and lure you upward to the abode of perfect innocence and peace.

Fanfan.

AFFLICTION. — A little bird sitting amid the foliage of a tree is frightened by some noise beneath. He flies to a higher branch. Again, — and he leaps to a higher. Again, — to the topmost bough. Again, — and he soars away toward heaven. Just so with the Christian. Disturbed by the commotions, and terrors, and troubles of things beneath his first impulse is to leap upward. Again, — to ascend higher and still higher, and at last to fly away toward heaven, — toward his God, — where, for the time, no distress or adversity can reach him: to the sure place of refuge, the free expanse of the undisturbed communion with his Father.

Samuel Hopkins.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

We commence this month the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page are printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness.

The twelve numbers of this charming paper, thus adorned, will, if preserved, make a picture gallery affording never-failing delight to our young readers, and worth many times what they will cost.

Notwithstanding the great expensiveness of these colored engravings, and of their printing, we propose to put the price exceedingly low. It will be as follows:

For single copies, yearly	\$0 50
" five " to one address	2 00
" fifteen " "	5 00
" fifty " "	15 00

Subscriptions may begin from July for the remaining six months of the year at one-half the above rates. Any person now receiving the plain edition, may change it for the colored for the remainder of the year, by sending us *twenty cents additional for each copy*.

The plain edition will be continued as heretofore.

Pastors, Superintendents, and others to whom samples have been sent, are requested to bring them to the notice of the children.

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THE GRAIN-HARVEST.

"I've been there! I've seen the men do that!"

Ah, have you, Charlie? What are these men doing, and where have you seen it done?

"Why, they're grain-harvesting. Don't you see that man mowing away over there, with a queer thing on his scythe? He's got a *cradle*; not such as they rock babies in, but a kind of frame to catch the grain as it falls, so that the mower can throw it all nicely together at one side. I saw it done in a fine large field on Uncle Isaac's farm last summer.

"This man in front has a *sickle*. He reaps with that. It's an ugly thing for a boy to handle that don't know how to use it. Billy Graves cut two of

his fingers almost off with one. He was flourishing round, and pretending to show us 'how to do it,' as he said. Uncle Isaac told him he'd better not meddle with edge tools, nor tools with sharp teeth either; for sickles have fine, sharp teeth, that take hold well when they're at it, whether it's on a handful of grain or a boy's fingers.

"I saw them make up *sheaves*, too; one of these men is doing it; that's the way they bundle up the grain. That little girl is gathering the 'scatterings.' I did some of that work. But the best of it was the ride to the barn on the load. Don't you see them loading up at the farther side of the field? We boys mounted every load. The girls had to be

lifted up. Uncle Isaac said the ride would settle our dinners; but I didn't think we had much of a jolting, after all. I liked it first-rate; Bessie was a little afraid she would be shaken off, but she managed to hang on with the rest."

Well, what next, Charlie? What did they do with the grain after they got it into the barn?

"Oh, the *threshing*! I didn't see that, but uncle said it would have to be done when every thing was ready. And then he said it would have to be *winned*, he called it; and that separates the chaff from the good grain; there's always a lot of weeds and poor grain cut down with the good; and then it would be ready to go to the mill and be ground."

And what then?

"Why, bread, you know. It goes from the mill to somebody's kitchen, and from the kitchen to the table. We had some bread this morning made from grain that grew on Uncle Isaac's farm."

But the chaff, Charlie; what became of that?

"That blows away, or is thrown out somewhere. It's good for nothing. Sometimes they burn it with the old dry weeds."

Very well, Charlie. I shall not forget your account of the grain-harvest. You've been preaching me a little sermon too, without knowing it; or at least your story and this picture have made me think of words that are better than a sermon, for they are the words of One who spoke "as never man spake." He compared the world to a great field, and the people in it to grain and to tares or weeds, ripening together for the harvest. But let me give you his words here, and perhaps they will be blessed to you and to other young friends; for the mercy and love of Jesus, which he now offers you so freely, will, if you accept them, prepare you for unspeakable joy when the great harvest comes of which he speaks:—

"The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one: the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity. And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

For the Child at Home.

THE INDIAN CHILD'S PRAYER.

Stella, one of our little Indian girls, had naturally a quick temper. It was not an unusual thing during recitation to see her book taking wings in some unaccountable direction, because its owner had not thoroughly mastered her lesson.

One day, she came to her teacher and said, "I have been giving my heart to Jesus. I want to be

a Christian." Miss A——pointed out some failings which she must overcome if she would please Christ; among others, her ungovernable temper. Stella earnestly entered into the struggle against her besetting sin, and by much fervent prayer, she seemed to gain strength each day to resist. But one day, —not being "on guard"—she fell, and for a few moments she was overcome by her old enemy.

After school, she seemed overwhelmed with a sense of her sin, and begged her teacher to pray for her, which she did. Then Stella fell upon her face, and, when her sobs somewhat subsided, in a broken voice, offered this prayer,—

"O Jesus, I'm very wicked. Please make me good. Don't make me good *little while*. Please make good *all the time*. O Jesus, my heart very bad. Please give me clean heart, all washed with Jesus' blood. Don't give me clean heart *little while*. I want it clean *all the time*. O Jesus, make me love thee. Please don't let me love thee *little while*. I want to love thee *all the time*.

"Please bless my dear teacher, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Blue Sky.

For the Child at Home.

"IN THE LIGHT OF GOD."

Not many weeks since, a gentleman residing in that great city of the West, St. Louis, was passing through one of its newly-opened streets. There were high banks of earth stretching along on either side, and many groups of laborers were busy digging them down. They shoveled the earth into carts, and carried it away to fill up hollows and ponds in other places.

The day was cold, the work slow and tedious, and the men were swearing and shouting at the horses to make them stand firm on the steep banks while the carts were being loaded.

This it was very difficult to do, and, as the poor beasts moved, the angry men swore the louder, and beat them cruelly with their heavy leathern whips. The gentleman was hurrying by in the midst of this confusion, when suddenly he heard singing. He listened; it was a boy's voice, clear and sweet, and the words he sang were,—

"Let us walk in the light, in the light of God."

He looked up, and saw a boy about twelve years old driving toward him one of these carts. His cap was torn, his jacket was too short and too tight, his comforter faded and old, his pants ragged, and his hands red and swollen as he held the reins. But his face was brave and bright, and, above the sound of angry voices, fearful oaths, and the sharp crack of the whips, rang out his sweet hymn,—

"In the light, in the light of God."

"It seemed to me," said the gentleman, "like an angel's voice, so pure and clear." He stopped to listen until the boy had passed him, and the sound grew fainter until it died away in the distance.

Children, that boy walked in the light,—not the sunlight, for it was a cloudy day; but the light of the Sun of Righteousness shining in his heart. No danger of his learning to swear, even among such men; he could not hear the oaths while he sang; perhaps he sang so that he might not hear. One thing is certain about him; he is a Sunday-school boy, and so long as he continues to walk in the light, God will cause it to grow brighter and brighter about his steps. He will not always drive a dirt-cart. God will find other work for him to do in this world, or take him perhaps to a world of light.

The gentleman went home, but he did not forget the boy or the hymn. A few days after, he said to his wife, "I must find that boy, I can not get his voice out of my ears; I hear it last at night, and first in the morning,—

"Walk in the light, in the light of God."

He is a good boy, I know, and I must do something to help him along."

Children, may it not be possible that our good God sent that boy to "do something to help" the gentleman? For he is not a Christian; he has been walking in darkness these many years; perhaps those words will sound in his heart until he shall receive that light with which God is willing to flood every human soul.

Learn your Sunday-school hymns, and sing them often. A good man once said, "Where singing is Satan can not enter." Fill your young hearts with them to keep out evil thoughts, and sing them to keep out evil sounds. Sing about the "Light of God," "The Sweetest Name," "The Golden City," "The Evergreen Shore." It may be that you, like the little Western boy, will be singing God's message to some waiting human soul.

Aunt Emma.

For the Child at Home.

"GOD IS OUR FATHER."

Said a little girl, as she rose from her knees after listening to the prayer offered by her father at morning family worship, "Papa, what makes you talk so to God when you pray? You talk to him just as I do to you. You tell him just what we want."

"Yes, my dear," was the reply. "God is our father. We may go to him as lovingly as you come to me, and may tell him all our wants, little and great, and ask him to bless us and forgive our sins for the Saviour's sake. And if we do so, he will hear us and bless us."

I heard the question and answer, and I saw that pleasant and precious thoughts had been awakened in that young heart. May they be cherished there till that heart shall be filled with love to the blessed God, "OUR FATHER."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

Maybe, dear little child, you think it is of no consequence. Let us see. Some time perhaps you have done some very naughty thing, either in school or at home, and your teacher, or your mother or father, knowing it, called, in an angry or saddened tone, "John," or "Lucy," or whatever your name may be. Then didn't you wish you could shake it off, and didn't you feel that your name stands for your very self, and helps to bring your good or your evil acts to the light?

I think many a boy or girl has trembled or rejoiced as the voice of sorrow or of love has pronounced the familiar word that singles out the individual from all the crowd.

I have been listening to-day to that beautiful chapter from St. John's Gospel, where it speaks of Jesus the Good Shepherd, who "callesh his own sheep by name," "and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice; and a stranger will they not follow; but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."

The people in the East understood that very well, because there the shepherds used to give names to their sheep, and they would answer to them, just as our dogs and horses do. You know Jesus always taught his people from the objects and customs that were about him.

It would be well if you and I were always to follow this blessed Jesus when we hear him speaking to us. You remember when God called to the little boy, "Samuel! Samuel!" how quickly he answered, "Here am I." At first he thought it was Eli, the old prophet; but when he knew, he said, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." And God made him also a prophet in Israel, and "was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground."

And so will he be with you and me, if we hear and obey his voice, and by and by, when the rocks are rent and the graves open, and all the dead small and great stand before the Lord to be judged, we shall not tremble, but shall rejoice when he calls us each by name, and gives to us a place in his eternal kingdom.

Fanfan.



THE BIRD'S-NEST.

A LITTLE bird once made a nest
Of moss and hay and hair;
And then she laid five speckled eggs,
And covered them with care.

Five little birds were hatched in time,
So small and bare and weak;
The father fed them every day
With insects from his beak.

At last the little birds, were fledged,
And strong enough to fly;
And then they spread their pretty wings,
And bade the nest good-by.

There's many a little home like this,
Sheltered in every grove,
To teach us how to make our homes
Abodes of peace and love.

Selected.

For the Child at Home.

WILL YOU TRY?

Away off in the Pacific Ocean, many thousand miles from us, is a cluster of islands called the Sandwich Islands. If you will turn to your maps, you will see just where they are. A dark, copper-colored people live there, who look something like the Malays, whom you see in your geography. Fifty years ago these people were all heathen. They knew nothing of the true God, and worshiped idols made of wood and stone. But missionaries went there and preached Jesus to them, and they threw away their idols, built them neat churches, and began to love and serve the true God. Now, a great many white people, who have gone from this and other countries, live there, and are teaching the natives the ways of civilized life. They have but just begun to manage their families, and train up their children in a Christian manner; but they are learning quite rapidly. They now send their little ones to school and to Sunday school, as you are sent, where they are furnished with books and papers, which they read and enjoy as you do.

A little while ago, when the "Child at Home" was sent from Boston to one of the Sunday schools in Honolulu,—the largest town on the island,—a copy of the "Freedman" was sent with it. The "Freedman," you know, is the little paper made on purpose for the colored children at the South, who have just been brought out of slavery. The superintendent of the school looked over it, and smiled as he saw the A B C's and the easy reading lessons in it; but he understood who it was made for, and he was pleased and interested. So he took it to his Sunday school, where he showed it to the children, and explained to them its history. He told them of the many thousand colored children in the United States who had been slaves, but were now made free, and how eager they were to learn; how they

ran for the books and papers just as a troop of half-starved children would rush for food, which was spread before them. The little dark skinned Sandwich Islanders listened as their superintendent talked to them, and popped up their heads here and there all over the room to get a sight of the "Freed-man," which he opened and held in his hand while he spoke.

"And now," said he, when he had finished his story, "don't you want to help send this little paper to these poor, hungry children?"

"Yes, yes," was heard all over the room; or rather something which meant yes, for they do not speak our language.

"Then next Sunday you may bring your bits of money, and we will see how much we can gather for them, and we will send it to America."

The next Sunday came, and the children went trooping to school; not dressed in silks and cashmeres, with neat pantalets and shoes, and nice hats and cloaks, such as you wear. Oh, no. The weather is very warm there, and the little natives have generally but a single garment of calico or muslin, made loose and long, sometimes with a hat and shoes, and sometimes not. To be sure, there were some boys and girls there who belong to the missionary and other American families, who were dressed very much like the little ones at home; but most of the children were natives, and arrayed in native style.

They gathered in the school-room, sang some of their sweet hymns, recited their lessons, and then the collection was taken; and how much do you think they gathered? Seventeen dollars in coin, which, when it came to New York, was worth thirty dollars. Wasn't that a nice present from the little natives of the Sandwich Islands to the little freed children of the United States? I think it was.

Do you say that that isn't much? No, it isn't much in itself, but it was a good deal for them to give. I couldn't help thinking, when I heard of it, of the widow's mites which were worth so much in the estimation of Jesus; and I thought it might seem to him of more value than much larger collections taken in the large schools full of rich people's children. And I am sure, if every Sabbath school in this country would send thirty dollars to the Tract Society, they would have money enough to print all the books and papers they want for the freed children.

See, now, if you can do as much in your school. Will you try?

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

THE LAMB IN HARNESS.

I am going to tell you, children, of a queer ride I once saw. Who do you guess were the riders?

It was in Italy, thousands of miles away, you know, and I was riding home from Mt. Vesuvius, that wonderful volcano, where I had been spending the day. As we came near the city of Naples, where we were living then, we saw a tall, strong man driving before him, by a string, a very nice, fat lamb. Such a plump, white little fellow! about six months old, I should say. He was pacing discreetly along, without a single frisk or gambol. He had too great a care on his mind for playing. On his back there was a queer little saddle made of a piece of straw matting; each end of which was doubled together and sewed, so as to make a kind of basket hanging over each side of the lamb.

In each basket sat a fine-feathered lady! a real live hen! riding to market, no doubt. But they did not seem to enjoy their handsome little team. I suppose the truth is they would quickly have flown cackling off, if their feet had not been tied. As it was, they sat demurely in their seats, and hid their heads under their wings. They would rather have walked. It is better to be free, and work your own way, than to ride with fettered feet; and I hope

you never forget to thank God *that you are free*, as well as for the many other blessings that you enjoy.

Lazy Italians! not content with making one horse carry eighteen people, as I have seen them do, they make even the little lambs work.

And do you know that in Germany the cows have to plough? Yes, indeed. And I am almost ashamed to tell you that I have seen there a *woman* and a cow drawing a cart together. A horse and a cow harnessed into the same cart, the horse leading, is a very common sight. Even the dogs work for their living, drawing the little milk-carts.

Only the cats escape. But they have so much to do about the rats and mice, that it is hardly fair to call them idle.

C.



For the Child at Home.

UNDER THE SEA.

Did you ever see a diver, Charlie?

"Yes; last summer when we were down on the shore we went in to swim almost every day, and brother Tom used to get up on a high rock and dive from it splendidly into the deep water. He was a diver."

But I don't mean that. Did you ever see a man clothed in a water-proof dress so that he could go down to the bottom of the river or harbor and work there?

"Oh, no, I never saw that."

Then I can tell you something interesting. I was standing near



the end of a wharf in one of our cities. The wharf had caved in, or rather had fallen out, so that many of the granite blocks of which it was built had rolled into the channel and needed to be removed. A vessel was anchored near, and three or four men in a small boat at hand appeared to be very carefully managing some ropes, and an India-rubber or gutta-percha tube which passed over the boat's side and down under the water. While I stood there, up came a strange looking object out of the water, the upper part of it appearing like a large, round, brass lantern with two small windows

in front, and a tube or smoke-pipe at the top. But as more of the object came into view I saw it put out two arms and cling to the side of the boat.

It was a diver, a man in *submarine armor* as it is called; that is, armor to be worn under the sea. The armor was made of metal and of rubber cloth, air and water tight. The tube which entered the top of the head-piece or helmet supplied the wearer with air; and he had come up by the ropes to rest a little and take a fresh start. He had fastened a chain to one of the big rocks below, and now the crew of the vessel at anchor were hoisting it up. Thus they were clearing the channel.

"That is curious! And could he go down to the bottom of the sea as well?"

Yes; along the shore, and where the depth of water is not very great. Men can live for a considerable time under water. The wise Maker of these bodies of ours designed them for life on the land and in the air; but he also gave to man a mind to think and to plan, and by using his mental powers, man has found a way to go "under the sea" and labor there. Divers have been employed by our government to clean the bottoms of the monitors, — the iron-clad vessels. These vessels become very foul under water after a while, with shells and seaweed, and this of course lessens their speed. Several divers have been doing this work for our fleet at Port Royal. A correspondent of a newspaper tells an amusing story of one of them who was very fond of a joke. A negro had come down from an up-river plantation with a boat-load of water-melons.

"While busy selling his melons, the diver came up, and rested himself on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water, with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat, and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with the muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Station Creek since. He can not be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war."

The poor fellow was more frightened than hurt, and I hope that some kind friend sent the money to him which was due for the melons, for it seems hard that he should lose it.

By means of submarine armor, some very profitable work has been done. Sunken wrecks have been visited by divers, and large amounts of treasure and other valuables have been recovered; and in some instances the sunken ships have been raised. The use of this armor is but one of the many discoveries which men have made. It is interesting to contemplate such an overcoming of difficulties by genius and persevering effort; and every new success of the human mind should inspire us with increased reverence for the great first Mind, the Author and Maker of all. If the *creature* is capable of learning and doing things which are so wonderful, what must be the wisdom and power of the Infinite One, the *Creator*!

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

"MY SOLDIER PAPA."

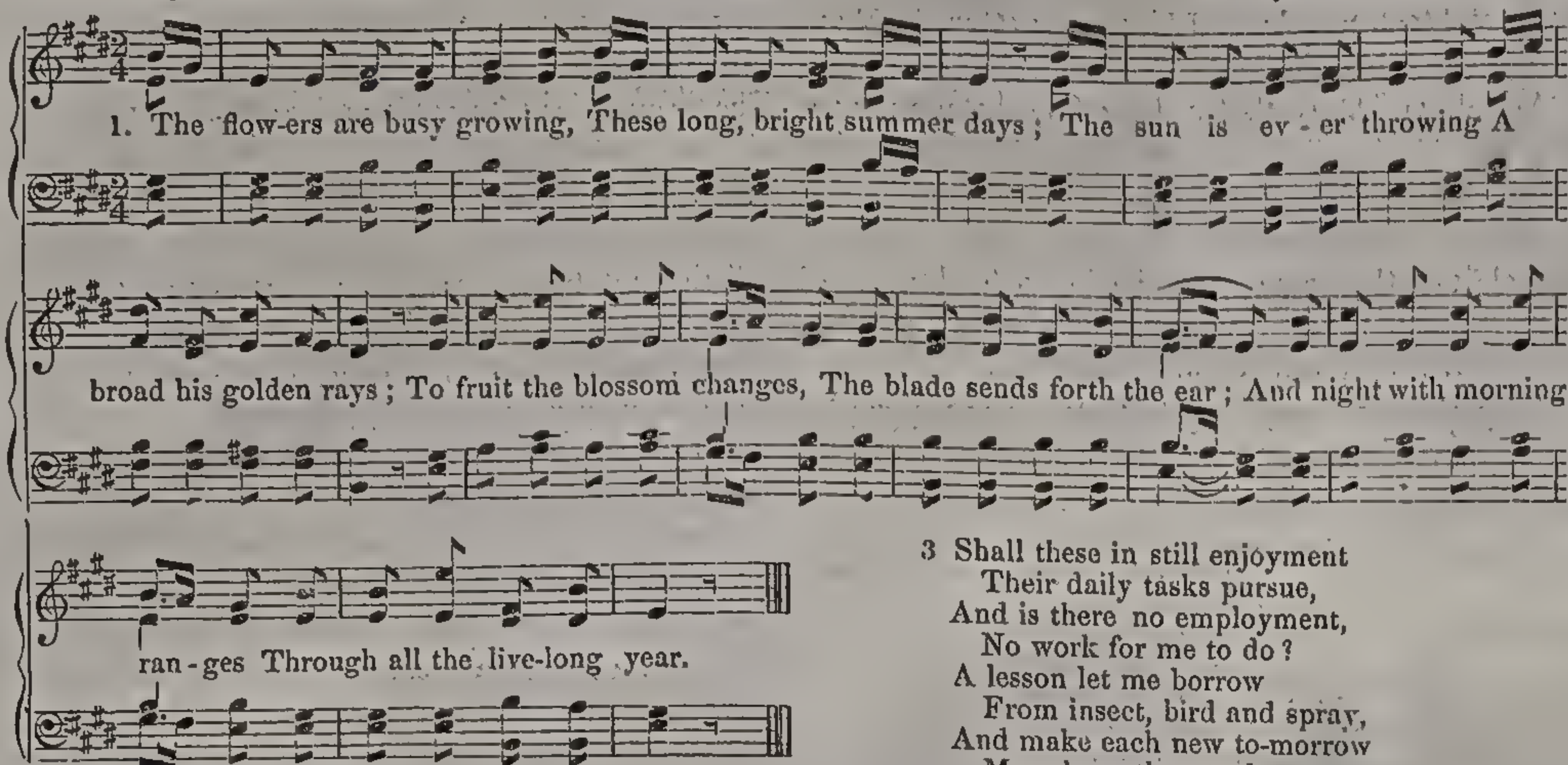
Little Caddie's papa is in the army. Caddie misses him sadly. She has taken the silver half-dollar, which has lain snugly hidden away in her tiny purse ever since she was a wee thing to buy him a Knapsack Testament. Her little fingers have worked very busily to make him a nice "housewife;" for you know, dear children, the soldiers have to mend their own clothes, and need thread and needles to do it with. Mamma stocked Caddie's housewife with all the things papa might want in it.

For the Child at Home.

ALL ARE BUSY.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2 The little birds are tending
Their helpless yearling brood:
Now the dear nest defending,
Now seeking pleasant food;
The ant and bee are heaping
Their winter's store to-day;
Not one is idly sleeping
The summer hours away.

3 Shall these in still enjoyment
Their daily tasks pursue,
And is there no employment,
No work for me to do?
A lesson let me borrow
From insect, bird and spray,
And make each new to-morrow
More busy than to-day.

4 With powers which God has given,
A mind to think and plan,
With promised joys in heaven,
I'll work for God and man.
No little one shall perish,
No wanderer faint and fall,
While I the weak can cherish,
Can help and comfort all.

Then Caddie wrote with her own little hand in queer crooked letters upon a bit of paper, "Papa, from his dear Caddie," and pinned it to the housewife.

The little work-bag went in the box to papa with the other nice things they sent to him at Christmas-time.

Caddie was not happy unless she could be doing something for the father she loved so well; so it was not long before her mother almost every day heard the question, —

"Mamma, what can I do for papa — my soldier papa?" "Soldier papa" was Caddie's favorite name for her father.

One day mamma took little Caddie upon her knee, and, stroking the soft brown hair, said, "My love, you can pray for papa. Pray to God to take care of him, and to make him very good." "God bless papa," had always been part of Caddie's evening prayer; but now she must "pray a prayer for nobody but papa." So every night, after the little girl has said her other prayers, she prays very earnestly for her soldier papa; and her father, when he sits in his tent, or paces back and forth on guard, thinks of his little girl praying for him at home; and nothing that Caddie has ever done for him makes him feel so happy as this.

Little reader, have you a soldier papa? If you have, pray for him. If he loves Jesus, it will make him glad; and if he does not love Jesus, then, dear child, you have need to pray that God will help him to be a Christian, and keep him safely, so that when the war is over, and we have peace again, he may return to you well, and grateful to the good God who has kept him all the while he has been gone.

Hattie.

For the Child at Home.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

MARK XI. 22.

I LOVE to think that God appoints
My portion day by day;
Events of life are in his hand;
And I would only say —
"Appoint them in thine own good time,
And in thine own best way:
All things shall mingle for my good,
I would not change them if I could,
Nor alter thy decree.
Thou art above, and I below!
'Thy will be done!' and 'EVEN SO,'
For so it pleaseth thee!"

Mrs. Waring.

For the Child at Home.

THE TOAD AND THE ANTS.



in the oak-tree; it's a kind of a fat mouse with big eyes, most as big as the owl father brought home a good while ago; come out and see it!"

The two sisters went to see the wonder, and there sure enough, sitting in the fork of the old oak, about one and a half feet from the ground, was a very queer beast, as the Irish would say, — really no other than a dignified tree-toad, that was using his faculties to the best purpose to get a living.

"Oh, it's a toad," said Ella; "let's watch him! I've heard father say they are very useful in the garden. They eat a great many insects that would spoil the plants."

"What are insects?" asked Allie.

"Oh, they are flies, bugs, ants, and worms," said Ella. "See! see! he's caught a fly!"

"Quick as wink! did not he?" said Allie.

"Yes," replied Ella. "I did not know that the quiet-looking toad could move so quick!" The tongue of the creature ran out with lightning speed, and lapped up the heedless fly that had ventured within reach.

"What a foolish fly!" said Fannie; "he could keep out of the way, I should think, easily; he's as quick as the toad. Why did not he fly away?"

"He did not see his danger, I suppose," said Ella.

"Didn't he see the toad?" asked Allie.

"Perhaps he did not," replied Ella; "the toad looks so much like the bark of the tree, that the fly might not have seen him."

"This is a very sensible toad," said Ella, after a pause, in which the three children were busy watching the ants that climbed the tree in search of worms. Between the rough ridges of the bark they found paths in which they ran, eager to get their work done before night, and whenever one of them came near enough, Sir Toadie snapped it up.

It was true that he had shown his discernment in

selecting this tree in which to get his meals, for it was the only wormy one of the group. The worms had their homes in a number of places in its body, and the busy ants having once found them, for they had eaten through the bark, showed them no mercy. Here was a chain; the worms feeding on the life of the tree, the ants hungry for the worms, and the toad lying in wait for the ants.

How did the toad know how to choose so well? How came the ants to find out the retreat of the worms? and what made the worms gnaw into the heart of this tree, and leave the others untouched? These questions gave the children plenty of business for a time.

When Allie's father saw the movements of toadie and the ants, he told the children there was one little lesson he wished them to learn from it, which was to look out and not venture in the way of danger.

"We are told," he continued, "to learn lessons of industry from the ant, but we must also watch lest some sinful habit destroy us; we must not walk in the paths of the destroyer." E. C. P.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

A slaveholder of Hannibal, Missouri, whose slaves recently ran away, has since received from them a Bible, and with it a request that he "should read it regularly."

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

We have commenced the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page are printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness.

Notwithstanding the great expensiveness of these colored engravings, and of their printing, we propose to put the price exceedingly low. It will be as follows:

For single copies, yearly	\$0 50
" five " to one address	2 00
" fifteen " " "	5 00
" fifty " " "	15 00

Subscriptions may begin from July for the remaining six months of the year at one-half the above rates. Any person now receiving the plain edition, may change it for the colored for the remainder of the year, including the July number, by sending us additional payment, as follows: —

For less than five copies to one address,	20 cents each
" five to fifteen copies " " "	16 " "
" fifteen or more copies " " "	14 " "

The plain edition will be continued as heretofore.

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"HEAR ME PLAY."

Take care! take care, little Nellie! What would Sister Jane say if she should come in now, and find you at her piano?

"Sister Jane will kiss me."

Will she? Perhaps so. I am sure I hope so. And then perhaps she will gently take you away, because Nellie is not quite old enough yet to play on the piano. And how much better it will be for Jane to do so than to come in and rush upon little sister, and drag her roughly off, with harsh and angry words!

But, Nellie, how did you find out that putting your fingers on those smooth black and white pieces of wood and ivory would make such sweet sounds?

"Sister Jane does so."

Ah, yes! that's it. You saw Sister Jane do it, and now your little hands must do the same.

How many Janes and Nellies will see this picture of the child "doing what sister has done" before her, who will remember times almost without number when the same or some other act of imitation has been done in their own home-circle!

Brothers and sisters, who have younger ones about you, remember that little eyes are watching! Little ears are open, and little tongues ready, the one to hear and the other to echo your words; little hands and feet will repeat as far as they may the work of yours. Don't let them see that done by you, or

hear those words from your lips which will harm them to repeat or imitate.

Think what a blessed work you may do for the dear little boy or girl who is already looking trustingly up to you as the "big" brother or sister. You, as well as your father and mother, have duties to that young immortal. Don't allow the spirit of wicked Cain to creep into your heart. Don't allow yourself even to *begin* to feel like asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Yes; we all owe the little children around us—whether of our own family or not—the duty of watchfulness, that our example may be one which it shall not endanger their souls to copy.

Think of this, dear young reader. Little Nellie, who imitates Jane now at the piano-forte, will soon be imitating that sister in things of such importance that the doing or neglecting of them will affect her happiness in eternity. Think of the eyes that are watching you.

For the Child at Home.

THE BUTTERFLY UPON THE CLOCK.

I was looking at it yesterday, and it set me to thinking; there it perches day after day and night after night, hard and cold and motionless; never heeding the tick, tick, tick of time as it passes away into eternity. It is of bronze,—that is a metal composed of copper and tin,—so unlike the beautiful creatures that flit about in the sunshine, and with their radiant wings, lure the little children to give chase to them, if possibly they may hold them in their hands and see what it is that is so golden and bright!

Do you remember how you and brother last summer ran after one in the meadow, and that, just as the little boy thought he had it safe under his hat, it flew swiftly off and sipped honey from another clover blossom?

Some people call these butterflies vain, and compare a giddy girl, who has no aim but folly in this life, to them; but I do not like the comparison, because these creatures are fulfilling God's will, and living wholly up to what he designed they should do.

When they are caterpillars they crawl contentedly their allotted space, and then go to their chrysalis graves, and by and by come forth winged and beautiful, to teach you and me of the glorious resurrection. Is that a vain life which preaches of humility and contentment, and of an immortality beyond the grave? I think not.

I'll tell you what comparison I made, as I looked at the hard bronze image upon the clock, and thought of the living, active butterflies out in the busy world. How many little children, and men and women too, are like this senseless image, never thinking how swiftly time is passing away into eternity! Hard, cold, indifferent are they,

while their active fellows are doing God's bidding, and the sunshine of his love is upon them, making their souls glowing and bright, as the radiance upon the butterfly's wings.

Oh, let us not be hard and cold and idle, but quick in our Creator's service, living fully up to God's purpose for us, and making it a joy for all men to behold us!

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE HARP.

Willie sat by the window one summer evening. The sun had just set, and a soft breeze was blowing through the linden-trees before the door. He looked up into the sky for the stars, thinking of the little children in old times, of whom he had heard, who kept Saturday night, and had to behave so well all through the Sabbath until evening came, when, if they could see three stars, they might play. He felt very comfortable, with one foot tucked up under him, and his head leaning against the window-frame. I mean he felt comfortable outside, not inside. He had just grieved his mother very much. He had spoken very disrespectfully to her, because he could not have his own way. She had told him to sit by the window and think what a naughty boy he had been, and when he was sorry to come and tell her.

But Willie wasn't sorry a bit. His mother was real cross, he thought. She might let him do as he had a mind to once in a while. It was too bad.

Pretty soon he saw two men pass along the street. One had a violin on his arm. The other carried on his back a harp covered with a green cloth. They stopped before a house opposite. The harp was uncovered, and they began to play. At first the music was lively and merry. It soon changed to a sad tune.

"Who will care for mother now?"

Willie thought of the dying soldier-boys on Southern battle-fields, far away from those who loved them so. He wondered how he should feel if he was in their place, and how he should want to see his mother. Then he thought of her again, of her patient, faithful love. She had not scolded him any. She had only talked to him gently. If she should die now, oh, how lonesome he would be! He put his hand in his pocket, and took out his wallet. There was a new two-cent piece in it. It was all he had and he thought a great deal of it. But he held it up and beckoned to the man with the harp. He thought he ought to have it, because his music had made him sorry he was such a naughty boy. Then he ran to his mother and threw his arms around her neck.

"Oh, mother, I am sorry I was naughty. The man with the harp made me feel sorry when he played 'Who will care for mother now?'"

"My dear boy," said his mother, as she pressed a kiss on his forehead, "I hope that you will repent of your sins toward God as readily as you do because you have grieved me; and that when life is over you may stand in the presence of God, with a crown on your head and a harp in your hand, to praise him for ever."

Christie Pearl.

For the Child at Home.

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

The minister told the little children of the Sunday school a story.

He had asked them, "What is vanity?" and one of them had answered, "Pride."

"Well, that will help us a little," said he; "do you know what bird is called a vain bird, because it is proud of its fine plumage?"

They all answered, "The peacock." "And what ugly offset has it to its beautiful feathers?" asked the minister.

Everybody knew that, of course. "Its harsh voice," said the little folks.

"Yes, and its hideous claws. When it looks down at these, it drops its outspread plumage, and goes about meekly, as if there were quite as much to be ashamed of as to be proud of."

We are very like the peacock, dear children; we make a great display of our fine clothes; but when we look down into our hearts, and see the deformity of sin, and remember that our garments were the consequence of our guilt, we shall no longer make our boast of them, and wish to display them. But I must tell you about my visitor. Vanity and curiosity are very apt to go together, and the peacock is a very curious bird; none more so. It is always poking into other people's business.

I went one day to the ground-floor to pack some books, and presently I heard a noise behind me, and on looking round, behold! a peacock had walked in, and was prying into the trunk to see what he could discover. He seemed quite at home, and followed me about, searching into every thing as if he had a perfect right there.

I had not invited him, and his proper place was out of doors, but I treated him politely, and allowed him to remain, instead of showing him that he was not welcome, and instead of driving him away.

I hope I am not treading upon the toes of any little boy or girl! That is what they say, you know, when the moral of a story exactly applies to those who hear it, but I do not wish to believe any of you are vain, or have an improper curiosity, or are rude and uncivil even to your unwelcome visitors. I want you to be meek and lowly in heart, and courteous to all with whom you have to do; so shall you be the children of Him who loves humility.

F. B. S.



For the Child at Home.

THE STREET SWEEPERS.

How they jostle them by!

"Please sir a penny, a penny ma'am please,
I've swept it all nice, you can cross at your ease;
The rich and the proud, the gay and the strong,
With plenty of wrappings, go bustling along;
While the poor little girl, with no shoes on her feet,
And clothes all in rags, sweeps the mud from the street."

How they go jostling by!

Never heeding the sigh
Of care and fatigue from the poor weary one,
Who toils for a pittance till daylight is gone,—
The lovers of pleasure, the careless and free,
And those who have leisure Christ's helpers to be,
All hurriedly pass o'er the crossing so dry,
Ne'er heeding the sweeper though tears dim her eye

Do not jostle them by,
The poor children who try

With little pinched fingers, in pleading outspread,
To get a few pennies with which to buy bread.
Pray, stop for a moment; you will not lose time,
And e'en a small offering may save one from crime.
Bestow of your riches, and learn to believe,
That it is more blessed to give than receive.

J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE GAMBLER.

He was not a vagrant, with dirty face and ragged clothes, hanging round markets and corners with no one to care for him. He was a neat, well-dressed Sunday-school boy, blessed by a good father and mother, who loved him and did all they could to make him happy. They had never known him to tell a lie or to steal any thing; so they believed him to be true and honest in all things; and so did his teacher in Sunday school. But all this time Harry Ward was a gambler, and teaching boys smaller than himself to gamble!

One day he came in with his eye badly hurt, and although every thing proper was done to prevent it, it swelled and grew very black. His mother asked him how it happened that any boy should have given him such a blow.

"I was playing marbles in the school-yard, mother, and Ned grew angry, and said I had cheated him."

"And what did you say?" asked Mrs. Ward.

"I called him a liar!"

"Why, Harry!"

"And then he gave me this blow, and I do believe he has put my eye out!"

"What made him think you had cheated him, my son?" asked the mother.

Harry hung his head, but made no reply.

"You surely were not *winning* his marbles away from him?" asked Mrs. Ward, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, mother, all the boys play in earnest," answered Harry, blushing; "at any rate, a good many do."

"A great many boys steal and fight and drink, my dear," replied the mother; "but that surely does not make it right. I am greatly grieved to know this, Harry."

"Oh, mother, you need not be! It is a *very little thing*; all the marbles I ever won would not cost a quarter of a dollar!" cried Harry.

"Sin is sin, whether on a large or small scale; and I fear you have learned to love gambling, if you are willing to call a boy a liar and to quarrel for a penny's worth of marbles! Let this be the last of it, Harry."

"Yes, mother; I will promise you not to play in earnest any more," said the boy, pained to see her so sad about such a *little thing*.

Before long a large boy in school had a pretty little silver watch in which he wished to sell fifty shares at fifty cents each. The temptation was too great for Harry. He remembered his promise to his mother, but he said "That was not to play *marbles*;" and so he picked out five ten-cent pieces from his missionary box, — thus becoming a thief, — bought ticket "No 25," and won the watch! He was overjoyed for *one moment*; but then came the thought, "I can not wear it without telling my parents how I came by it. This will be to confess disobedience, theft, and gambling." He was as miserable as he could be, when he entered his pleasant home after school. He could not look his mother in the eye, and felt as if she saw through his jacket into his pocket! He slipped up-stairs, and hid the watch under his pillow; and soon went up again and put it through a knot-hole under the floor of the attic. Then he went round among the boys coaxing and hiring them never to tell who won the watch; and came home hoping all was now secure, even though he should never dare to carry the treasure which had cost him so much suffering.

As the family took their seats at the tea-table Mr. Ward said, "My boy, when I stepped into the post-office, that poor miserable Jake, who keeps the grog-shop under the market, congratulated me on my son's good luck! What did he mean?"

"I don't know, sir," said Harry, trying to look very brave.

"He said you had won a watch at a raffle, and I

told him he was mistaken; that my boy had too much principle for that."

Harry was silent; but his father saw guilt in his eye, and soon learned all the truth. He was greatly grieved that he had been so deceived in his child, and that his heart was already so stained with sin.

The next morning Mr. Ward did not go into the city; he had business more important than serving customers. He took the hidden watch, and went to school with Harry. He told the whole affair of the raffling, and the teacher, who had known nothing of it before, insisted on the ticket-money being restored to each boy and the watch to the first owner.

Poor Harry was sadly mortified by this exposure, but we are sorry to say he was not cured of the sad passion he had been nursing in secret.

After a few years, he went into a store in the city, and here he was thrown into new temptation. Raffles were quite common among the young boys he knew; and he was not at all shocked when asked to buy a ticket, first in a revolver and then in a piano. He drew the last, and disposed of it without the knowledge of his parents; and success in the evil way ruined him! He soon began slyly to get articles such as saddles, violins, meerschaum pipes, etc., on credit, and then to set them up at lottery! He found this an easier way of making money than attention to the interest of his employer, and neglected his business so much that he soon lost his place. He had also made friends with several youths who led him still farther from duty; and fearing the censure of his father, he sailed for California, where at the early age of nineteen he was a professed gambler, smoking his cigar, drinking his wine, and going rapidly down the broad road that leads to death.

All this came of winning a few worthless, clay marbles! Boys, beware! Don't gamble in marbles or in articles at fairs or any where else. Satan is setting these traps for your feet; but resist him and he will flee from you.

J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

LUCIA AND I.

Lucia and I were playing on one of the scaffolds in the barn. It was many years ago, as you would reckon time; I was but a mite of a thing, and Lucia was still smaller. The hay was piled high on the scaffold; we wanted to come down the side next the barn-floor among the sheep-shearers, but were afraid to clamber down, and it seemed a long way for such little things to jump. But Mr. Mann, one of the sheep-shearers, seeing our perplexity, left his work and coming below us put up his stout large arms, saying, "Jump, little girls; I will catch you." He could not quite reach us, and we were afraid to venture.

"Don't be afraid, I'll be sure to catch you," said Mr. Mann.

Still we were afraid. But Mr. Mann was kind and patient.

"Jump right into my hands," he insisted "you will be safe."

We looked and considered. We saw how strong he was, we knew he was a man of his word, and we trusted him. I threw myself upon his strong hands. They were firm as a granite rock, and received me as though my weight were only that of a feather. He set me lightly on the floor, and Lucia followed in the same way.

This ought to have served as a lesson to us, and when the Lord Jesus besought us, as he does all his

little ones for whom he died, to venture ourselves on his kind promise to trust him in times of danger and distress, and to give our souls into his strong hands for safety, we should have considered how much stronger and more loving he is than any merely human friend; how much more ready to take our souls in the everlasting arms of his love than any friend beside him ever was to help us in our childish difficulties. But it was a long time before we would believe our dear Saviour, when he said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I hope it will not be so with you.

You can see, if we had persisted in our fears on the hay scaffold and refused to come down, Mr. Mann would have been obliged to leave us. So the Lord Jesus will not compel us to receive his salvation. But he is offering now to become *your* Saviour. To every one of you, little children, he makes this offer, for he loves you unspeakably.

U. L. S. B.



For the Child at Home.

HAULING THE NET.

"Come, Frank, let's go down to the river and see them haul the net. Nellie, you and Lucy may go, too. It's something that you who live in the city can't see every day, and I think the fishermen will do well this morning."

The kind man who spoke, and whom I shall call Mr. J., dearly loved these children, who were his nephew and nieces; and did you ever know of such an uncle who was not loved in return? His home was in the country, near to one of our beautiful New England rivers; and the visit there was a subject of never-failing interest to his young relatives in the city, whether they were anticipating it as the spring days came on, or calling it to mind as they sat at home together during the long winter evenings.

Mr. J., with Frank and the girls, was soon upon the pleasant, gravelly beach of the river. The men were already drawing in the net, and one end of it was in sight. Did you ever see a large net, — or seine as it is oftener called, — did you ever see one "hauled"? Imagine yourselves now with Nellie, Lucy, and Frank. Try to see what they saw, and to hear what they heard from Mr. J.

The fishermen had taken hold of the large rope that is connected with the two smaller ropes that passed, one along the upper and the other along the lower side of the net, and had pulled upon it till one end of the net began to come out of the water. Then the other end was drawn in till it touched the shore; and thus a sort of inclosure was made, the outer side of which was the net, reaching from the top of the water to the bottom of the river, the upper side of the net being kept up by buoys or floats, and the lower side kept down by small weights, and

thus all the fish within it that were not small enough to dart through the meshes, or lively enough to jump over, were made prisoners.

"Look sharply now, Frank! Nellie, can you see a fish yet?"

"Not yet, uncle."

"I see them! I see lots of them!" cried Lucy. "There they hop!" And sure enough, as the net was drawn nearer and nearer to the shore, the frightened fish were seen rushing here and there, and many of them jumping quite out of the water in their eagerness to escape.

Now the fishermen began to throw them out, and soon the whole net with its contents was on the shore.

"What do they put them in two piles for, uncle?"

"Let us move nearer, Nellie, and you can ask the man himself."

"Why do you throw those out there, and these into this pile here?" asked Nellie of the fisherman.

"Oh, we throw *them* away," he answered, good-naturedly; "we don't want them. They're poor fish, not fit to eat, good for nothing, unless 'tis to throw out on the ground. I believe that's what the farmers do with them; they say dead fish make things grow. But these fine fish in this lot, these are what we want, and a grand haul we've made this morning."

Having seen the fish all sorted out, good and bad, the little party turned homeward. As they walked slowly along the pleasant path from the river, they talked together of the net-hauling. Mr. J. never lost an opportunity to do his young friends good. If you have been trying to see and hear what these children saw and heard, will you still listen to their kind uncle?

"I was thinking," said he, "as we stood on the beach, and saw

them separating those fish, of one of the parables of Christ. Do you remember that at one time he compared the kingdom of heaven to 'a net that was cast into the sea' and gathered fish of all kinds? 'They drew it to the shore,' Christ said, 'and gathered the good into vessels, but *cast the bad away*.' That is what we have seen done. And in that parable our blessed Saviour warned his hearers of the time that is coming when, in like manner, the wicked shall be separated from the just and *'cast away*.' The *just*, dear Nellie and Lucy and Frank, will be those who have loved and served Jesus; the *wicked*, those who have rejected him. Let what we have seen this morning remind you of the teaching of our Saviour, — of the great Separating Day that is coming; and may you be led to put your trust in that faithful Friend, so that you may then be found among the just."

Victor.

THE FREEDMEN AT NORFOLK, VA.

You will be pleased to read what Mr. Coan writes to a Sabbath school near Boston, about the colored schools at Norfolk, Virginia: —

"One great trouble, and I think the greatest now, is, that Northern people, old and young, are so ill-informed about this work and these people.

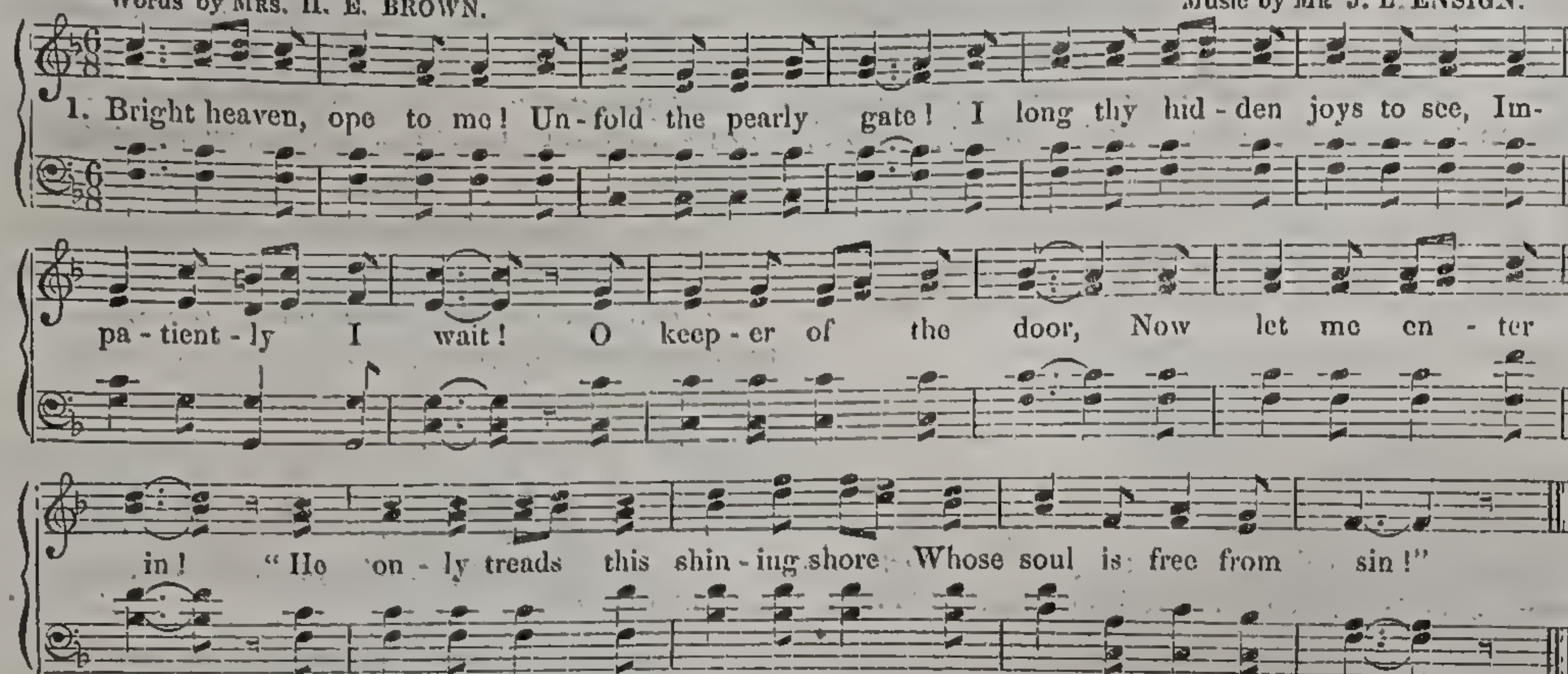
"They are simply men and women, boys and girls, some bad-looking, many good-looking; some woolly-curly heads, others with hair as light-colored and long and straight as mine or yours; some with faces as black as coal, others yellow, and then all shades, even to those as white as the whitest children in your school, and who you would not dream belonged to the colored race. Their eyes, too, are of every color, and are just as bright and sparkling as you ever saw. They have mouths as big and as

For the Child at Home.

WHO SHALL ENTER HEAVEN?

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Ma J. L. ENSIGN.



2 I stand ashamed—all soiled,
And stained, and sadly marred;
Sin has my very soul despoiled,
And heaven's portals barred.
O keeper of the door,
How shall I enter in?—
"The Christ has died to make thee pure,
To cleanse thy soul from sin."

3 Reach down, O Son of God,
To where I weeping lie!
Now wash me in thy precious blood,
Forgive and purify!
O keeper, in His name,
I pray to enter in;
The Christ has borne my grief and shame—
My soul is free from sin.

little, and teeth as good and white, as the best, with noses as long and as short, as flat and as plump and as round, as any people have. They talk, walk, look, and act just as I see white people do every where. In some things they do not behave as well, perhaps, as our race; in others quite as well.

"They will lie, steal, and deceive. To these practices they have been educated by the terrible curse of slavery. They will chew tobacco and smoke and take snuff, perhaps, fully equal to some white folks (I hope they could not exceed them). In one thing, however, they do excel: they use much less strong drink. I have been here twelve months, and have seen but one intoxicated colored person, and after talking with him I found that he had been in the army a few months, and learned to drink there.

"These people will strike, fight, pull hair, ring noses, kick each other, etc., after the most approved Southern or Northern style. They can throw stones, bricks, etc. (*chunk*, as they call it), now, almost as well as the white boys here can, although it is but a short time comparatively that they have practiced this, as formerly only white folks' children did such things, and had it all their own way; but since the blacks have become free they seem to think 'it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.' Poor human nature, you see, will come out, for some of them have got it dreadfully, as bad undoubtedly, to use the words of one of them, as 'dem yer white boys who frung at me de fust fore I done touched him; dat so, sartin, Mr. Coan.'

"There are at present about twenty-five hundred of these poor people—men, women, and children—in those Norfolk schools. What a blessed work to lift them up from an ignorance and degradation, a very small part of the sin of which can be laid at their door!"

For the Child at Home.

HOW DID HE GET HIS PAPER?

A little orphan boy, living in the country with a farmer, saw the "Child at Home," and thought he should be very happy if he could take one. But how was he to get it? He had no money, and could hardly earn his food and clothing. He hit on the following plan. He saw that by getting six or more single subscribers, he could get money enough to pay for a package of papers and the postage for one year, including one copy for himself. But he had no paper for a sample. What was to be done?

A poor girl, living in the same family, offered to lend him one of hers, providing he would be very careful of it. It was "such a love of a paper," she

could not bear to have it soiled. Thus equipped, he started off one morning, bright and early, and returned at about noon, having obtained five subscribers. The next morning he started again, and returned a little after noon with six more and a big apple, which a kind lady had given him, together with a nice, warm dinner. Now are there not many more little boys who can do as well, and add many hundreds to the list of subscribers for the Child at Home? Where there's a will there's a way.
W. S.

For the Child at Home.

HOW JOHNNY WAS HELPED TO CONQUER.



LAGUE take the thing, it won't come right!"

"What is the trouble with it?" asked Aunt Lucy, by whose side Johnny sat, trying to work an example in Equation of Payments.

"I don't know. See, will you?"

"How many times have you worked the example, Johnny?"

"This is the second time."

"Oh, try again, and be patient. Perhaps you have made a mistake in your work, and are a little confused; but patience will bring it out right."

"I have tried, and I should think you might show me now."

Johnny threw down his slate and pencil upon the table before him, and said, angrily, "I shan't try again; you won't show me."

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said Aunt Lucy. "Did you know, Johnny, if you control your temper you will do more than General Grant would if he should succeed in taking Richmond?"

Johnny was really a very bright scholar, but easily discouraged and very impatient. But he was very conscientious, and his aunt knew that a few moments of reflection would bring him to himself. He sat resting his head upon his hand, but suddenly started up and said, "The general could not do much if it were not for the men,—they do it all."

"What would the men do without a general? Did you never think what disorder would be in the ranks if there were no head? Some would approve of one course, and others would contend for another. Finally they would get quarrelling among themselves, and some one would have to interfere to stop this."

"No, Aunt Lucy, I never thought of that. I suppose they would."

"Well, Johnny, you are a higher officer than General Grant, and you have a host of disorderly troops to be driven out of your heart. There are Envy, Hatred, Jealousy, Anger, Malice, Evil-speaking, Impatience, Indolence, and a long list of others.

Now life is the battle-field, and it is to be one continual drill to discipline this disorderly host. Will you not take Christ as the Captain of your salvation, Johnny, and, in the beautiful words of your little Sunday-school hymn—'Live on the field of battle'—'Pray on the field of battle'—'Die on the field of battle?' A tear glistened in Johnny's eye, and after a few moments he took up his slate and pencil saying,—

"You know all the Bible, don't you, Aunt Lucy? I wish I loved it as you do."

"Study it, Johnny, and pray for the Holy Spirit to enable you to understand it, and you can not fail to love it."

Johnny now patiently looked over his example, found his mistake, and corrected it. "There, Aunt Lucy," said he "I've done it."

"And how much better you felt than if I'd performed it for you; and you have gained a victory over your impatience beside." Aunt Lucy stooped and kissed Johnny; and his twelve examples, patiently performed, proved that this lesson of Aunt Lucy was not lost upon him.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

We have commenced the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page are printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness.

Notwithstanding the great expensiveness of these colored engravings, and of their printing, we propose to put the price exceedingly low. It will be as follows:

For single copies, yearly,	\$0 50
" five copies to one address	2 00
" fifteen " "	5 00
" fifty " "	15 00
Packages of twenty-five copies, for any one month,	1 00
Packages of one hundred " "	3 00

Subscriptions may begin from July for the remaining six months of the year at one-half the above rates. Any person now receiving the plain edition, may change it for the colored for the remainder of the year, including the July number, by sending us *additional* payment, as follows:—

For less than five copies to one address,	20 cents each
" five to fifteen copies " "	16 " "
" fifteen or more copies " "	14 " "

The plain edition will be continued as heretofore.

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THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire, of sober life,
Had a conceited, boasting wife;
Of *him* she daily made complaint;
Herself she thought a very saint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favorite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died.
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;

To gratify my curious mind
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
Nor from a vain desire to know,
Entail'd on all my race such woe."
The Squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe,
You would have disobey'd, like Eve."
The lady storm'd and still denied
Both curiosity and pride.

The Squire some future day at dinner,
Resolved to try this boastful sinner;
He griev'd such vanity possess'd her,
And thus in serious terms address'd her:

"Madam, the usual splendid feast
With which our wedding-day is grac'd,
With you I must not share to-day,
For business summons me away.
Of all the dainties I've prepared,
I beg, not any may be spar'd:
Indulge in every costly dish;
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish:
Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition:
On one small dish, which cover'd stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands;
Go—disobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she rang'd from this to that,
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat:
On one small dish she chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:
"Oh! here it is—yet not for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see:
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there I merely wish:
I'll look—Oh no, I lose for ever,
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favor.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny to be debar'd.

John, you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger,
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For tho' I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish:
She starts—for lo! an open pie,
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams with wild surprise,
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she cries;
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke:
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke?
Self-ignorance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Like her's how blest was your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candor to another's fault;
Go, know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

HANNAH MORE.



For the Child at Home.

THE CAGED BIRD.

Little "Jessie," in her prison,
'Reft of blessed liberty,
Spends her days of youth and beauty
Longing ever to be free.

All around, about, above her,
Are the tenants of the air;
Joying in their glorious freedom;
Freedom which she can not share.

Jessie feels no lack of kindness;
Petting, too, enough has she;
Yet she can not cease repining,
That a prisoner she must be.

Why so restless, little Jessie?
Why this sil'y wish to roam?
You're well cared for, pretty birdie,
In your glittering prison home.

Were you with the forest warblers,
Flitting now from tree to tree,
You would perish, little Jessie;
You would perish were you free.

"Better far to die, unfettered,
'Neath the waving wild-wood tree,
Than in bondage live though petted;
Life or death, so I am free!" J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

The warm sun peeped over the garden-wall on to the grass-plot where two little brothers, Harry and Fred, were playing. All around them were beautiful flowers, — tall, golden straw-flowers; gorgeous mottled geraniums, and beds of homely, but sweet-breathed mignonette. The garden sloped away to the south, and far below them lay a lovely stretch of fair meadows and golden grain-fields, with the farm-houses peeping out from their shelter of trees.

But these little boys were so intent on play, that I doubt whether a thought of the beautiful summer day came into their minds. Fred had gathered a large quantity of chips and blocks, with which he had raised a large, square structure which was denominated Fort Sumter. Harry, at the edge of the garden-walk with his wooden gun-boat, was keeping up a vigorous fire with miniature bombshells in the shape of pebble-stones, while Fred sat looking gravely on with folded arms.

But, like most little boys, they soon tired of this, and wandered through the garden in search of amusement. The warm wind swept down to them the breath of a thousand flowers; and the splash of the brook, which carried water to the pond on the lawn, came to their ears. On they went until they came to the small iron fence at the end of the garden. Beyond this was forbidden ground, for the brook ran high and deep, and the boys' papa had often forbidden their venturing there. But as they gazed over the fence, a longing to go there entered their hearts. Never did the brook's murmur sound sweeter, or the shrubbery on its banks wave more invitingly.

Harry looked at Fred, and Fred at Harry. Had either shown the least inclination to obey their father's commands, the other would doubtless have been ashamed of his bad thoughts and turned from the temptation. But Fred's eyes said plainly that

if Harry would go he would. So, taking "gun-boat" along with them, they scrambled over the fence, and went slowly to the brook.

"Oh, what a nice place for a sail!" said Harry, as he lowered "gun-boat" into the current, — "build up Sumter, Fred, and let's have a good time!"

Sumter's walls rose slowly out of the sand with aid of Fred's wooden spade, and matters were prospering finely, when suddenly the string which held the boat broke, and away it dashed down stream.

"Oh, stop it, Fred!" screamed Harry, — "don't let it go!"

But the boat passed Fred before he could drop his spade; but he ran along the bank, leaving Harry looking ruefully at the fragment of string in his hand. Five minutes flew away, and Fred had not come. Harry's heart began to beat very hard with fear, when he heard a sharp scream far below him. He ran swiftly toward the house, but the way seemed very long to him. On the lawn were three or four persons bending over a drenched little form on the grass. Fred had fallen into the brook, but had been rescued. Was he dead? No, God spared him. From that time Fred and Harry were different boys, — always willing and ready to obey their father's wishes.

Even so should we obey our heavenly Father who so mercifully protects us, and sends us so many comforts undeserved.

Glance Gaylord.

For the Child at Home.

THE PROTESTANT'S BRIBE.

In a large, airy chamber in the city of M—, stood long rows of tiny beds, each with its blue checked counterpane and its coarse, but snowy-white sheets. Beside the beds, with closed eyes and folded hands, knelt little girls, of different ages, saying their evening prayer. Had you listened to them you would not have understood them, for they were speaking in French; but that did not matter, the name of Jesus is sweet in every language and the good Father above hears all the children's voices, whether they say "Our Father which art in heaven," or "Notre Père qui es aux cieux."

It was a mission school, and these were poor children who paid nothing for these clean, sweet beds, for the wholesome food they ate, or for the excellent instruction they received from their teachers.

One of the beds seemed to have no child beside it; but, had you looked more closely, you would have seen a white night-dress peeping out from under it, and there, crouching away in the dark, was little Teresa Lamotte, who had been in the school only two days.

Her lips, too, were moving in prayer; but why was she hiding under the bed? Ah, she was not praying to the dear Saviour, as the other children were, — when she finished she did not say, as they did, "And this I ask for Jesus' sake;" no, she was praying to the saints and the Virgin Mary, and she held in her hands a string of black beads, to help her to remember all the senseless prayers she must mumble over.

This was why she hid under the bed to pray; she was ashamed of the black beads and the foolish prayers.

When Teresa had been longer at the school she learned that the name of Jesus is the only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved; so she left off praying to the dead saints, who could not help her. She learned, too, that no priest in the world has power to forgive sins, but God only; and that it was not the using of holy water that could make her soul clean, but the precious blood of Christ.

She learned to read the word of God, too, and best of all she began to love the dear Saviour who died for her; so she sent the black beads back to her friends at home, telling them that the children could pray, at that school, without beads.

By-and-by the time came for Teresa to leave the mission school and go home, and great was the displeasure of her neighbors and relations when they found she would not confess to the priest, nor pray to the Virgin, nor cross herself with holy water.

"Now, Teresa, tell me the truth," said her uncle, "didn't they offer you a bribe at the school if you would take up with their religion?"

"Yes, uncle," said Teresa, after a moment's hesitation, "they did."

"Ah, they did, I thought so, well what was it?"

"They offered us eternal life!"

Eternal life! Ah, children, was not that an offer worth accepting? It is an offer that is made to every one of you; not if you will become Protestants, but if you will love the Saviour — for, "this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life."

N. L. E.



For the Child at Home.

EDDIE'S QUESTIONS.

Little Eddie is very patriotic in his way; he plays soldier a great deal, making always a clear distinction between Union men and rebels. He set his little flag up in the play-room, arranges his toy soldiers round it for a guard, and then marches up his pet kitten on two feet to salute the banner.

The other day, after playing in this way for a time, he sat down on the floor to build block forts to shut his prisoners in, singing as he played snatches of Sunday-school songs. By-and-by he sang more softly, and seemed to grow very thoughtful as he repeated the sweet refrain, "Blessed Jesus!" Then he stopped singing, and talked to himself about Blessed Jesus, and God, and the soldiers. Suddenly he dropped his blocks, and turned to a lady standing near, and said, "Aunty, is God down where the soldiers are?"

"Yes, Eddie," the lady answered, "God is every where."

"Is God down there to keep the soldiers from danger?"

"He is there to take care of them, and to see all they do."

"Is God down where the rebels are?"

"Yes."

"Does God like the rebels?"

"The rebels are fighting against their country, and God never likes people who do so."

"Does God take care of the rebels, Aunty?"

"Eddie," said the lady, "does your mother take care of you when you are naughty? Does she give you food and clothes, and a nice warm bed, and a great many good things?"

"Yes; but mamma punishes me when I am naughty, and she calls me a rebel."

"But she gives you the good things, does she not?"

"She gives me bread and water; and oh, I don't like to be whipped!"

"Well, God takes very kind care of all the people he has made; he gives them bread and water because they are his children, even if they are naughty and wicked, but he will punish them dreadfully some day for being wicked, and he will punish the rebels dreadfully for being rebels."

"Will God love the rebels any more?"

"Eddie, does your mother love you when you are disobedient and naughty?"

"Oh, mamma loves her little boy, but she don't love the naughty."

"So God loves the poor rebels, because they couldn't do without him; but he don't love the rebel part. Eddie, what does mamma punish her little boy for?"

"Oh, to make me good again."

"Sometimes God punishes his people so; he never lets rebels go without punishment, whether they are wicked soldiers or bad little boys. And Eddie, God sees every wicked thing men do, and if he does not punish them in this world he surely will when they die and go to another world, unless they repent and ask his forgiveness for Christ's sake."

"Won't he let rebels go to heaven, Aunty?"

"He takes no wicked people to heaven."

"Oh, how bad that is!" said the child, and went again to his play.

Eddie is not yet five years old; though he can ask a great many questions, he does not reason very clearly. But will some of the older Eddies tell why rebels against God can not go to heaven?

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

EMMA'S TROUBLES.

Little Emma sat very still holding her yellow kitten, Tiber, in her lap. Her brother Charley studied Latin, and knew all about Rome, and that the Tiber River was yellow, so he had given Pussy that name. She was a very nice kitten, and always washed her paws and face after eating, which is more than some children do.

Emma was sitting by the fire, crying. She laid her head on Tiber's neck as she did so.

"Oh, Tiber, I wish I was a kitten! then I could never do any thing wrong. Then I shouldn't let my angry passions rise, and be miserable. Oh dear!"

"I am glad to see that you are beginning to repent of your ways," said Charley, who just then happened to come into the room.

"Get away—will you? Who asked you to speak? I guess I am as good as you or any body else in this house. You are real mean!"

"My child!" said Aunt Rose, gently laying her hand upon Emma's bright curls; "come and tell Aunty what is the matter. And, Charley, run away, like a good boy, and don't trouble your sister."

Charley obeyed, though he could not help wondering what was the difference in the running of bad and good boys. He thought their legs went just alike.

"Aunty, oh, aunty I'm so wicked; I keep doing naughty things all the time. I went down stairs into the kitchen a little while, and asked Bridget to let me make a little turnover, so she did. I sliced up the apples, and put in the sugar and nutmeg, and she gave me the dough. She was real kind. Then I made fun of her great red hands, and threw flour at her, and when she told me I was a saucy thing, I struck her. She looked so sorry, and I'm sorry, too. Then I spoke cross to Charley, and I keep doing naughty things all the time. I wish I could be good."

"Go and tell Jesus about your troubles, and ask him to help and forgive you. Don't you remember the verse,—

'And if you meet with troubles
Or trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.'

"We can not do right unless he helps us. Go and ask him to help you." Emma put down Tiber, and went into her chamber and shut the door. She was gone some time. When she came out, her face was radiant with happiness. She went into the kitchen and gave Bridget a good hug and kiss, and told her she was very sorry she had treated her so. Bridget laughed, and showed her the turnover nicely baked and browned. Then Emma found Charley, and told him that she had really and truly repented of her ways now, and she was going to try and be a good girl. He was very glad of it, he said.

"Oh, Aunty, my heart is full of love now!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, my darling, if we love Jesus we shall love every body. If you are tempted again, go to him at once, and ask him to keep you. He is your best friend, and loves you very much." Christie Pearl.



For the Child at Home.

JOY THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

It was a busy day in a large warehouse in one of our eastern cities. From attic to basement the building was crowded with heavy bales and boxes of goods, and salesmen and clerks were engaged in their respective duties, when suddenly a crackling sound was heard, and the cry arose from many lips, "The store is falling!" "The floors are giving way!"

Every man and boy in the establishment rushed for the doors. It was a race for life from all parts of the warehouse; and within a few moments from the time the first alarm was given, that company, who had but just before been so busy and feeling so secure in their employments, stood together outside the building, looking in upon a mass of ruins, and we may believe gratefully thanking God for their signal deliverance from sudden and awful death.

But were all safe? What anxiety and foreboding of evil filled their minds as they discovered that one—a sunny-faced boy—was missing!

"Had he been sent out for any thing?" "No." "Where and when was he last seen?" "But a short time since, and about some work in the store."

"Then he is beneath the ruins."

Three floors had fallen together, and now rested, a mixed mass of merchandise, timbers, and rubbish, in the cellar, and under all was that fair boy! His elder brother, also engaged in business in the same store, loving him almost as father and brother at once, and regarding the boy as specially in his charge, was among those who had escaped before

the crash. His heart was wrung with anguish when the truth was forced upon him that his brother was buried there.

"But is he dead?" "May he not be buried alive?"

"May we not save him?" were some of the eager inquiries heard on every side, and "We must try!" was the determination of all. Noble men with strong arms volunteered for the perilous work,—perilous, for the lofty granite walls seemed to totter, and look down threateningly on the throng below, and they might at any moment fall and bury the willing laborers; but these men took no counsel of fears.

The work was begun, and when one gang of volunteers became worn out from their almost superhuman exertions, others were ready to fill their places. Timbers, and fragments, and bales, and boxes were removed, oh! how carefully, lest this labor of love might start the mass again and crush the object of their search. Hours of toil and of painful suspense passed, during which they often paused and listened. At last they heard a sound,—a faint call. "Hush!" "Hark!" whispered the excited men; and the call was heard again. "He is here! He lives!" was the glad cry,— "We shall save him!" And with new hope, they worked on. Medical men were at hand to care for the young sufferer if he should be snatched from the jaws of death.

See! how cautiously those men are removing the fragments. A moment more and they will reach the boy. The waiting crowd outside watch breathlessly. Now they are lifting up a weak, fainting form, that rests as helplessly as a little babe upon those strong arms, but it is a living form. *The boy is saved!* The grateful tears of the vast multitude mingle with those of that loving elder brother, whose petitions of anguish the merciful God has changed to prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving. As the news of that deliverance spreads, almost miraculous as it seems, it thrills all hearts throughout the great city with unspeakable

joy—joy over a life saved!

Young reader, you have an Elder Brother who loves you with tenderness as far surpassing that of an earthly brother as the love of God surpasses in tenderness that of man. Your Elder Brother is Jesus Christ. Do you love him in return for his love? He sees every soul that rejects him buried beneath a load of guilt which must at last crush it down to death—the second death—without a deliverer; and with the compassion of a God he waits and invites that soul to accept pardon and salvation. He has died that he might become your Helper. His blood cleanses from all sin and rescues from its crushing burden. Will you not ask him, to-day, to give you a heart to feel penitent for your sins? Will you not ask him to have mercy upon you and save you? Then will your Elder Brother rejoice, and there will be felt a thrill of joy throughout another and a greater and more glorious city—"a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

LIBBY'S TALK WITH HER AUNT MARY.

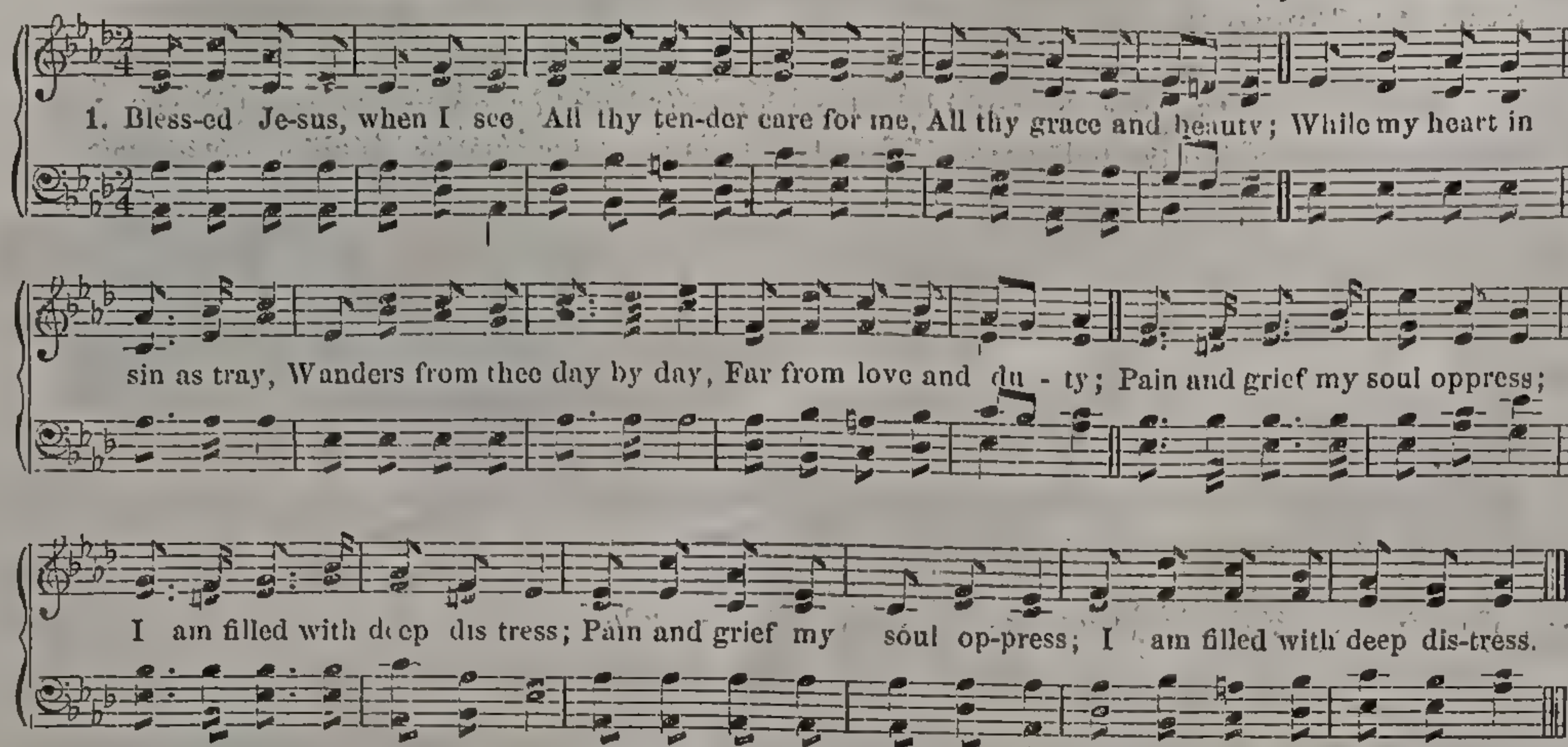
Libby B—, Aunt Mary's pet, was a black-eyed little girl of four years old. She loved her aunt almost as well she did her mother, and thought it a great treat to go frequently to visit her. During one of these visits, her aunt took her into the garden to show her the beautiful flowers. As they walked along Libby complained that her lips were very sore, and her aunt told her that when they went into the house she would give her some salve that would

For the Child at Home.

REPENTANCE.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by MR. J. L. ENSIGN.



2. I have grieved thee, well I know,
Caused thy tears and blood to flow,
O my suffering Saviour!
Yet amid thy agony,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me
To receive thy favor!
Oh! divinest, matchless grace!
Even while I wound to bless!

3. Bid my tears break forth and flow,
Bid my heart relent and bow,
At thy feet, dear Jesus;
Bid my voice awake and sing,
Bid my life its tribute bring,
All it has most precious:
But forbid me e'er again
By one sin to give thee pain.

cure them. They stayed a long time in the garden. When they were tired walking about to see the flowers, they sat down on a bank where a colony of toads had established themselves, and Libby was very much amused with seeing the little ones hopping about, and one of the older ones sitting at the mouth of his hole darting out his tongue to catch the flies as they passed. At length the bell rang for dinner, and they went into the house, and Libby was seated in a little high-chair close by Aunt Mary's side, and behaved in a very quiet and orderly manner. After dinner she went home, and Aunt Mary kissed her good-by without once thinking of the lip-salve she had promised her.

A few days after, Libby repeated her visit; but she came in with a very sad face, and almost cried as she said "Good-morning." Aunt Mary soon learned that she was grieving for the death of a little baby of whom she was very fond; and tried to console her by saying that the baby had gone to live in a world far more beautiful than this, and that the loving Saviour, who had taken it to his arms, would cherish and care for it more tenderly than its earthly parents had done.

The little girl seemed much interested in hearing about this beautiful world, and asked if a great many people would go there to live. Her aunt told her that all who loved and trusted the Saviour, and obeyed his commands would one day be admitted there to live for ever. Then she asked Libby if she could recollect any thing which God had said little children must do in order to please him. She thought some time, but could only remember he had said they must obey their parents. Her aunt reminded her that he had also said, they must always speak the truth, and that no liar would ever be admitted to a place so pure and holy as heaven.

Aunt Mary said a good deal on this point, as she was very anxious that Libby should be kept from the sin of untruthfulness. When she had talked some time, Libby interrupted her with, "Aunt Mary, do you think you shall go to heaven when you die?" "I hope so," said her aunt; "why did you ask?"

"Why," said Libby, "you know you said, the other day, that you would give me some lip-salve, and then you did not."

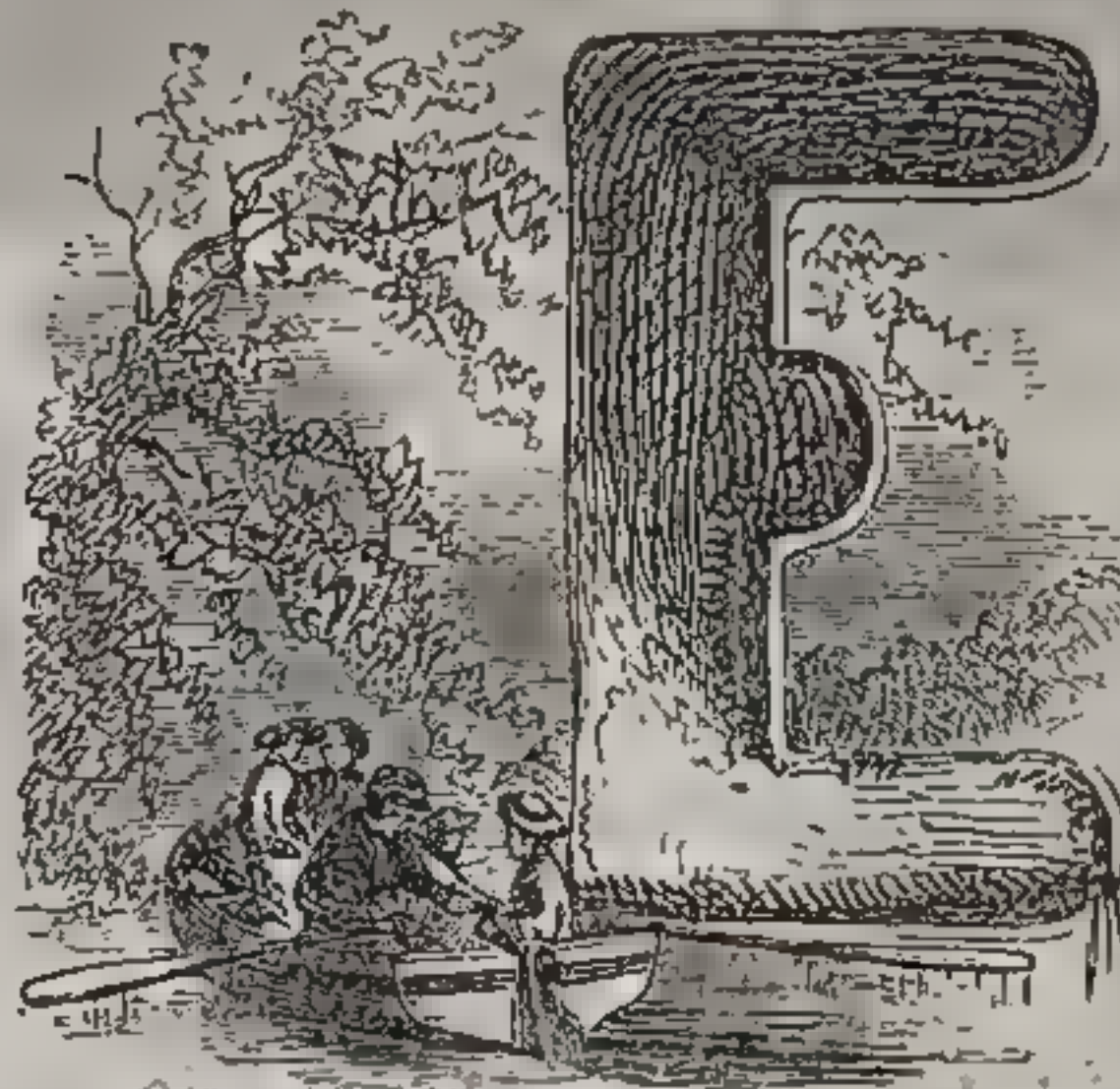
Aunt Mary was shocked at her own carelessness, and she shuddered, as she thought of the influence it might have upon this little lamb of the flock, and she hastened to explain to her that she had forgotten to fulfill her promise, and that she did not intend to tell an untruth. Libby was satisfied, and did not again allude to the subject; but it was not so readily dismissed from the mind of Aunt Mary. She had

learned a lesson of the importance of guarding her words and conduct in the presence of children which she never forgot; and most fervently did she pray that her influence might be such as to lead them to the Saviour, and that she might escape the woe pronounced against those who offend one of the little ones who believe in Jesus.

M.

For the Child at Home.

THE BOAT-RIDE.



VERY one of the girls is going to enjoy that sail; but my mother never will let me do as other children do. Now why can't I go in the boat as well as the others? It is just as safe for me as for them.

I do wish I could be my own mistress for once."

Annie tossed her head pettishly, looking very sulky and unhappy. She stood on the river-bank, gazing at a little boat freighted with some half-dozen thoughtless young creatures, schoolmates of hers, who had started on a pleasure trip down the river. Annie had been invited to join the merry party; but her mother, fearing some accident, had refused her consent, consequently she was left behind.

"Oh dear, dear! I shall be so glad when I am of age, and can do as I please. Mother is always saying 'No' to some of my cherished plans."

Annie walked restlessly up and down the river-bank, thinking herself the most abused girl in existence. She could not believe that mother *always* knows best; but experience soon taught her the lesson so effectively, that it was never afterward forgotten.

As she had been denied the pleasure trip on the water, her mother gave her permission to spend the afternoon with a young friend; and when the little boat with its joyous freight had disappeared from view, Annie sullenly left the river-side, and walked slowly toward the house of her school companion, Ella Green.

In spite of her secret determination not to enjoy herself, she passed a pleasant afternoon; and the silver moon was just rising, as she left her friend's house to return home, accompanied by Ella and an older brother. They passed the river on their way, and paused to enjoy the sweet picture, — the lovely stream framed in silver, and glittering with moonbeams. Just then the sound of voices broke the stillness of the evening, and Annie exclaimed, —

"There, they are just returning. Don't you see them, Ella, down by the stone bridge? Oh dear! what a nice time they are having."

"Yes; but they had better be careful," replied Ella's brother Albert, attentively observing the movements of the water party.

"There! I thought so; that Bob White is an awkward fellow," and, with these words, he started on the run for the old bridge, leaving the two girls screaming in terror.

Rowed by inexperienced hands, the little boat had capsized in passing under the bridge, amid the careless mirth of its heedless occupants, and Annie and Ella shuddered as they gazed spell-bound at the fearful scene.

Fortunately, there were stout hearts and willing hands within call, and the terrified children were speedily rescued from their dangerous situation. But one little girl, the youngest of the party, took a violent cold that night which terminated in a fever, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered.

The girls had joined their boyish playmates on their water excursion, two of them without the knowledge or consent of their parents. But Annie, being too conscientious for that, had escaped the punishment brought upon her companions.

"Mother knows best, after all," she observed to Ella Green, the next day as they walked, thoughtfully, to school. "She does what is for my good, and I hope I shall always remember this."

"I hope we shall both bear it in mind, dear Annie. Only think; if you had gone yesterday with the girls, you might have been drowned."

"Yes," replied Annie, with a shudder. "Dear mother, she knows best, and I will try never to think hard of her again."

Dewdrop.

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"THANKSGIVING" IN THE HOSPITAL.

It is, as you see, a soldiers' hospital.

There's "the dear old flag,"—soldiers can't get along without that. They hurrah for it and fight under it while well and strong; they want it somewhere in sight when they are sick or wounded; and did it ever occur to you that when they see a comrade buried, across whose coffin the flag has been thrown, the thought comes into their minds, "That's the way I want to be carried to my grave by and by—with the flag for my shroud"?

Perhaps you never visited one of these hospitals. Many of them are roughly made, like this. You see the unplanned boards and rafters. But the

soldiers don't mind that, if they have a comfortable bed and somebody to care for them. This is a hospital where the sick and wounded are well cared for. Kind and faithful nurses are there. Visitors call often with such things as are needed by the occupants of those beds.

"Thanksgiving day" is at hand. This kind lady and her little daughter are going into the hospital to make the hearts of some of the soldiers glad. The lady has a basket of——, well, we can only guess, because we can't peep under the cover, but it is nice food and delicacies, no doubt. The little girl has a large dish of fruit, and if you could know her thoughts at this moment I am sure

you would find them the happiest she has had for many a day.

If the lady is like some whom I know, and who have often made just such visits, as she leaves her basket of good things near the beds of those sufferers she will have a gentle word to say to them of the love of Jesus. She will remind them of his pity and tenderness, of his willingness to comfort them in their weakness and pain, and to save their souls if they will commit them to his care.

Perhaps the little girl, too, will have a kind word for the soldiers. Some of them, doubtless, have little ones of their own at home of whom they will be reminded by her presence and by her voice.

Thus their visit to the hospital will be like a sunbeam to the soldiers, and as they go out they will leave something to remind those sick men of the love and kindness and care of God. And will not such thoughts make them thankful?

Is there a hospital, or are there sick or wounded soldiers near your home? Perhaps you can do something to help them to have a truly happy thanksgiving when the appointed day arrives; or, what will be better still, it may be that some kind word which you can speak, or some kind act which you can do, will make them happier and more thankful now, at once, and every day from this time while they live.

It is a blessed thing to be permitted to do any thing which shall lead the heart of another to go out in thankfulness and gratitude to God. See if you can not gain such a blessing; it is not necessary that you should find a wounded soldier or visit a hospital to do it; opportunities are all about you; and if you gain it *your own heart will be filled with thanksgiving.*

For the Child at Home.

ESTHER'S SUNDAY READING.

Many years ago, in old-fashioned times, Esther was a little girl in her father's house. The child went to the red school-house every day, in her clean, long-sleeved apron, with the spelling-book, full of hard words, in her little brown hands. Here Esther sat on the clumsy bench, her black eyes wandering up and down the column, while her red lips whispered softly the most puzzling words in the lesson.

The reading-book was more wearisome; Esther knew all the pieces "by heart," and longed, in a hungry way, for something new and fresh. This was before the time of bright story-books, of which every child has now a little library, so that Esther had little amusement of this kind at home. Indeed, her father's books could easily be numbered, they were dingy, leather-bound, printed on yellow paper, and Esther could not understand them.

In the course of the week, however, the child did have one treat. There came a day when the old

school-house door was locked, and the worn readers piled away; when the slate was free from sums in fractions, when Esther's eyes looked brighter, and her feet were less restless. On the sunny side of the house was a large arm-chair by a window, through which could be had a glimpse of dim hills, with a soft bloom thereon, and a brook sparkling on its way. At this window, in summer-time, there was always a scent of sweet brier, and the shadow of broad grape leaves.

After church, in the hush of the holy day, Esther placed herself on a low seat opposite her mother, to hear the marvelous story of Christian's journey in the "Pilgrim's Progress." What vivid pictures arose, in after years, of these readings by the pleasant window! "So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate was written, 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.'"

Little Esther pictured every detail of this scene in her own mind, — the vine-wreathed gate, the grave person coming to admit Christian, the illumination over the arch. How easy it seemed to her to start on this journey, and knock at the gate, which would surely be opened!

Across the valley was a rising ground. On a spot like this stood the cross where "Christian was glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

The vision of the shining ones was very real in the child's imagination, for oftentimes her mother's face wore the shining look of one who has stood near the cross. The arbor in the garden suggested that place where Christian rested. When they came, in this summer reading, to "the stately palace the name of which was Beautiful," Esther felt that a favorite part was reached, especially when a grave and beautiful damsel appeared.

When the pilgrim looked off on the Delectable Mountains, Esther turned her eyes to the soft hills, so far away that they had never been trodden by her little feet; they seemed also Emanuel's land. The account of the warfare with Apollyon and the valley of the shadow of death were not so much longed for; the consciousness that such trials must be endured as she grew older threw a shadow over her childish heart. At length they came to the place where they went on their way to a pleasant river. "On either side of the river was also a meadow curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long." So like their meadow, with the winding brook, only here the winter would come!

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains; these blue peaks lying soft and heavenly on the horizon, must be similar to the range where Christian walked. When they reached the sweet country of Beulah, Esther was very glad. "Here they heard continually the singing of birds; in this country the sun shineth night and day; here they caught a glimpse of the city of pearls and precious stones."

The deep river, without any bridge, to which they came, made Esther shudder, until they reached the other bank where were waiting the shining ones. Tears of joy filled Esther's eyes when "these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on them that shone like gold." During all the journey the real meaning had shone dimly forth; Esther felt that her feet must tread the same path before she could enter the gate of the city. As the wonderful story drew to the close, a pang of envy filled her heart; — "After that they shut the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Often, in the trials of the school week, when sums would not come right, and Esther went down in the spelling-class, would flash brightly the memory of the reading.

Thus, in after life, when Esther had passed through many stages of Christian's journey, would the remembrance of his progress cheer the difficult way, until at last the deep river came in sight over which she, too, passed in safety, to the shining ones on the other bank.

Dear child, read the "Pilgrim's Progress" over and over again, and it will help you home!

Agatha.



THE CAT-BIRD.

"What sort of a looking bird is he, father?" asked Lily, about the cat-bird of which her father had been speaking. "Is he pretty?"

"Not a very pretty bird," said her father; "but one of the most affectionate of all the birds, and very courageous; and although he makes that singular note like the cat, from which he is named, he has mellow, rich tones, and sometimes imitates, very sweetly, the pleasant songs of other birds."

"He's a petulant fellow, isn't he, father?" inquired Jamie.

"Yes, my son; when any thing disturbs him he shows the greatest agony of suffering, and really awakens one's sympathy by his distress."

"Is it as bold as our mocking-bird?" asked Lily.

"Quite as bold; it fights the snake with equal courage, and drives it away. The female will cling to her nest even after it has been removed to another tree, and will peck at the hand that attempts to touch her young. She makes a large nest of twigs, briers, and withered leaves, lined with black, fibrous roots, and into it she drops from four to six plain, glossy greenish-blue eggs, from which she hatches her little brood, and if any thing comes to disturb them, her cries call all her neighbors around her."

"That's a good place for one of mother's lessons," said Jamie, looking for the wonted moral.

"Very true," said Mrs. Nichols. "Of what use are our friends and neighbors to us, if they do not fly to us in the time of trouble? It is the depth of meanness to hear the cry of a fellow-sufferer, and shrink from the effort to relieve him. There is something very remarkable in the instinct of the cat-bird, which enables him to know when the note of distress is real. A mimic sorrow he pays no heed to; but God has given him such an acute sympathy that he is never deceived with regard to his neighbor's cry."

"Isn't it wonderful, mother?" said Lily.

"It will follow a strange person, through the woods, too, so great is its curiosity," said Mrs. Nichols.

"Will it? Then I'm going right down to the woods to see," said Jamie. "Come, Lily. Of all the birds we've heard about yet, I think this is the best."

From "Our Birds."

For the Child at Home.

GRANDPA'S HOME.

"Is yon cot, so brown, dear grandpa,
Your oft-talked of early home?
Will it not be sweet to reach it,
Never more the world to roam?
See the elm-trees whispering welcome,
Hear the birdies singing; come."

"Yes, my darling, 'tis the homestead
Where my early days were spent;
Never, in my after wanderings,
Have I known such sweet content
As when here, in youth's bright morning,
Hope to me her pinions lent."

"Yet 'tis very quiet, grandpa,
Wild and lonely, one would say,
Did you not grow restless, weary,
In life's ardent, early day?
Did you not have wistful longings
For the world so far away?"

"Yes, dear child, my boyish spirit
Often beat its prison bars,
Fluttering wildly, longing vainly,
Peeping through at golden stars, —
Stars of hope, for youthful fancy
Pictured naught of clouds or cares."

"Did those stars deceive you, grandpa?
Ah, I read it in your eyes;
In your weary, world-wide wanderings,
You have learned your home to prize, —
You have caught the lesson, grandpa:
Grasp each blessing ere it flies."

"Rightly read, my darling grandchild,
Earth has not a dearer truth,
Home is home, — the gem is precious
Though the casket be uncouth;
Love your home, oh! learn to prize it:
Humble though it be forsooth."

"There's another home, my daughter, —
I am longing for the rest
Promised in those blissful mansions
To the earth-worn ones so blest;
Let us strive to reach, it darling,
Of all homes the last and best."

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

WHY THEY DIDN'T SWEAR.

FOR THE BOYS.

I have lately heard from one of the regiments of our army, many of the soldiers of which are men who fear God. Soon after that regiment reached Bermuda Hundred, which, as you may know, is one of the places first occupied by our forces under Gen. Butler, before the main body of the army of the Potomac, under Gen. Grant, had crossed the James River, it was ordered to the breastworks on "the front." It is one of those regiments in which profanity, so common in the army, does not prevail; an oath is seldom or never heard in it.

Another regiment, made up of men of a very different stamp, was stationed directly in the rear of these soldiers. One of the men of the first named regiment happened to be near to a group of soldiers belonging to the other, and unobserved, and an unintentional listener, heard some of their conversation.

"Jim," said one to his comrade, "have you noticed this regiment just ahead of us? They don't swear at all. I haven't heard one of them swear since we've been here. What do you suppose is the reason?"

"Why," replied Jim, "I guess they're Christians." That was it, — Christian soldiers, — that was why they didn't swear. Such men believe that the name of God is a great and holy name, and they

are not willing to take that name in vain. They believe that there is such a thing as a "Swearer's Prayer," and they don't wish to offer such a prayer—to pray for God's curse upon themselves or others. They believe, that a great day of account is coming, and they are not willing to be summoned into the presence of the merciful and blessed Saviour with that awful sin of profanity, or any other sin unrepented of and unforgiven, resting on their heads.

Boys, do any of you swear? I fear so. Indeed, it is but a little while since my ear was pained by hearing from the lips of some of you, whose eyes I think may possibly rest on these lines, words of such fearful profanity that I pray God you may never repeat them.

Think of the third commandment. Think of the mercy and love and forbearance of Him whose name you have taken in vain, and who may, if he sees fit, instantly summon you to judgment. And, boys, never more be guilty of that great sin against God.

Victor.



For the Child at Home.

DOLLY'S GRAVE.

Grandpa had cut the grass in the small garden plot, and it lay wilting in the summer sun. It was Saturday, and little Nannie had her holiday free from school tasks. She had been promised a playmate for the day; but the young companions, whom her parents had chosen for her associates, had gone off on different excursions, and so Nannie came home from her search after them sadly disappointed.

The tears stood in her eyes, and she could scarcely keep from one great outburst, for these griefs, which the children have, do not seem little things to bear; and are really as sore a trial to them as the weightier ills that come to them in their maturer life.

It was pleasant to see how well the child struggled with her inclination to cry, and how she soon conquered it, and settled herself to the next best good, taking her dolly and cradle and little rocking chair and book out where the newly-mown grass was withering. For a long time we forgot her, she was so quiet in her amusements; but by and by we went to see what she was about.

The picture that met our eyes was a very pretty one, indeed, and it taught us how all the hopes and disappointments of both great and small must end. Nannie had upheaped a mound of grass above her buried dolly, and put the cradle mattress for a head-stone, and a bouquet of flowers in the middle of the grave, and close beside it she sat reading, in her little chair, while the empty cradle stood near.

We knew she had not done it to trifle with sacred things, but that her disappointed thoughts had led to this expression, and it touched us very solemnly, and yet very cheerfully.

We could not help thinking of the many little graves that dot the landscape of this earth, and of the cradles that stand empty, while the mothers of these quietly sleeping children go to sit by the lowly mounds, and to adorn them with bright flow-

ers, and we felt that whatever are the sorrows and disappointments of parents in this life, there is true rest and comfort in sitting by the grave of a little one that sleeps in Jesus; while they remember the glad resurrection hour, when they shall see their child again face to face. The graves of the dear little children are never gloomy. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

HOW WILLIE FIRST WENT TO CHURCH.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

"Oh, Willie! oh, Willie! where are you?" It was little Virginia Baybrook that called. She was standing in the door of a pleasant farm-house among the beautiful West Virginia hills, looking this way and that. Directly Willie's small face peeped round the corner of the house, and he sang out,—

"Here I are!" So she ran around to see what was going on.

Willie was sailing a half pea-pod, by a long thread, in the tub of rain-water that stood under the spout. Two peas were riding in this little green boat.

"See, Virgie, those is Injuns in my canoe," cried Willie, pointing his chubby finger at his passengers.

"Why—ce! Willie Baybrook, what a naughty boy! Don't you know

"This is God's holy Sabbath day,
When you must neither work nor play?"

"No, no!" said Willie, looking very much wronged, "I'se not a playun'. My Injuns is goun' to church."

"Ho, Willie! that's just as much as you know," laughed Virgie, "Indians don't go to church."

"Does their mother think its best for them to stay at home, like I do?"

"No, indeed! Indians don't have any mothers; they're just great, high, fierce savages. Oh, Willie! don't you wish you could get to go to church, like I do? There's Johnny Cole goes every time, and he's a heap littler than you are. Let's go and ask ma; I reckon she will be willing for you to go, Willie."

Willie's eyes grew big; he dropped his thread, the pea-pod capsized, both the Indians were drowned, and the children went racing into the house to ask mother.

At last it was concluded that, if Willie would keep just as still as a mouse, he might try it this once. So his mother took off his apron, all drenched with rain-water, and began to get him ready.

How do you suppose the children were going to church? Walk? No; it was two miles, and they couldn't do that. Go in a carriage, then, of course. No; the road was too rough. They were going on horseback. You would like that pretty well yourself, wouldn't you? Well, so did they. When they were dressed they came running out, as clean and sweet as two pinks that have only just blossomed, to see if the horses were ready.

Old Fury was standing by the horse-block all saddled and bridled, and ready for flight. You would think, from his name, he must be a fiery steed; but you see the reputation people get in their youth clings to them, and so this good old gray horse, that was as gentle as a lamb, still kept the name that was given him when he was a thoughtless, wild colt.

Hero, the great Newfoundland dog, was sitting on the horse-block under the elm-tree, keeping his friend Fury company. He winked his large blue eyes very solemnly and wagged his tail very slowly, as if he knew it was Sabbath morning, and he must keep sober. He looked down gravely on two or three little terriers that were scampering about, playing all sorts of pranks, as much as to say, "Poor things! they are young and foolish, and don't know any better."

Virgie could stand on tiptoe and stroke Fury's long, smooth face, but Willie couldn't reach; so he climbed up on the horse-block and patted his neck.

Presently a young man came out of the stable, shut the door, and walked across the road to them, humming a tune.

"Why, Uncle Vince! you're not going to church?" asked Virgie.

"No; it's Hans's turn to-day."

Hans was the tenant who lived in a log house on the farm. Uncle Vince was Mrs. Baybrook's brother, Mr. Vincent Hall. He had been a Union soldier, but when he got wounded so he had to come home, Mr. Baybrook, the children's father, had taken his place, while he stayed to look after the farm.

"There comes mother!" cried Virgie. "Now, old Fury, you will have to start," pulling down his head so she could look into his eyes.

Mrs. Baybrook came down the path with a long riding skirt over her dress and a little whip in her hand, drawing on her gauntlets. She stepped up on the horse-block and sprang into the saddle. Then "Uncle Vince" spread a clean folded blanket over Fury's back, behind the saddle and lifted Virgie on to it. She was used to that seat, and could keep it very safely, putting her arms around her mother's waist.

"Me! me! put me!" cried little Willie, all eager and excited.

"You, young man! Do you belong to this squadron? I should like to know where you calculate to ride—head or tail?"

"Ma said for me to go," answered Willie, making a grab in Fury's mane, and lifting his little gaitered foot to bestride his neck.

"Come, Vince, set him in my lap," said his mother, laughing.

"Now, Kate, you better leave this youngster till next Sunday, when I shall be along, and can take him up with me."

"A week is a long time for Willie to wait, and I can have them both well enough."

"So be it, then," said her brother, lifting the little fellow up; "but I reckon you will wish him at home forty times before you get there."

"I will risk it," said Mrs. Baybrook, as she turned her horse, with a smile, and started off at a fast walk. "You needn't to trouble about us."

"Ah, Kate, you are a true Virginian, raised in the saddle," said Mr. Hall.

This is the way Willie went to church; next time, if you like, I will tell you what he thought of it when he came back.



For the Child at Home.

ROBERT'S TEMPER.

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!"

Robert had a new drum. It was fastened around his neck by a string, and he marched up and down the sitting-room, beating his drumsticks upon it with all his might, and singing the two lines I have written above. His grandmother sat, serenely, knitting on a soldier's stocking, and smiling at Robert. She was an old lady of very strong nerves, and the noise did not hurt her head at all.

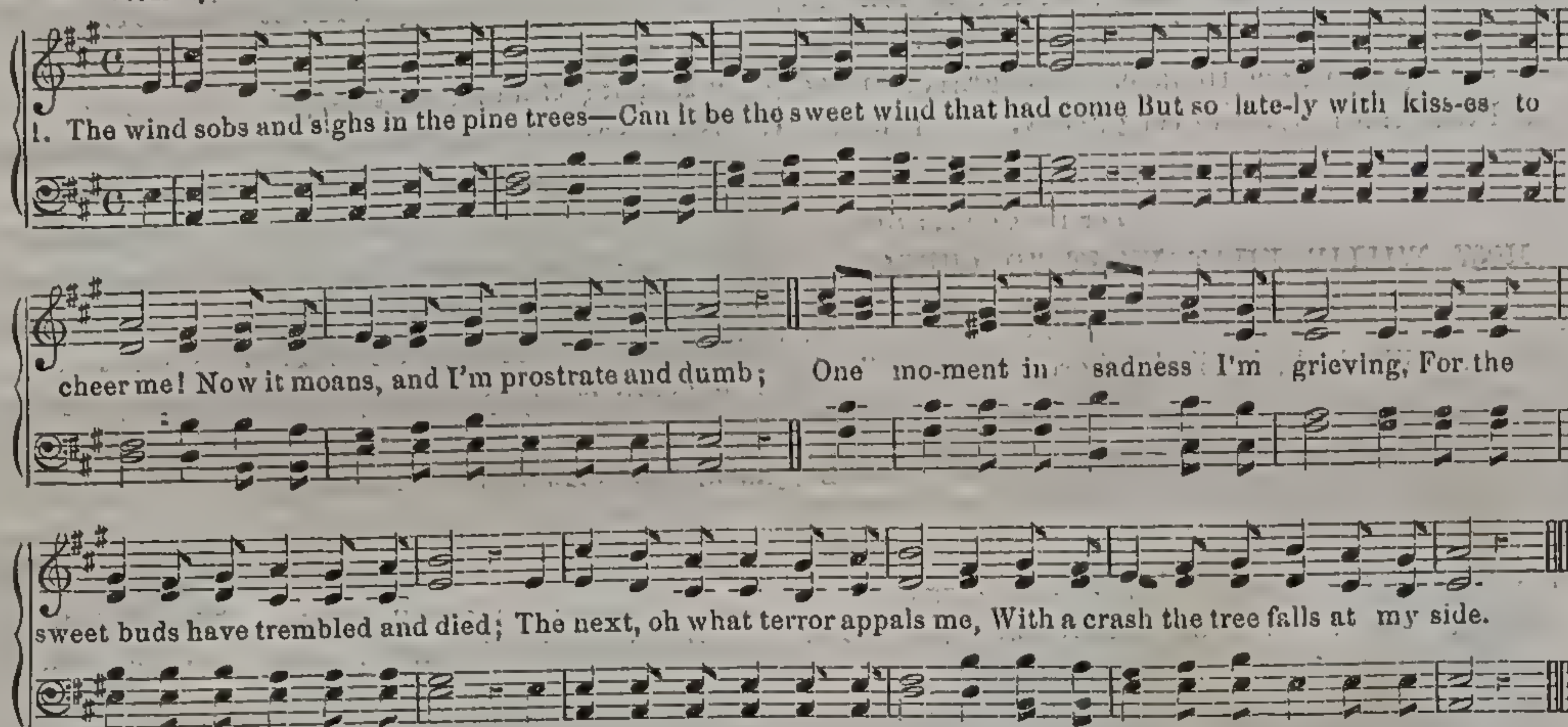
"So you are a hero, Robert. Well, what have you done that is so great?"

For the Child at Home.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN



2 The wind, oh, the bleak wind of autumn,
With a chill and a blast it moves on;
And beauty grows pale at its coming,
And the heart weeps for loves that are gone;
It sweeps, aye, it must sweep each vestige
Of the summer and greenness away;
But has it no whisper prophetic,
Of a spring and its dainty array?

3 A fierce wind is sweeping the nation,
Hear,—it sobs and it sighs through the land;
It shrieks in the gorge of the mountain,
See, it beats the wild surf on the strand;
The strongest have fallen beneath it,
While the gentlest have gasped in their pain—
O God, in whose hand is the tempest,
Shall we ever know gladness again?

"I have been a good boy for a long time; let me see, I have helped mother, and got my lessons well, and brought up two hods of coal without making any cross faces. I am sure I'm a hero." Robert, gave an extra flourish to his drumsticks at the end of this speech.

"Who do you think is our best general, Robert?"

"Why Grant, of course, or else father would not have brought his picture home and had it put in that gilt frame. Father is on the right side of every thing, you know. And then, brother Dan has got a pin with his picture in it, and Dan's a soldier; so, of course, Grant is the best general."

"Can you tell me the verse you had at prayers last night?"

"Yes, ma'am! 'He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'"

"Yes. Now, you are pretty well posted up about the war. Can you tell me what Southern city we are most anxious to take, which we have tried to get at so many times?"

"Richmond. There are swamps around it, and a good many of our soldiers have died when they were marching there. I hope Grant will take it."

"Well, suppose he should, and the newsboys would cry, 'Stars and stripes flying over the rebel capital,' and it would all be true. What a happy day it would be for those poor prisoners of ours if they are still there! Then, if Grant should come North, what a time there would be! How many thousands would turn out to see him! There would be public dinners and festivals; perhaps he would be presented with a sword with a diamond hilt, as McClellan was. He wouldn't be likely to get much sleep wherever he stopped; he would have so many serenades. He would be a great man, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, indeed, I guess he would," said Robert.

"But, remember your verse. A little boy who rules his spirit, who tries to curb his passions, and keep from getting angry when he is tempted, is greater in God's sight, and better than he who takes a city, be he ever so grand a hero. You've got a hot temper, you know, Robert."

"That's so," he replied, musingly.

"But who is there that can help you rule your spirit?"

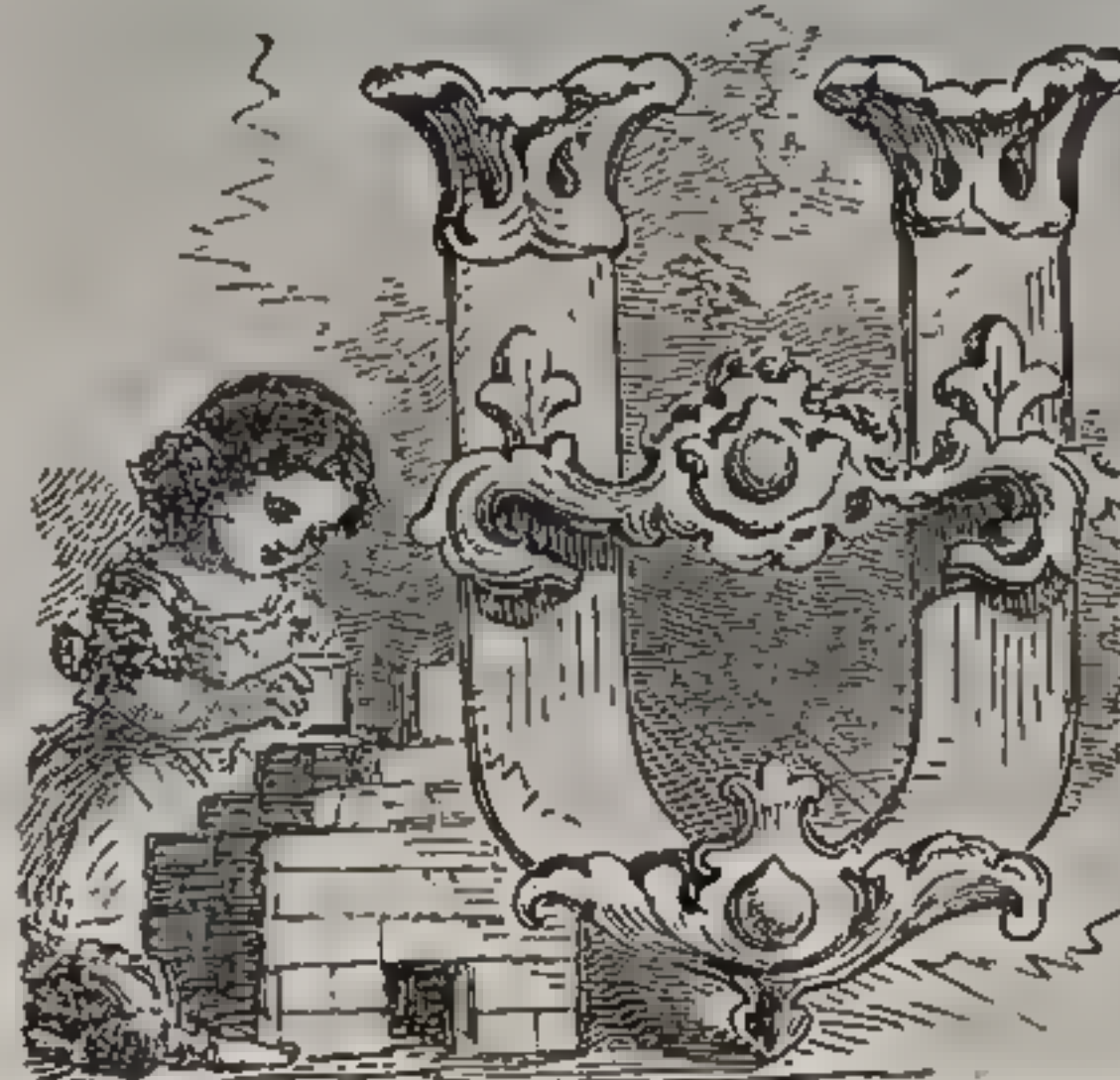
"God. And I mean to try. I can't be so great as Grant, but I can be as good, and I can be a conquering hero if I am not a very big boy."

With this wise resolution, Robert went out into the kitchen beating a reveille which waked up the cat and all her kittens that had been sleeping under the stove.

Christie Pearl.

For the Child at Home.

LILA'S LONG WORD.



PON the parlor floor was seated a merry little maiden, of four summers, busy and happy with her blocks. Slowly the palace rose, beneath her tiny fingers, and at last she placed the "chimbley" on the top, and drew back to take a better look at her work. The blue eyes danced with joy and triumph. She had made it "all her own self." More than once some careless touch had thrown the half-completed structure into sad ruin, but she had persevered. Each carelessness had made her more careful next time; and, by the way, this is a first-rate example to follow in matters of more importance than even a block house. Now, it was all done, and with little hands clasped and red lips parted, she gazed in silent admiration.

Quick steps are heard along the hall, the parlor door is thrown eagerly open, and Lila's big brother rushes hastily in, searching for something. Before the child can speak the heedless foot has scattered the blocks far and wide. It was hard. She wanted to keep it until papa came home. The tears dimmed the bright eyes. Were angry words about to break forth from the pretty mouth? Listen. "Oh! Tarles, 'ou ought to have more titination."

Now, what do you think of that, little ones? What do you think our darling was trying to say? You can never guess, and I will tell you. It was a word Lila had probably heard her mother or older sister use, and her quick wit had caught the meaning. She wanted to say con-sid-er-a-tion. A long word indeed to come from such little lips, but I wish it was plainly stamped on every little heart. You will understand what I mean by this when I tell you what it means. It is another term for thoughtfulness, care for the comfort and happiness of others. It is a most excellent thing for little ones to have about their plays. It keeps little hands from striking and pushing and careless movements. It presses back the naughty words, the sharp, impatient tones.

The older children can teach consideration to their tiny brothers and sisters, very often, by their own example. These same little ones can be con-

siderate, thoughtful toward each other, and sometimes, as in Lila's case, toward the big brothers and sisters. When you want some favor done, some word explained, some story read, if sister Mary or brother Charles is reading or writing or otherwise engaged, just wait, patiently, until they are at leisure.

But if you, Kate and Charlie, want this "titination" shown you by the little ones of the household, don't, when they ask something, say, "You're such a bother," or "Go away, you are always plaguing me." Speak gently. It will make happy all around; and, better than all, you will feel that Jesus, that dear Saviour who "pleased not himself,"—who bore all the cruellest taunts in gentle patience,—that He is smiling upon you.

M. E. M.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS!

We have commenced the publication of an edition of the Child at Home with COLORED ENGRAVINGS. The Heading and Large Cut of the first page are printed in from six to eight brilliant colors, making a paper having no equal in America for beauty and attractiveness.

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FIVE YEARS OLD.

With the next month's issue, another volume of the Child at Home will be finished, and this little paper will be five years old. To those of you, young readers, who have been subscribers from the first, it has made sixty visits. To later subscribers it has come twelve, twenty-four, thirty six times or more as the case may be.

Has it made you happier by these visits? We believe so, because many of you have told us so. Has it made you better? Has it helped you to come to Christ and to be prepared for heaven? We hope so; for this we daily labor and pray.

And now, as the time is at hand for our new subscription list to be made up, we ask all our friends to do what they can to make this list a long one; that many may have a share in what, we trust, will prove to all a source of happiness and a blessing.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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'SAFE, AND A 'SOGER.'

THE Rev. Dr. Marks, in his report of a recent journey up the Pamunky River, in Virginia, describes several interesting scenes witnessed by him, one of which our picture represents.

We give you the story in his own words:—

"On one occasion, when I was talking to a venerable old man, among a group of escaped slaves, there came up several colored soldiers of the 9th Corps, then marching past. One of these hurried forward, exclaiming, 'Daddy! Daddy! I've have done fine you at last.' The father was too much affected to speak at first, but the mother sprang

out of the crowd, crying out, 'Jacob! Jacob! my son, my son! Bless de good Lord! and you be safe and a soger! Bless the Lord, we all free but poor Lewin.' There now came running forward two little girls, who threw their arms around their brother, and burst into tears.

"The father, mother, and sisters clustered around the soldier, and all talking, shedding tears of joy, and uttering exclamations of gratitude.

"I gathered from the words let fall that the family had been house servants near Richmond, and had lingered, from affection to the old home, after the majority of the slaves had left. 'And how be'in you get away, daddy?' said the soldier.

'Oh,' was the reply 'when old massa hear dem big guns ob de Unions, him say, "Mose, pack up all de blacks, and we gwine run for Richmond." "Yes, massa." I send your ma and childers to the thicket, and then creep up into ole cherry-tree in the corner. By in by Massa come out and shout, "Mose! Mose! whar be'in you? old sleepy rascal! Mose!" But Mose not dar!' At this point in the recital all burst into the wildest laughter. In a little while the old man resumed, 'Quick come de big tunder of de big guns, and ole massa untie de ole mare, and call missus, and den whipped out of gate, and done gone. Den Mose dar! I'se pick some tings, fine your ma and childers and start for de Unions; and, bless the good Lord, we fine him.'

"This was only one of many scenes of a similar character, and hard must be the heart that could withhold from them its sympathy, and not rejoice in their deliverance.

"I most minutely watched those colored soldiers, and conversed with their regimental officers. Their behavior was most orderly and proper; on the march they were under the most perfect discipline, and, in the longest day's journey, never fell out of line."

For the Child at Home.

EVA, THE INDIAN GIRL.

Little Eva has gone to heaven. The Master had work for her among the angels, and so he took her home.

Those fifty Indian children, who have been sheltered with her beneath the roof of this Orphan Asylum, looked at her yesterday, as she lay in her coffin, for the last time.

Her face was beautiful to us then. We gathered the trailing arbutus, and laid it about her,—a fit emblem of her own modest worth.

I am thinking of many children in New England who have so cheerfully assisted to support this Indian Orphan Asylum, upon Lake Erie's shore. You have encouraged us by your contributions and your prayers. Little Eva has gone to heaven, and you helped guide her there.

She gave her heart to Jesus last winter. Her teacher detained a few of the older girls for prayer one night after school, and this child of nine years remained. To our surprise, she prayed. It was a humble, touching prayer, giving evidence that she was familiar with the throne of grace. She had been cherishing a hope in Jesus, yet hesitating to make it known.

From this time, her growth in grace was rapid. She was a working Christian, using faithfully every gleam of light she had. Her teacher found her one day in tears. In answer to her inquiries, Eva exclaimed, "Oh, I don't love Jesus enough!"

So tender was her conscience in regard to little things, that she would often come with great sorrow

to her teacher, and confess some wrong act or thought which had never been suspected.

One night Eva was left to sweep the school-house, and as Miss E—— bade her good-night she noticed a shade of sadness upon her face. "What is the matter?" said she.

Eva burst into tears. As soon as she could speak she said, "Oh, I've been mad to some girls to-day!" She had indulged in wrong feelings toward some of the girls, and confessed that she "looked cross at them." That was the cause of her great distress. "She looked cross at them." She was willing to ask them to forgive her. They knelt together, that teacher and scholar, and the dear child confessed to Jesus her great sin, and prayed for help and strength to do right. She manifested great anxiety for a brother in the army, praying for him continually. We can never forget her radiant face, when one day she received a letter from that brother, telling her that he would try and serve Christ. With the same radiant face she bounded out to meet her teacher one day, exclaiming, "Miss E——, I have found a place to pray!" This "place to pray" was a dark closet which had been closed for a number of months; opened for the first time that morning. It was a precious retreat for her. She frequently urged others to join her there.

One of the children said to me, "I didn't want to love Jesus. Eva says, 'Will you come up-stairs to my closet?' I didn't want to go. Eva took my hand, and we went there. Eva prayed to Jesus to forgive my sins. Then she said I must pray. I said, 'I don't know how.' Then she said, 'You must tell Jesus your heart very bad, you want clean one.' I told Jesus what she said, and I felt my bad heart go, and I began to love Jesus right away." And so did this ministering child help her teachers win souls to Christ.

Will not some of the white children, who read these words, follow in the footsteps of our darling Eva?

She gives a little of her own inner experience in a letter to Miss E——, March, 1864:—

"I feel happy when I pray. I pray morning, noon, and night, every day. I know I give my heart to Jesus who came down to die and save us. Every day I love him better and better.

"When first I begin to try to do right, I hear a voice speaking to me, and then I feel I was a great sinner, and then I pray to Jesus to forgive my sin. Oh, Jesus Christ is so good! I can not stop loving him! I want to be one of Jesus's lambs every day, and follow him till I get to heaven."

She never rested, after doing wrong, until she had told all to Jesus, and been forgiven. She frequently urged her companions to be sure and please Jesus in "little things." At one time she writes, "Don't do nothing to *unplease* Jesus, who died to save us."

Eva was sick one week and two days. It was a week of suffering, yet she was ever ready to speak of her love to Jesus.

She said sometimes to those who were with her, "I pray in my heart to Jesus most all the time when I lie here."

We are happy to know that she is at the feet of the Saviour whom she loved so much, yet we miss her gentle, holy influence. Dear New England children, do you love Jesus? Are you prepared to meet this little Indian girl at the judgment? Blue Sky.

For the Child at Home.

THE CUP AND SAUCER.

I take it up in my hands and look at it again, and again,—it is so curious! It is made of little glass beads, blue and white, and it is formed perfectly, and to the cup there is a tiny handle. A little blind girl made it; her eyes were closed to the pleasant light, she could not see the glittering beads that lay before her, yet her skillful fingers bent the wire into this pretty shape, and strung the shining

things with such order that it amazes me. God is very good, is he not, dear children? If he takes away our eyes he gives a double sense to our hands, so that feeling answers as well for sight.

The little blind girl sits patiently fashioning her cups and saucers, and never murmuring that she can not look upon the beautiful things of earth. Her mother tells her of the blue sky, with the fleecy clouds that flit over it by day, and the bright stars that sparkle in it by night,—and of the grass and trees and flowers that she knows she can never see, and she says nothing, but when she hears of the "Great City," the "Holy Jerusalem," and of the beautiful river of the water of life, and of the trees that are on either side, and of the Lord God and the Lamb, which her eyes shall behold by and by, there is a smile of rapture upon her face, and she cries out, in her longing and in her joy: "Will it be soon, dear mother,—will it be soon?"

You and I, dear children, who have the sight of our eyes clear and perfect, run into many a temptation that our little blind friend is free from; but we can pray our heavenly Father, that, while he makes us keen to observe all that is pure and beautiful, he may shut our eyes to the evil, lest it enter through them into our soul, and hurt it.

I think if we get our eyes into the habit of "looking unto Jesus" we shall have no trouble with them; it is only those who look constantly toward heaven that can walk securely through this evil world, and meet no harm. F. B. S.



For the Child at Home.

GOD'S POOR.

Out in the first glad blush of spring,
Pausing to hear the sweet birds sing,
Lottie, the petted child of wealth,
Rich, too, with beauty, love, and health,
Forgetteth not God's poor.

'Mid sultry summer's fervid heat,
Still tireless are her busy feet;
At her approach flies dark despair,
She has a balm to soften care,
This sunbeam to God's poor.

When autumn's golden days are here,
Still bath dear Lottie words of cheer,—
Sweet words of faith for doubting hearts,
New hope and comfort she imparts,
In pity for God's poor.

When winter's chilling tempests blow,
And earth lies cold 'neath drifts of snow,
Oh! then in word and deed is she
Fit emblem of true charity—
An angel to God's poor.

The cup of water, smile, or tear,
The effort kind to banish fear,
Are ne'er denied, but freely given,
While pointing out the way to heaven—
Blest harbor for God's poor.

And when she knocks at heaven's gate,
Not long will this true Christian wait:—
"Thrice welcome home, the way is free,
You've fed, and clothed, and sheltered Me,
In caring for my poor." Dewdrop.



For the Child at Home.

"BABY'S CRIB."

That was what little Minnie called the tiny coffin in which her baby sister lay sleeping.

"Has baby gone to 'Happy Land?'" asked she of the kind lady, who was putting rose-buds around the little form.

"Yes, my darling."

"In her little crib?" asked Minnie, wonderingly; and may I go there, too?" she said, after thinking a minute.

"If you are a good girl."

"Right away,—now?"

"When Jesus calls you, little one."

"Will I have a crib like baby's?"

So Minnie talked of death as she would of going to sleep in her crib-bed, and that is the way dear little innocent children always think of this last sleep.

It is only after they have grown old enough to sin, that they feel the sting of death, and shrink from the grave.

Let us thank God that, by the help of his Holy Spirit, even when we are old and have done much evil, we may turn from our sins and wash in the precious blood of Jesus, and become as little children who have no fear of death, but go to sleep in their coffins as if they were their pretty crib-beds. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE LAST TIME

"It was blowing a terrible gale of wind," said a young sailor to me, describing a thrilling scene through which he had passed on his last voyage, "and I was standing forward, and very near to the ship's bowsprit. Dick was out at work on the jib. I saw a tremendous sea coming; I knew it would bury us all up; I shouted to him to hold on, and at the same moment I sprang back and threw my arms around the head of a timber near the windlass, grappling it with all my might, so that I felt safe.

"I caught a glimpse of Dick, and then we went under. It was the last time I ever saw him. The sea struck us with awful force, and completely buried the forward part of the ship. It wrenched my arms from their hold as easily as if I had been a child, and for a moment I thought it was all over with me; but directly I felt my leg caught by something, and there I hung till the ship lifted.

"I found my leg had been crowded in between the fluke of the anchor and the ship's side, and that was all that saved me. Poor Dick was gone. As I crawled in on deck I shouted to the men that he was overboard, and they threw various things into the sea; but he must have drifted swiftly astern; with such a sea running we could do nothing more for him, and we had to give him up for lost."

It was the last time.

Poor Dick had spoken his last word to his comrades, had done his last work on shipboard, had heard the last appeal from those who loved his soul to give his heart to Jesus, and had heeded it or not—God knows; and, within a few moments after

that wave had torn him from his hold, had seen the last of earth.

Dick was a young sailor. It is not long, as some of you know, since I told you the story of another sailor boy as suddenly hurried into eternity; others are going every day, and with as little warning, from the land as well as from the sea, into the presence of him who is the Judge of all.

When you take your place in the house of God, when you sit with your classmates in the Sabbath school, when you hear a prayer offered, or when you are affectionately addressed by some Christian friend about the welfare of your soul, do you ever think, — This may be the last time that I shall do this; shall enjoy this privilege; shall hear such kind and faithful words?

The year is closing. We are in its last month. Its last day and hour are near. Is there any thing which you have not done, but which you ought to do before the year is gone? And may it not be that THIS HOUR is the golden opportunity and the last that you will have in which to do that all-important work?

Victor.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.

There are few boys or girls in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mother, —

"Lull-a-by baby, upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, baby and all."

But how many know the origin? Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party were out in the field where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women, or squaws as they are called, had *papposes*, that is babies, and having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, and hung from the limbs of surrounding trees. "When the wind blew these cradles would rock." A young man of the party observing this peeled off a piece of the bark, and wrote the above lines, which, it is believed, is the first poetry written in America.

For the Child at Home.

HOW WILLIE CAME HOME FROM CHURCH.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

Willie's uncle, Mr. Hall, was sitting on the front piazza reading, when he heard horses' feet, and, looking up, saw the tips of Fury's ears rising over the top of the hill. The three little terriers heard the sound, too, and went galloping up the road, barking and frolicking in high glee. Old Hero mounted the horse-block, and waited, wagging his tail in dignified satisfaction. Very soon the good gray came cantering easily up to the gate with Mrs. Baybrook on his back, Willie in her lap, and Virgie behind her.

"Well, my boy, how do you like going to church?" asked Mr. Hall, as he took Willie down.

"Pretty much!" said Willie, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks.

"Oh, Uncle Vince!" cried Virgie, giving him a hug as he lifted her off, "It was so splendid! I just wished you was along."

"And Fury went down stairs, and there was a pony in the creek, and a little boy that looked right up at me!" said Willie, catching his breath with wonder and delight.

"What's all that?" asked his uncle.

"Down stairs? That must be the Limestone Rocks," said his mother, smiling, as she stepped down on the horse-block and threw her bridle over the saddle-horn. The "Limestone Rocks" were a ledge that ran across the road, and was worn away quite like irregular steps, down the steep hill. "But what is it about the pony in the creek, Willie?"

Willie looked distressed because they didn't understand, but Virgie burst out, —

"Oh, I know, I know! Ho, Willie! It was nothing but Fury himself, and you and mother and me. Down, Hero! you'll knock me over! Poor fellow! Was he glad to see us?" Hero was trying to express his welcome by throwing his huge paws round Virgie's neck. The rollicking little dogs were frisking about the family, then darting off to congratulate Fury, who was quietly browsing on the grass close by.

Willie looked altogether bewildered about the horse in the river, but his Uncle Vince took him up and explained, —

"Don't you see, my boy, the creek is just like a mirror; and when you were going through it and looked down, you could see yourself and the pony and mother and Virgie. That was Willie Baybrook that looked right up at you. You never knew before that Fury looked at himself in a glass when he was going to church, did you?"

Virgie laughed, and said, "Fury's church is the grove, isn't it?"

The little stone church where they had been, stood in the edge of a wood, not tangled with underbrush like New England woods, but clear, so that you could ride all about; and the saddled horses, that brought full half the congregation down from the leafy hills around, were scattered through it, tied to the trees during the service.



"And, Fury, oh! he dranked and dranked and dranked when he was goun' through the creek," said Willie.

"Drank, Willie," said his sister, rather proud of her better grammar. "You see, Uncle Vince, Fury kept thinking the water would taste sweeter just one step further in; so he kept sipping and stepping, sipping and stepping, till he got in where it was right deep, and 'ma just had to pull the bridle so tight to make him take up his head and mind where he was going, or else we should all have been drowned!" Virgie ended with quite a tragic air.

"Drowned," corrected her uncle, a little roguishly. "Well, young lady, I hope you will take warning from Fury, and remember not to keep sipping and stepping till you are in so deep that you don't know how to get out again."

The little girl looked rather puzzled, but Willie was patting his uncle's cheek to make him look round at him, and panting to tell his story.

"And — and — uncle, Uncle Vince! 'ma put her ridun' skirt in squerrel's cupboard!"

"Oh, don't you know that great hollow stump

where mother puts her riding skirt when she takes it off and rolls it up? She told Willie how the squirrels store away nuts and acorns in such places, like she puts things in a cupboard," Virgie explained.

"Well, did this urchin keep still?" asked Mr. Hall.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Baybrook, who had been sitting on the horse-block, stroking Hero's glossy head and listening to the talk; "he just kept right still, and looked at the singers and the minister as if his life depended on it, until he got that sleepy he couldn't hold his eyes open any longer."

"And oh! Uncle Vince," said Virgie, with a confidential way, as if she was telling a family secret; "when he woke up he upset the footstool, and it went down with such a bang! right in the sermon!"

Willie always counted on a choice time, at twilight Sabbath days, sitting in his mother's lap, and hearing her tell Bible stories. That evening, when she had taken the big chair by the window, he came bounding to her, but when he had his usual place, with his arm around her neck and his head on her shoulder, he sat looking out into the garden without speaking. His mother waited to see what he was thinking of. At last he asked, —

"Ma, what they go to church for?"

"We go to worship God, darling. You know how our dear heavenly Father keeps us alive and gives us all the pleasant things we have; well, once a week the people come together to thank him, and to beg forgiveness for all the wrong they have done, and ask him to make them do right. Don't you think it is a good plan?"

"They didn't say any thing," said Willie, raising his head.

"Don't you see, if we should all speak at once it would be so confused; and God doesn't love confusion; so we get the minister and the singers to say it for us. The singers sing it to God, and the minister prays it."

"Then, what is the sermon for?" asked Virgie, who had come up, and was leaning on the arm of the chair.

"The sermon is to explain to us what God says in the Bible, and to get us to do as he wants us to," replied her mother.

"How does the minister know any better than the rest?" Virgie asked.

"It is all his business to study what God says, and to make the rest mind it. So listen to him, my dear."

"What makes me have to keep so still?" asked Willie, with the shadow of a frown.

"We all want to hear what word our Father sends us," his mother answered, "and if all the little children are restless and noisy, we have to hear them instead. Don't you know how still we always want you to keep when we read your dear pa's letters aloud?"

"I do," said Willie, smiling. "Most always he says somethun' to me."

"So you do, darling. Even when you can't understand what he writes about the great battles and all, you keep still because it is dear pa's letter, and so as not to disturb us that can understand; and then there always comes a message for dear little Willie, at last, doesn't there? So at church you are to keep quiet when you can not understand, so that the older people may, and because it is from your dear Father in heaven, and if you are listening I think you will find he sends some message to his little Willie, too. If you don't, it will be because the minister doesn't tell it right plain; not because he doesn't send it."

Idleness and intemperance are the disciples of one master, and their mission is ruin.

Keep good company, and you shall be one of their number.

